THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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James Bond learns that Pussy Galore isn't pussyfooting — she means business! (from GOLDFINGER, photo courtesy of United Artists.)

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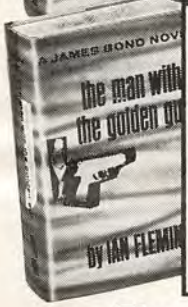
Bond finds that bullets and blondes don't mix in FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. (Photo courtesy of United Artists)

DOCTOR NO — Two secret agents are missing in Jamaica. Bond's only lead? A ravishing 6-foot "Girl Tarzan" with a broken nose, a long knife — and a grudge against men.

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME — Bond tries to help a beautiful girl in danger . . . as "they" guessed he would . . . and is caught in the most diabolical trap of his career.

MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN — Bond is brainwashed by the enemy. His mission: use all his deadly skill to murder "M" and destroy the entire British Secret Service!

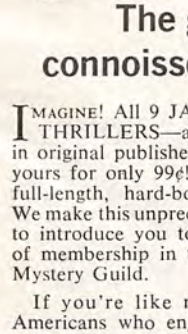
It's Bond's rifle against a bomb-throwing helicopter in FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. (Courtesy of United Artists)



GOLDFINGER—Fast cars and fast women bring Bond to a peril-fraught climax hand-cuffed to an A-Bomb in Fort Knox, as the countdown reaches 5—4—3—2 . . . A spine-tingler!

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE—Alluring Tatiana Romanova will defect with Soviet secrets — only if James Bond makes love to her. But is it 007's love she craves . . . or his life?

THUNDERBALL—When the "evilest man in the world" threatens to blow up Miami, Bond teams up with the CIA . . . and meets a girl who knows as much about love as he does.



Bond "falls" for judo expert Pussy Galore in GOLDFINGER. (Photo courtesy of United Artists)

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE — Bond won't be "sacked" if he can assassinate a certain man. Simple —except no one knows what the victim looks like. Geishas and gunplay in the Orient!

CASINO ROYALE—Once Bond learns his bewitching new love is a spy, only fast footwork between baccarat table and bedchamber can save him from murder organization SMERSH.

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It is with great pride and deep appreciation that I send my thanks to your staff and to your readers for their concern for the preferences, likes and dislikes in television.

My staff joins me in thanking you and sending our best wishes for your continued success in presenting entertaining and informative literary efforts.

—Red Skelton
Hollywood, Calif.

Yeah, Leroy!

In the April issue of True, I read with interest your TRUE'S WHO on LeRoy Collins. I have no serious quarrel with the main body of the story, but I take violent issue with the headline which prefaced the biography because it is unwarranted and misleading to an extreme.

As a former segregationist living my adult life in a totally segregated atmosphere, I can say that LeRoy Collins is one of the most respected political figures in Florida today. Even the hard-core segregationists have such a deep respect for Collins' sincerity and integrity that they can't conceal it effectively.

The real test will come in the Senate race, and I predict that this outstanding man will win by an overwhelming majority.

—Geo. H. Cooper
Princeton, Fla.

There are men and then there are men and then there is a MAN!

LeRoy Collins—WOW!

—Betty Kruse
Sarasota, Fla.

You chose a good man for your April TRUE'S WHO. That LeRoy Collins is one fine chap. I had enough contact with him as a newsman to know.

—Keith Leslie
Miami, Florida

Gun Shots

You are so right! The design of the Luger remained basically unchanged until they stopped making them. But it never looked like a Walther P-38, the picture of which you showed in your April issue.

How many other gun bugs have you heard from to date?

—Cmdr. John Quincy Adams, USN Ret.
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Over 300—bless their sharp eyes and sharper notes of dismay. It's good to know that True has so many discerning readers.

Bumper Crop

In your dissertation on the love life of the sea horse (April) you omitted one interesting detail. When the male sea horse gets tired of waiting for the birth he goes around bumping his pouch into things in order to speed up the process. Not very many pregnant women do *that!*

—Mrs. Bob Boggess
Nodaway, Iowa

You must be forgetting pregnant women drivers.

Book Report

I wish to thank you for your review of my book *Orders and Decorations of All Nations* in your Man's World section (April, 1966). However, I wish you had included the name of the author, Robert Werlich; the price, $20; and where it can be obtained—Quaker Press, 3218 O Street, NW, Washington, D.C.

—Robert Werlich
Washington, D.C.

We wish we had included that information, too.

The Old Ball Game

I would like to add a few suggestions to *Bill Veeck's Free Advice to the New Commissioner* in your April issue.

1. Let the players play the game.
   - A. Eliminate first and third base coaches.
   - B. Outlaw any signals on how to hit and pitch or to stay on base or run.
   - C. Disallow catcher and/or manager in pitcher bull sessions.
2. Don't charge the pitcher with a loss or credit him with a win. This will take some of the emphasis from the present pitcher importance.

Let's make baseball a crackling, "knock-'em down and drag-'em out" competition.

—R. C. Murphy
Cumberland, Maryland

I was surprised to see an article in your fine magazine by the PHONY Bill Veeck. I was a St. Louis Browns' stockholder who he so eloquently convinced he was going to improve the ball team, keep them in St. Louis and do all he could to make a great ball club for the fans. I also remember the midget he put in the lineup. How can you let him write such trash? Speed up the game . . . bigger plate . . . two strikes, three balls. Add a little grease paint and clown suit and he'd have a circus; he could call it Barnum and Baileyball.

Please, no more articles from such a character. In my book, he has done more to ruin the game than anyone who has ever been connected with it. Could it be that his

[*Continued on page 4*]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

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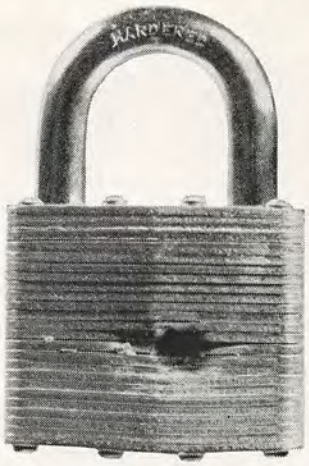

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free advice to the commissioner is a little jealousy because no one wants him in baseball again. Come on, Veeck, get over the fact you're not a part of baseball or baseball fans. Go buy a circus somewhere.

—C. Kircher
St. Louis, Mo.

Somebody already owns the Mets.

Tear Jerker

Please let us have more true adventure articles by Russell Annabel. Not only is he a good writer of his adventures, but he also taught my wife a lesson.

My wife has the bad habit of running to the mailbox, grabbing my True and reading it from front to back before I even get a chance to see the cover. My wife is also a great horse lover and naturally could not resist *The Horse That Was Marked for Death* by Russell Annabel (December True). Upon reaching the conclusion of the story, my wife sat down and bawled! She was so shaken that she has vowed to bring me my True unopened along with my pipe, slippers and a good cold brew; also she begged me to use my good judgment and censor my True magazine letting her know which articles she can read and those she cannot so that she may be spared any more traumatic experiences concerning man and his faithful animals. My wife has vowed that my superior judgment will be final and that she will adhere strictly to all my rules concerning True. At last I have complete control of everything! Thanks to Russell Annabel!

—John C. Nichols
Glen Ellen, Calif.

Social Notes

In the February issue of your magazine, there appeared an article, *Daughters of the Dragon Lady*, accompanied by a photograph showing two young Vietnamese nationals strolling down a street in Saigon.

These two young ladies are both respectable and loyal to the government of Viet Nam. The young lady on the right, Miss Nguyen Thi Kim Loan has been a dedicated employee of the 74th Aviation Company since June of 1965, and the young lady on the left is her sister, Miss Nguyen Thi Minh Chau.

The girls and their families have been extremely embarrassed by this photograph and the accompanying article.

—Maj. R. W. Buckland
APO San Francisco

We regret the unfortunate inferences which may have been drawn. No specific reference to these young women was intended or implied. We offer our most gentlemanly apologies.

In a recent issue (March, *Man's World*) you felt obliged to point out that the Danish Parliament had carried honesty to an extreme by voting to do away with the use of the title "Honorable" by its members.

Denmark happens to be a singularly well and honorably governed country blessed with the services of many honest and capable legislators. It is also a nation which has enjoyed excellent relations with the United States in the past, and I think that you do not serve your nation, magazine or readers well when you offer gratuitous insult to the Parliament and people of Denmark.

—Daniel M. O'Hara
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sorry. Some of our best friends are great Danes.

"My mother-in-law."

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Dig That Drag

I am writing to show my appreciation of your article on drag racing in the April issue of True.

It is sure good news to see that drag racing is finally starting to be recognized as a sport. We spectators and competitors have been trying to get rid of the dirty T-shirt image that drag racing has had for a long time.

After reading your article, perhaps people will acquire a little more understanding of the sport, and will not be so ready to condemn it. Perhaps the article will even arouse a little curiosity among some people, and make them go out to see what the sport is all about. I hope so.

—Leroy N. Olguin
New York, N.Y.

Ars Gratia Artis

I recently read in True about a painter named Robert Helsmoortel (*Man to Man Answers*, March) who uses birdseed for textured effect in many of his abstract paintings. Your comic illustration was fine, but as an art lover I'd like to see what one really looks like.

—Nancy Stutman
Wilcox, Arizona

Art lover or bird watcher? See below.

I've read about that artist Helsmoortel. He's the one who had to give up his pet parakeets because they were eating all his profits.

—George A. Ryan
New London, Conn.

Scratch

In re your Doctor Ellis story (April True) the idea of expecting a red-blooded male, or female, to suppress a natural desire like sex from the age of, say, 14 until marriage, reminds me of the old farmer who was telling his friend about his efforts to train a cow to live without eating anything. His friend asked how he made out.

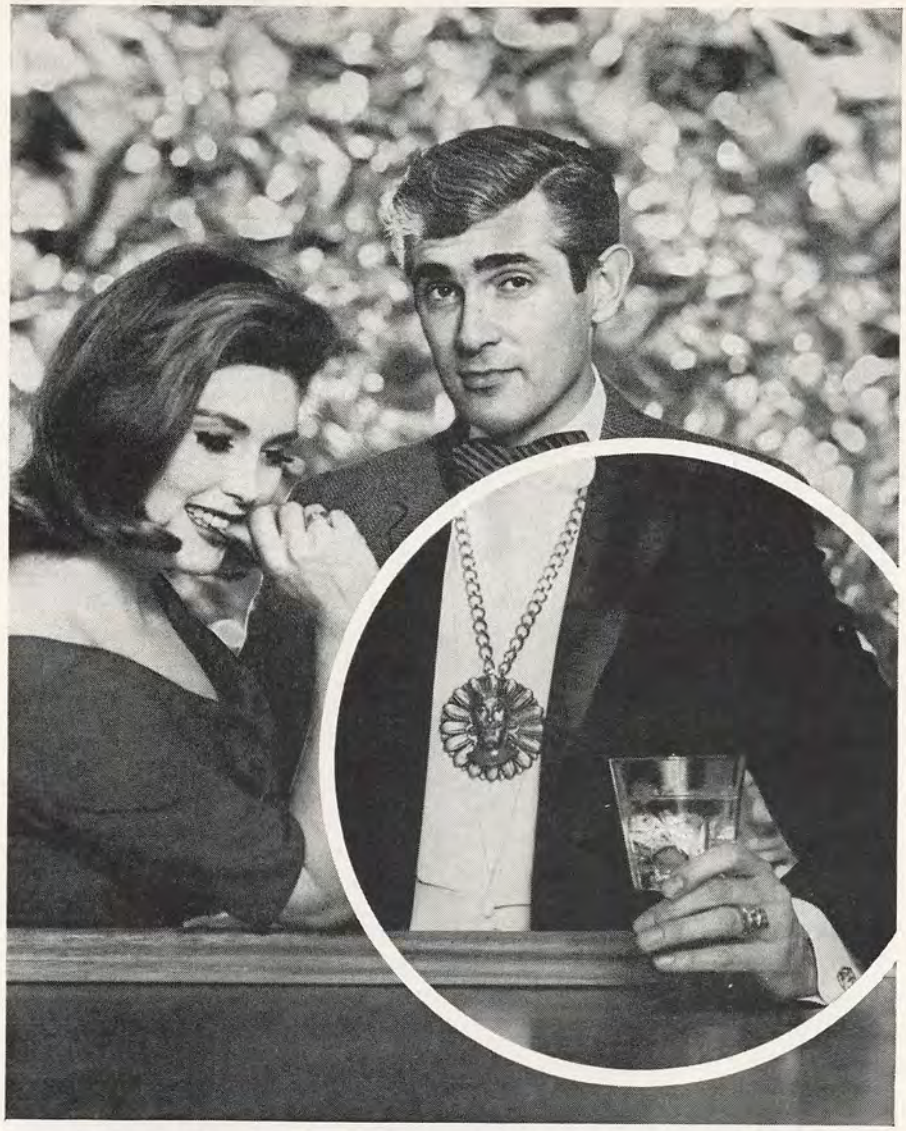
"Well," the farmer said, "she did fine for about three weeks and then. . . ."

"Then what?" the friend asked.

"I dunno," said the farmer. "Something musta gone wrong 'cause she died."

The moral of the story is, don't monkey with nature. If you've got an itch, scratch it.

—Al Linley, Jr.
Bridgeport, Conn.



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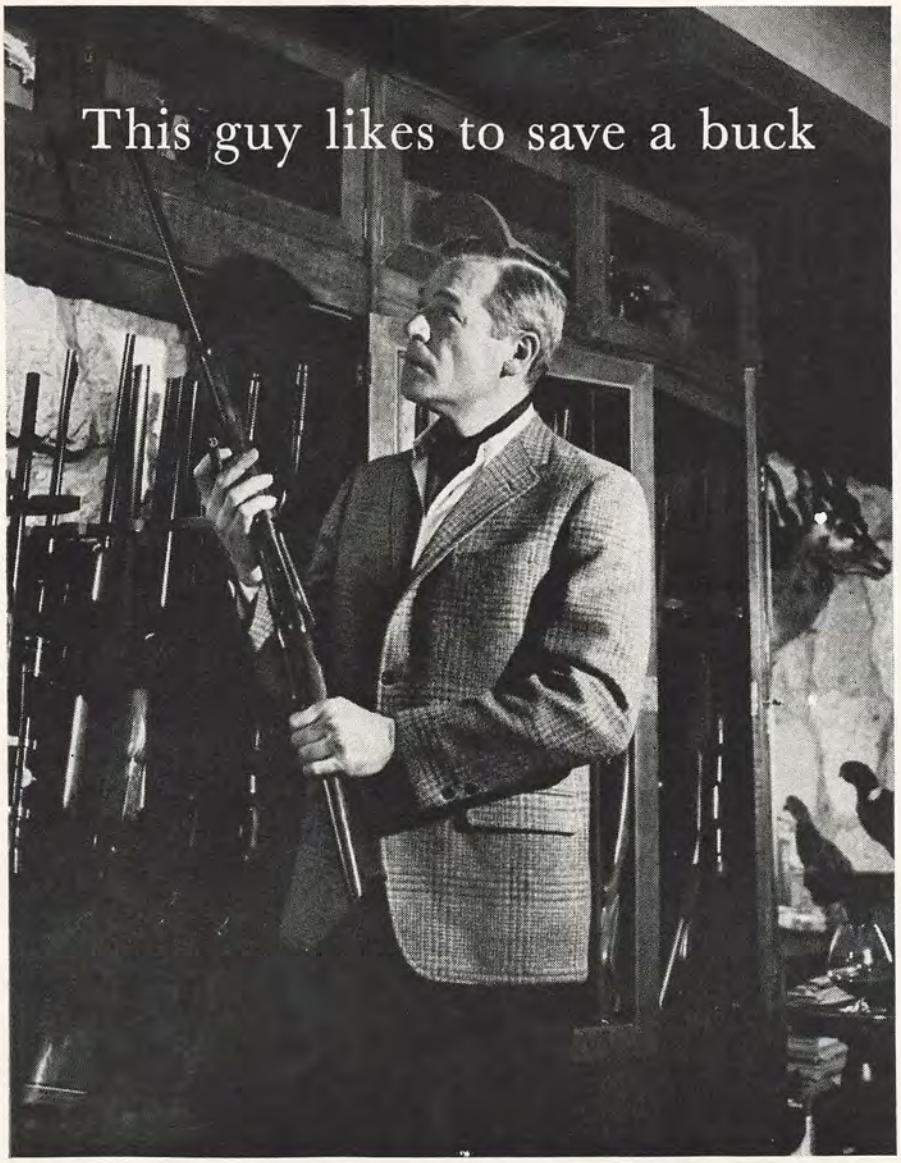

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Cover photographed by SIMON NATHAN in Egyptian desert during filming of United Artists' "Khartoum"

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE JULY 1966

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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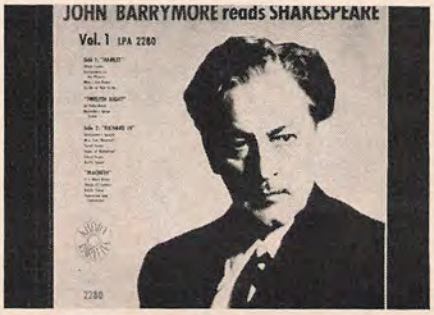

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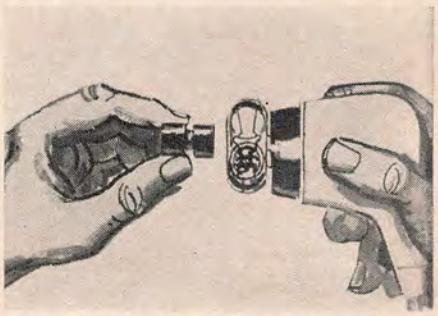

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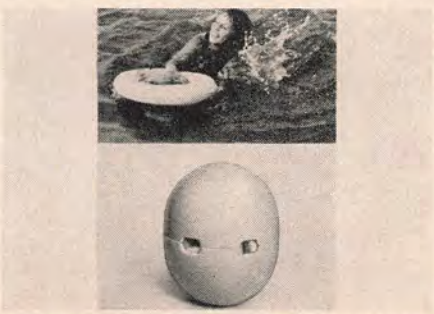

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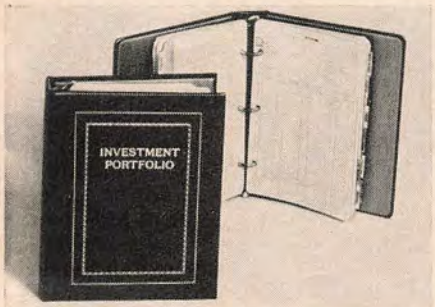

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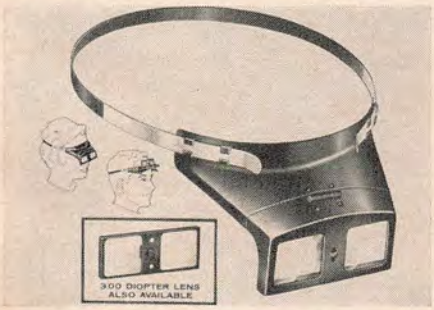

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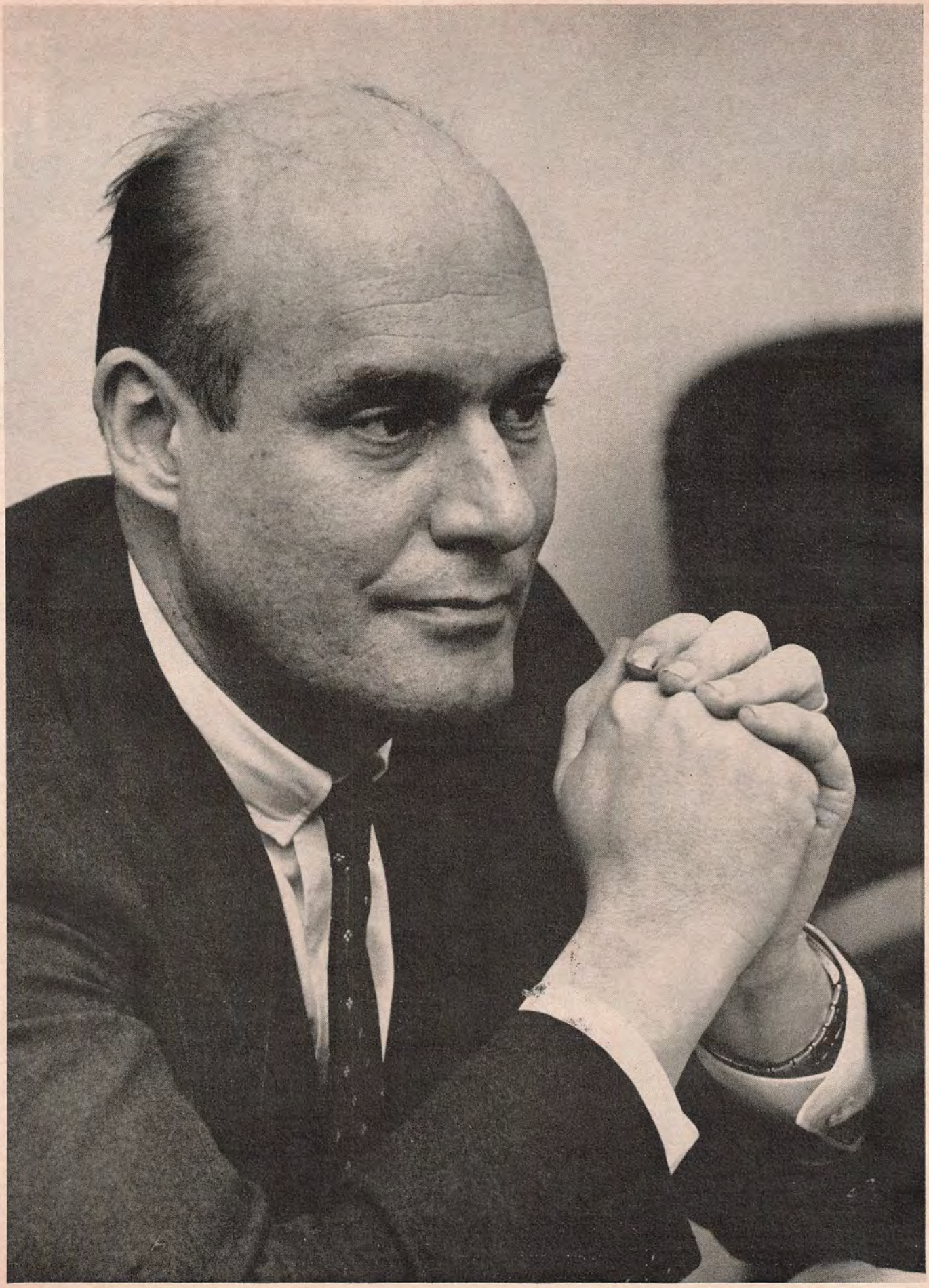
For more True Gocs Shopping, turn to page 104



BY BARD LINDEMAN

UNCLE SAM'S OWN LAWYER

When Nicholas deBelleville Katzenbach left the academic world and came to the tough town of Washington, he had few credentials and no national prestige. But he has survived with honor in a job where his predecessor was Robert Kennedy, his enemies are men like Alabama's Gov. George Wallace—and his only client is a man named Lyndon Johnson

On the White House lawn, Katzenbach gets a laugh out of the President but fails to amuse his former boss, Robert Kennedy.

■ When Nicholas deBelleville Katzenbach came to the government in 1961, he was positively nobody's candidate to become one of the most powerful and respected men in Washington. Certainly no one figured that within five years he would be the Attorney General of the United States.

Washington at first didn't know what to make of this hulking, bald, unknown University of Chicago professor whose credentials included expertise on the law of outer space. So, along the New Frontier, there were small poor jokes about "The Professor."

"He's a real egghead, both inside and out. . . . Call him deBelleville, for short. . . . I wouldn't want him to defend me in traffic court." So the jokes went.

Katzenbach's detractors, however, were wrong, badly wrong. He was within 15 months promoted to Deputy Attorney General and as such, became, Bobby Kennedy's No. One troubleshooter anywhere in the government. It was said then that if he wasn't the brains *behind* the Attorney General he surely was the brains *alongside* the aggressive, controversial 38-year-old brother to the President, and the stories about him now had a different sound.

They told of Lieutenant Katzenbach being shot down during World War II, of surviving 27 months as a POW, of twice trying to escape and of how he had read 400 books in Italian and German prison camps so he could return to take nine Princeton exams and graduate with high honors within a matter of weeks. They told, too, of his being an athlete, a Rhodes Scholar and an after-dinner wit who can and does put down very big people with well-chosen barbs.

If there was a thread to all the new Katzenbach stories, it was that this man exhibited brilliance and quickness. There was, for instance, the night a team of Justice lawyers was working against a 1962 Christmas deadline to ransom the Bay of Pigs prisoners. Suddenly, it was found that part of the $53,000,000 ransom in drugs included $5,000,000 worth of pesticides which Fidel Castro could use to spray over a failing sugar harvest.

The exchange was meant to help the Cuban people but not Castro's war effort or his government's economy. The pesticides therefore had to come out of the package and it was Katzenbach's assignment to find a substitute item that Castro would accept. Within hours, he had persuaded a reluctant Agriculture Department to trade surplus canned lard for the pesticides and, while Agriculture bureaucrats were still screaming, "What the hell are we going to do with $5,000,000 in pesticides?" he sold off more than half the supply to Pakistan, opening up a foreign market for the delighted manufacturer of the chemicals.

"No one around here is exactly slow," said a Justice

Hardly anything can rattle Nicholas Katzenbach. Whether dealing with southern

Trying to persuade civil rights sit-ins to leave a Justice Department hallway, Katzenbach adopts a diplomatic posture.

Governor Wallace of Alabama "stands in the schoolhouse door" as Katzenbach confronts him in tense integration showdown.

division chief who watched the unprecedented, free-wheeling deal drop into place, "but Nick Katzenbach is exceptionally quick. People were hollering, 'You can't do this; it's never been done; it's not legal.' He just put the whole thing together, bang, bang, bang! Like Tinker to Evers to Chance."

"I thought that night, and I've seen nothing to dissuade me," the Justice lawyer said, "that Nick Katzenbach is big enough for any job in the government. I mean *any* job."

Then, a year ago last January, President Lyndon B. Johnson announced that he wanted Katzenbach to be his Attorney General.

The appointment was a surprise. In Washington it had been anticipated the sensitive post would go to a close friend of the President and surely not to someone who only months before was an intimate "Kennedy man." But the Katzenbach appointment was well-received, especially among lawyers. From the big-city bar associations to country lawyers in their storefronts, these professionals knew that the Attorney General had won his case on the merits. They knew, too, that Nick Katzenbach was off the campus and not up through the clubhouse ranks and at a time when American politics is increasingly a rich man's second career, the new Attorney General had to work for his living. He readily admitted his private income totaled only $400 a year.

Katzenbach began building his reputation at Oxford, Mississippi, the afternoon of Sept. 30, 1962, when he took James Meredith, the grandson of a slave, onto the University of Mississippi campus. With 535 armed United States marshals under his command, Katzenbach was to see that Meredith became the first Negro to register and attend class at the segregated state university.

It was still a quiet Sunday afternoon when the Deputy Attorney General set up headquarters in the graceful antebellum Lyceum building near the center of the sprawling university grounds. A group of students and a few faculty members, eager to get a look at Meredith, quickly gathered and at first were content to jeer, sing, curse ("Go to hell, JFK."), but as it grew dark, they became braver. They threw rocks and acid and soon were battling the marshals with clubs, bricks, gasoline-filled bottles and, eventually, shotguns. For 15 hours the mob all but controlled the campus and turned this night into one of horror and national shame. Two were murdered, hundreds were wounded or injured and near the height of the rioting, President Kennedy, unaware of what was then happening, was appealing to the students in a television broadcast. "The eyes of the nation and all the world," the President said, "are upon you."

Katzenbach refused to believe the rioters would shoot to kill at federal officers. The marshals were there to enforce a United States District Court order

and in his mind, the law always was sovereign. When he speaks of respect for the law, he goes back to his father, a trial lawyer who became New Jersey Attorney General, and he explains that whenever the late Edward L. Katzenbach argued before a court he wore, out of respect, spats and morning clothes. Nick Katzenbach enjoys telling this story about his father because he likes the point it makes.

Unfortunately, the Oxford rioters did not have the same feeling of respect for the law that Katzenbach's father had. Bleeding and wounded marshals began to come in. There would be, in all, 28 plus another 138 with minor injuries. The worst of the cases was Graham Same of Indianapolis who had a gaping shotgun wound in his throat.

"When I saw Same," Katzenbach said, "he was bleeding so badly I was sure he was going to die, right there in front of me. I no longer believed they wouldn't kill the marshals; instead, I was afraid we couldn't handle this night.

"The Mississippi Highway Patrol had walked off and left us to the crowd; we were running out of tear gas; we needed doctors and ambulances; a sniper kept shooting a high-powered rifle into the Lyceum at us. God, what a night!"

Nick Katzenbach went 30 hours without eating, more than 40 hours without sleeping and he moved about during the worst fighting without either a gas mask or a bulletproof vest. Those who worked with him that night are convinced he prevented still further bloodshed by his cool, efficient field command. "What I remember best from that night," said Lou Oberdorfer, who heads Justice's Tax Division, "is Nick over and over saying, 'Don't shoot unless it's necessary to save Meredith's life.' The voice was always the same, very calm."

Meredith, hidden away in a dormitory on the edge of the campus, was uppermost in Katzenbach's mind. He wanted to send additional marshals to guard the young Air Force veteran but was afraid they would only lead the mob to his dormitory. "No matter what happened to us, Meredith had to be protected," Katzenbach says. "He was the symbol of the whole night. He had to register and make it to class or we had completely failed."

During the night Katzenbach saw that there was no chance of the beleaguered marshals putting down the riot and called on the President to send in regular Army troops. By morning, the first units of the 15,000 soldiers who were eventually bivouacked around the Ole' Miss campus were in control and Meredith, carrying a slender briefcase, registered and then walked quietly to his first class, American history.

For the Deputy Attorney General, Oxford was only the first of a two-part drama. Nine months later when Vivian Malone and James Hood—"two clearly qualified young Alabamans who happened to have been born Negro," President Kennedy said of them—were preparing to enroll at the University of Alabama, it was again up to him to direct the operation.

On June 11, 1963, at 10:48 a.m. Katzenbach started down the broad concrete walk toward the colonnaded auditorium, moving with quick strides between a double line of helmeted State Troopers. The temperature was close to 100 degrees and Gov. George C. Wallace, who had pledged to "stand in the schoolhouse door" to maintain a segregated State University, stood beside a lectern in the shade of the building. The governor was dressed in a dark suit and blue shirt for television. A small microphone was fastened about his neck. Katzenbach's suit needed pressing, he wore a white shirt and he refused to carry a microphone telling newsmen he was against "any show."

When the six-foot-two-and-a-half-inch Deputy Attorney General was almost on top of Wallace, who was shorter by seven and a half inches, the governor held up his hand for Katzenbach to stop. On both sides of the walk, the crowd pressed forward. The cameras were already rolling and in millions of American homes, as at the White House, the television was tuned to this picture. The drama and fascination of the scene was that no one knew how it would come out. On everyone's mind, of course, was the bitter and bloody night at Oxford.

"All the chips were piled at that door," said John Nolan, a former Justice lawyer who was with Katzenbach that morning, "but it was Nick who had to go play Mickey Mouse with Wallace."

Weeks of planning, on both sides, had gone into the confrontation. They had been going over their strategy in Attorney General Kennedy's office several days before and Katzenbach, in a flippant mood, suggested: "Wallace is a lot smaller than I am. What if I just push him out of the way?"

"That would be good," Kennedy answered. "You'd be shot and then the moral issue would be clear. The President should like that."

Governor Wallace began his defiance with a states' rights speech, rolling the clichés off his tongue and forcing the Deputy Attorney General to stand before him in the hot sun. Katzenbach's disgust was plain. He clenched his teeth and shifted heavily from one foot to the other.

"I wanted to make a fool of him," Katzenbach recalled. "But I had to do it without losing the dignity of the United States government or becoming pompous, which was a pretty tough assignment. Bob (Kennedy) had said, 'Remember, he's just a governor; you're the Deputy Attorney General. Make a jerk out of him.' "

"I was trying," Katzenbach said, "to think of some remark that would make him look bad. I thought I might interrupt and say, [*Continued on page* 18]

[*Continued from page* 17]
'Excuse me, Governor. How many more pages to go?' But it was too serious for this. I was afraid if we pushed him too hard he'd pull the State Troopers off the campus and then there was a good possibility of violence."

When Wallace finished, Katzenbach quickly said, "Governor, this is a simple problem scarcely worth this kind of attention in my judgment."

Wallace's dark eyes, hooded by eyebrows which are black bands, flashed. "That really cut him up," said Katzenbach, remembering the meeting. "He was obviously sore. He gave me his best dirty look then."

"Governor, these students will remain on the campus," Katzenbach said, looking right at Wallace. "They will register today and they will go to school tomorrow." And, of course, the Deputy Attorney General was correct. The little shadow play lasted 13 minutes and then it was over. Wallace refused to step aside but later, he quietly surrendered the doorway to the federalized National Guard and the last of the segregated State University systems in the United States was breeched.

"I think," said Katzenbach, "that it worked out pretty well, surprisingly, I got very little hate mail after that day."

Nick Katzenbach can't remember a time when he didn't want to be a lawyer and wasn't interested in government. It began, naturally enough, with his father: lawyer, Princeton lecturer, State Attorney General from 1924-29, and his mother, Mrs. Marie H. Katzenbach, whom he calls, "a hell of a politician." The first woman on the New Jersey State Board of Education, she served 43 years, eight as president. It is she who is a deBelleville and named her son after Dr. Nicholas deBelleville, personal physician to Joseph Bonaparte of France, the Emperor's brother.

There was also an Uncle Frank Katzenbach, a favorite of the Attorney General. He was Democratic leader of Trenton, mayor of the city and then a State Supreme Court justice. In 1910, he battled Woodrow Wilson for the Democratic nomination for governor. "Wilson beat the machine," Nick Katzenbach says. "The machine was Uncle Frank."

It was while he was growing up in Trenton and then Princeton, New Jersey, that Katzenbach first learned of what was called "the Negro problem." As a Rutgers University trustee, Edward L. Katzenbach agitated until the state school accepted its first Negro, named Paul Robeson. The father also entertained Negro dinner guests on Sundays during 1920's, marking the Katzenbachs as "radicals." However, it wasn't until 1954, when he was teaching at the University of Chicago and living with his wife and four children on the periphery of a great, black ghetto, that Nick Katzenbach saw the depth and intensity of the Negro unrest. "You could actually feel the tension building all around you," he said. "There were incidents all the time."

One winter evening, as it grew dark, nine-year-old John Katzenbach was grabbed by a Negro group and marched into a park where he was chained to a tree and whipped. A dentist and his wife, Negroes, rescued the boy who by now was bleeding and terrified at the prospect of spending the night up against the tree.

"You may find this hard to accept," Katzenbach said, "but John didn't see it as a racial thing. All our children went to integrated schools, had both white and black friends and didn't grow up to hate anyone. I would think this is more than most of us take out of our childhood."

It is, perhaps, ironical that Nick Katzenbach—the veteran of Oxford, Mississippi, the man who stood up to George Wallace and the father whose son was beaten in a Chicago Park—is now, as the 65th Attorney General, the government's civil rights policy-maker and, compounding the irony, often under critical fire from civil rights groups for being too deliberate, too cautious, too much the lawyer who must first surround and study his problem.

His reaction to the acquittal at Hayneville, Alabama, of three men charged with the foul murder of a civil-rights volunteer named Jonathan Daniels, a seminarian from New Hampshire, reinforced this view. The Attorney General declared such verdicts are "expected from time to time. They are the price you have to pay for the jury system."

The New York Times called this "an inadequate response." Others weren't nearly this charitable. About this time, the Southern Regional Council pointed out that over the last 13 months 20 persons had been killed in racial violence in the South, and Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King said that if whites who kill Negroes aren't punished "it's going to be very hard to keep our movement nonviolent."

But Katzenbach said no more and the matter died. He can—and often is—stubborn and tough—yet Nick Katzenbach is also politic enough to know when he's on the unpopular side of an issue.

He knows, too, when a fight can't be won. Last summer, the Attorney General, the nominal head of the National Crime Commission, admitted law enforcement's fight against organized crime sometimes was slowed by professional jealousy among the 26 U.S. agencies involved. FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, who has served *under* 14 Attorney Generals, called this statement a lie.

"The Attorney General," said Katzenbach through his press officer, "has the highest regard for the FBI and its efforts in organized crime." Result: end of Hoover vs. Katzenbach as a news item.

The day begins for the 44-year-old Attorney General at 7 a.m. in the three-story, 12-room Victorian house in Washington's Cleveland Park section which his wife, Lydia Phelps Stokes Katzenbach, a stylish, strong-willed individualist, describes as "Charles Adamsish." The yard is brown dirt, the wooden fence surrounding it needs paint and visitors pick their way through baseball bats, balls, gloves, a dog, cat and duck.

While he reads quickly and selectively from three newspapers, the Attorney General also makes his way through a big breakfast. At 8:30 he climbs into the Justice Department car which is waiting. At 8:50 the big Cadillac turns off Constitution Avenue at Northwest 10th Street and stops alongside the Justice Department. Katzenbach rides to the fifth floor in his private elevator, which is locked except to the Attorney General's key, and enters his office suite from the rear. Mrs. Carolyn MacMullen, his Mississippi-born secretary ("I don't know what she thought of Oxford; I never asked her."), hears him moving around and brings in the first of his half-dozen mugs of black coffee.

The office is 35 feet long and has a high, vaulted ceiling. It is now 9 o'clock and here, in this baronial room with its deep leather couches and chairs, its oil portraits of whiskery predecessors, the Attorney General, in shirt-sleeves, already

TRUE

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chain-smoking and slugging at his coffee in a silver initialed mug, must make the grinding administrative and political decisions which inevitably are his responsibility. Katzenbach directs the work of approximately 2,000 lawyers throughout the country, has a budget of $400,000,000 and gets paid $35,000 a year. Because he screens (for Presidential appointment) the 399 Federal Court judges, 92 U.S. Attorneys and 92 marshals, he commands great political patronage. He also has the extraordinary power to decide which lawbreakers shall be prosecuted and, finally, he is the President's law adviser and legal conscience. Yet, he is so soft-spoken in conversation that it is far easier to imagine him lecturing languidly on the Yale campus on "Conflict of Laws," which he once did, than in the Oval Room at the White House telling Lyndon B. Johnson, "No"—which from time to time is precisely his job.

"Actually," said the Attorney General, "he takes 'no' very well."

In government, Katzenbach has a well-deserved reputation as an original and indifferent dresser. He seldom wears an overcoat and while fond of striped, monogrammed shirts they sometimes carry the wrong initials. "I guess the shirtmaker made a mistake," he said, staring at the transformed initials "NdeKB" as though he were seeing them for the first time.

Sitting there, in the deep, high-ceilinged room through 14 working days and only twice being asked to step outside while pending law cases were reviewed, a reporter comes away with the feeling that what he saw and heard was as straight and honest as this man could make it. When we first met, he was still the Deputy Attorney General and there was a curiosity about the Kennedy-Katzenbach relationship, the one a tough, driving pragmatist, the other a scholar and theorist on the law.

"What was your first impression of Kennedy?"

"I wasn't teribly impressed," Katzenbach said, "but then I don't think he was impressed with me either."

"Are you as competitive as Kennedy?"

"One difference between us," Katzenbach began, "is that I don't care who wins when I play tennis and he does. But, like Bob, I don't want to take a job, any job, and do it poorly."

"How about Kennedy as a lawyer?"

"He's not, as he would be the first to admit, a lawyer's lawyer," answered Katzenbach. "However, he's quick to see the law involved and is a great *doer*. This is important in government where too many things stay undone."

His pants creased, his shirt rumpled, Nick Katzenbach shuffles between a work table in a far corner of his office and his massive, mahogany desk. Walter Lord, the author, who knew the Attorney General when both were at Yale Law School, said, "What strikes you about Nick, even today, is his equanimity. I was amazed to find him at 7:30 one evening over at that table signing papers and singing to himself. After the kind of day he had put in this was remarkable."

Katzenbach's equanimity is more an acquired talent than a natural gift. "I don't recommend it," he says, "but being a prisoner of war is a great way to learn patience and self-discipline."

In the winter of 1942 he was a Princeton junior who felt strongly that he belonged in World War II. This was a moral decision, about which he had thought a great deal. "It probably sounds like heroics today," he said, "but I believed that if I went, some married man with three children could stay home. I was also fed up with some of my classmates who were waiting for commissions in Naval Intelligence. I thought they'd do better with guns."

After standing on the enlistment line for 24 hours without eating or sleeping, he was rejected by the Navy Air Corps because of high blood pressure. A week later, he joined the Army Air Corps and became a navigator aboard a B-25 nicknamed, during a lusty beer party, *Green Eyes*. His crew made 18 successful skip-bombing missions over North Africa. Then, they hammered at the German supply lines. Flying without escort, the B-25's would roar in at 100 feet and climb to bombing range over the target as the .20 millimeter flak came up at them.

On the 19th mission *Green Eyes,* with six bombs, sank five German barges. It was the crew's best day, but that mission was its last. The two planes on either side in the three-plane formation were shot down and *Green Eyes* was hit. Lieutenant Katzenbach was the first to realize it. "I don't think you heard me, Captain," he hollered to his pilot. "I said our wing is on fire."

The B-25 went into the Mediterranean at 270 mph. and only a perfect crash landing saved Katzenbach from "bashing my brains out against the fuselage." The tail touched down first and the sea rushed in through the Plexiglas turrets to cushion the shock. The plane immediately sank and Nick Katzenbach, only 37 days past his 21st birthday, was convinced he was going to die.

"When I enlisted I believed it didn't matter if I died," he said, "but now I thought it was a terrible fate. I was too young to die. I hadn't had a chance to do anything with my life."

The momentum of the crash carried the bomber under and then, just as quickly, back to the surface where the crew scrambled into the water. After floating in their life rafts for a day, they were captured by an Italian Navy patrol and, for the next 27 months, Katzenbach was prisoner No. 2699.

He was fed a hard roll (150 grams), rice and meat once a week in the Italian and German camps and, hungry all the time, he lost 35 pounds. He believes Red Cross parcels, rationed to one-half parcel per man per week, saved him from starving.

Twice he escaped and twice he was recaptured. One of his attempts, the way he tells, is almost a burlesque.

"This will show you," he says, "what skill I had as an escapist."

During an air raid on an Italian rail yard where their prison train was sidetracked on its way to Germany, he and his pilot broke out of their boxcar and fled toward the town. "We turned a corner onto the main street and there was half the German Army marching toward us," he said, "so we ducked into this doorway. When the Germans were opposite us they suddenly did a perfect column right and now were coming straight for us and shouting to get out of their way. We had chosen to hide in the door of the German Headquarters. We answered them in Italian, and then ran."

Minutes later, however, the two escapees, still wearing the bottom half of their American uniforms, were seized by Italian police.

As the Allied armies advanced deeper into the continent, the POW's were shuttled from camp to camp. Katzenbach knew this meant long forced marches and began to hoard cooking fat with which to waterproof his boots and he taught himself to knit socks, using wool from his extra sweaters. "A prisoner," he explained "develops an amazing capacity to take care of himself."

He spent his last days as a POW in a camp at Mooseburg, Germany, which he and 8,000 other prisoners reached by marching two days through a blizzard. "We weren't in shape nor were we equipped for a march like this," he said, "but the German guards were as bad off as we were. So you can't call it a 'Death March.' "

All this—the waterproof boots, the knitted socks, the escapes—was characteristic. His reading, too, belonged to this pattern. At his request the Red Cross and YMCA supplied him with books he would need for his junior and senior years at Princeton. For six hours every day he read—philosophy, economics, history, government, Shakespeare and "every so often I went on a fiction jag." When he was finally liberated, a month before the surrender in Europe, he had read 400 volumes. Princeton was so impressed it allowed him to write a senior thesis ("The Little Steel Formula," a plan for increasing frozen wartime wages) and take his junior and senior exams to win his degree. He easily passed them all, was graduated *cum laude* and was attending classes at Yale Law School before his 60-day medical leave was ended.

After finishing law school in 1947, (missing *magna cum laude* by .01 of one percentage point) Katzenbach spent two years as an Oxford Rhodes Scholar, a

[*Continued on page* 60]

COMING . . .

His book, "Human Sexual Response," has stirred the greatest storm since the Kinsey reports

REVOLUTION IN SEX

Learn the story behind Dr. William Masters' 12 years of research with notebook and camera

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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Bronco wins at Riverside!

In the brutal Four Wheel Drive Grand Prix at Riverside, California, March 4-6, Bronco won top honors against all comers! Bronco 289-cu. in. stock V-8 won first in its class, while Bronco with a standard Six took Top Eliminator prize.

New fun one from **Ford**

TRUEVIEWS:

MOVIES

BOOKS

RECORDS

LOST COMMAND. Anthony Quinn plays Col. Raspeguy, a French soldier who loses his command after the fall of Dienbienphu. He gets one more chance when war breaks out in Algeria and his determination to succeed causes him to condone the worst side of war—torture, kangaroo courts and atrocities. One of the most action-packed movies in a long time. Alain Delon and George Segal also star and beautiful Claudia Cardinale is one of the objectives.

ARABESQUE. Gregory Peck plays a poor college professor who takes a job translating a hieroglyph, and is immediately involved in Arabian intrigue. In short order, he's shot at, drugged, slugged, sought for murder and enjoying a shower with Sophia Loren. A neat, very good thriller: The script is witty, the photography beautiful and the direction classy. Peck never does get paid, but he ends up with Loren. If that's the reward for spying, where do we sign up?

MORGAN! Morgan is a painter, a Marxist, a dreamer and a nut. When his wife divorces him, he refuses to accept it. He terrorizes her new fiance, blows up his mother-in-law, kidnaps his ex-wife and, when all else fails, shows up at her wedding in a gorilla suit and wrecks the joint. He ends up in the funny farm, but he wins: His ex-wife is pregnant—by him. A hilarious, loony movie. David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave are superb.

STAGECOACH. They don't make Westerns like they used to; nowadays they seem to be all talk and no action. But this remake of the old classic has enough action and gore to satisfy any fan, as it tells the story of a perilous trip through rough country crawling with hostile redskins. It sags a little en route, but dashes home after a bang-up chase. Bing Crosby steals the picture as a doctor whose best medicine is alcohol. Old pros Van Heflin and Keenan Wynn are also very good.

THE FLAME AND THE FIRE. A colorful documentary that examines five Stone Age tribes in South America, New Guinea, Africa and Australia. They have not changed their ways in thousands of years, but the end may be in sight. By the man who made *The Sky Above, the Mud Below*, it is sometimes gory, often beautiful, always thought-provoking.

PAPA HEMINGWAY by A. E. Hotchner. The last 14 years of Hemingway's life were not always the happiest; the best things and the best work seemed to have come early. But they were years of reflection and revelation and Hotchner was there to record it all intelligently and sensitively. His account of their last meeting is extremely moving, and the story of Hemingway's last days and suicide is tragic. *Random House; $5.95.*

EAGLE DAY by Richard Collier. In the summer of 1940, Reich Marshal Hermann Goering assured Hitler that his Air Force would destroy the R.A.F. in four days and pave the way for the invasion of England. Five weeks later, the weary, heroic British pilots were not only holding out, but counterattacking. This version of the Battle of Britain is told to a great extent by participants which gives it immediacy and excitement. *Dutton; $5.95.*

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK by James Mills. A descent into a modern-day Inferno—the world of the drug addict. Rather than preach a sermon, the author has chosen just to tell the story of a pair of junkies whom he befriended but could not help, and that's what makes this book so readable and compelling. Mills has created a piece of first-class journalism. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.50.*

THE TRUMAN PRESIDENCY by Cabell Phillips. The life and times, career and courage of Harry S Truman are only adequately summed up in this volume. Much of the story (the decision to drop the atomic bomb, the whistle-stop campaign of 1948, Korea and MacArthur) has enormous intrinsic interest, so it is, thanks to its doughty subject, a fairly good book. But the author, an excellent reporter, has overextended himself trying to be a historian. *Macmillan; $7.95.*

SHADOW OF MY BROTHER by Davis Grubb. The only witnesses to a brutal racial murder in a small southern town are a garage mechanic and his girl—who happens to be the daughter of one of the murderers. As the story moves forward with the violent inevitability of a Greek tragedy, flashbacks fill in the lives of the people and trace the evolution of a racist. Grubb, best known for *The Night of the Hunter*, has wrought a brilliant, full-bodied parable of despair and hope. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $5.95.*

MOONLIGHT SINATRA. Things are looking up for Frank Sinatra at the beginning of his second half century. With this album, he takes possession of the moon. Sinatra has always been at his best when singing love songs and this record maintains his high standard. Whether he's "Reaching for the Moon," or noting that "Moonlight Becomes You" or smoothly delivering a "Moonlight Serenade," he remains the greatest. *Reprise.*

THE MEXICALI SINGERS. A sextet of specialists in "vocalese"—the art of singing without words, using voices like instruments—cuts some merry capers in what is easily the most high-spirited album of the year. The songs are contemporary ("Java," "A Taste of Honey," "Zorba the Greek"), the beat is solid and the mood is extremely contagious. *Warner Bros.*

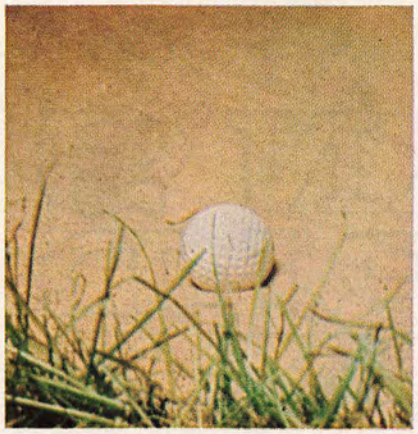
TOMMY DORSEY: A MAN AND HIS TROMBONE. If you remember the days when music was music and musicians got haircuts, you will want to pick up this reissue of some of TD's big hits: "Marie," "In a Little Spanish Town," "Who" and nine more. The Pied Pipers sing a couple, and the music is made for dancing—and we definitely don't mean the frug or the Watusi. *Colpix.*

BAROQUE GUITAR. Julian Bream, one of the foremost guitarists of our time, turns his attentions to music of the Baroque era. In his capable hands, the music has a variety of moods and colors, sometimes sounding like frolicsome folk songs, sometimes like elegant entertainments. His rendition of a Bach fugue is especially fine. *RCA Victor.*

BEETHOVEN: DIABELLI VARIATIONS. Those who think of Beethoven only as a moody, brooding man will have to revise their opinion when they hear these 33 variations on a pleasant little waltz; they are benign, playful, romantic and brilliant. Young pianist John Browning does a fine job, enhancing the music's virtues and upholding its spirit. *RCA Victor.*

ONE STORMY NIGHT. And they ain't just whistling "Dixie." Over, under, around and through 10 lushly orchestrated songs are woven the sounds of a thunderstorm—dripping rain, thunderclaps, a banging shutter, even an occasional far-off train whistle. For "instant" romantic atmosphere, it's perfect—you don't even have to add water. *Philips.*

7-Up® the man's mixer



While you total your card, lace into a cool Mule—7-Up and Smirnoff.® A jigger of Smirnoff Vodka over the rocks, juice from ¼ lime and 7-Up to the brim. If you had a good round, you deserve it. If you had a bad round, you may need it.

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

NASTY WORDS

Prince Philip, the royal traveling salesman, uttered a furious oath when somebody pushed a microphone in front of him during his last business tour of the American provinces. "Take that bloody instrument away!" he oathed. "Bloody," for some reason without reason, is a terrible British cussword and we print it at risk of being barred from London newsstands. The incident reminded us of how pallid the language of virile men has become. The art of invective has degenerated into a few four-letter words which through overuse have all the impact of "tut, tut." Nowhere has name-calling lost its cutting edge so sadly as in halls of government. Time was when a U.S. Senator could say that a colleague "shines and stinks like a dead mackerel in the moonlight." Now the colleague is effusively called "the distinguished gentleman from Podunk"—plainly a gratuitous assumption. The British Parliament outlaws the words "blackguard, cad, pup, coward, gutter-snipe, jackass, murderer, swine and villain," but strangely permits "goose," although most Parliamentarians are ganders. A little work with a dictionary will reveal fresh words of abuse to set your enemies on their heels. We give you one: pilgarlic.

SINGLE BLISS

Dr. Genevieve Knupfer, a California psychiatrist who likes to take potshots at bachelors, goes so far as to imply that marriage can save such a man's life. Bachelors, she says, have a higher suicide rate than single women. Therefore, they should get hitched to keep from getting unstuck. Any ordinary wife leaves a man with remarkably little time for thoughts of suicide. Doctor Knupfer fished some wide-ranging conclusions from interviews with 785 persons over 23 years of age. She says that bachelors are more antisocial than other people (maybe they're just better informed). Bachelors found the authority of parents irksome; this merely admits them to the human race. Single men are three times more likely to say they are unhappy than single girls; this is a natural reaction of target to huntress. Worst of all, the bachelor is said to be an inferior piece of goods, "psychologically impaired to begin with," too shoddy for display in matrimonial bazaars. This study was actually supported by funds from the National Institute of Mental Health. Its results are vastly inferior to a philosopher's one-sentence description of bachelorhood: "A wonderful breakfast, a tolerable lunch, a miserable dinner."

CONFUSION OF IDENTITY?

Sentence about LBJ printed in the New York *Times:* "The President also does not like to have it seem that He has changed his mind."

TREASURE TROUBLE

The most miserable man in the world is the one who hunts for buried treasure and finds it. Consider the sad case of Terence Davey who hauled a box containing 77 ancient silver coins out of the English Channel. Coin dealers demanded fat fees for merely estimating the value, about $3,000. Terence's brothers who were with him when he found the box wanted in. Finally, the Receiver of Wrecks, a bureaucrat with a nose for jetsam, ordered Terence to fork over the coins, promising him one-third of the proceeds if the government sold them. Terence took the only course left to a man of action. He tossed the coins back into the drink and invited the Receiver of Wrecks to don a frogman suit and go after them. That should teach bureaucrats not to wreck private enterprise.

BUFFALO BILL

Drive on U.S. 131 near Stanwood, Michigan, and you'll see what looks like a herd of buffalo behind a barbed-wire fence. It *is* a herd of buffalo. That is, American bison. They are the pets of Dr. Dwain W. Cummings who laid out $4,000 for three bulls and 10 cows. Anybody who has a pasture and has lost his mind can do the same thing. Significantly, Cummings' Rx ranch (medical prescription symbol, get it?) is located next door to a 32-bed hospital where the doc practices. Buffalo, he says, are so stupidly friendly that they love to give people a playful nudge of the horn. Trouble is that a horn that can't dent a buffalo hide can let daylight into a man's liver. Cummings—no Manolete—was once trapped on a haystack by the head bull and had to make a run for it when it got dark. He has some hope that his masochistic hobby will pay off. A farmer patient gave him a Black Angus cow in payment for medical services. The cow has been added to the herd and Cummings hopes that in due time there will be hybrid offspring which may furnish a delectable new kind of meat for gourmets. Beefalo steak.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A New York hotel which permits wedding receptions to be paid for in installments calls the plan "Marry Now, Pay Later." That's new?

A man's hat which looks like felt but bounces back as good as new when sat on, rained on, or crumpled, will hit the market this fall.

A sure way to drive your wife crazy is to draw a circle around insignificant paragraphs in the newspaper and leave it where she can see it.

A vermin-proof A-frame vacation cabin made of plastic panels comes in kit form and can be erected in an hour or two. **—THE EDITORS**

Your Dodge dealer has more kinds of homes than the average subdivision

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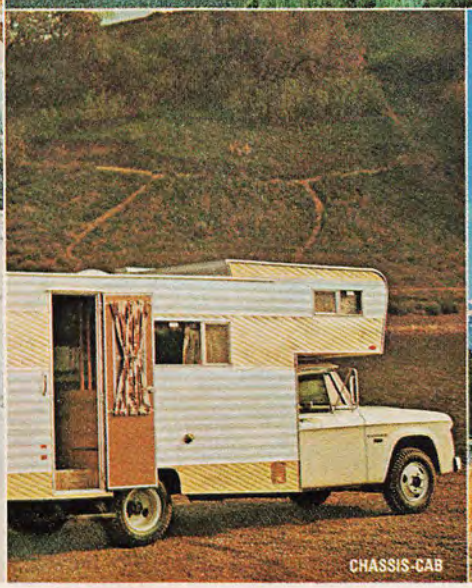
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BY MAX GUNTHER

ALIMONY JAIL:

an unjust dungeon that serves preying females

THOUSANDS OF BITTER, HATE-FILLED EX-WIVES ARE USING ALIMONY JAIL TO PERSECUTE THEIR HUSBANDS. IT'S A CRUEL SYSTEM THAT PERVERTS THE LAW AND TURNS PRISON INTO AN INSTRUMENT OF PERSONAL REVENGE

■ All night long the car stayed parked at the curb. The two men inside, Senior Deputy Sheriff Charley DeLancey and his partner, Richie Dwyer, took turns napping and watching the apartment house. Around them the city of New York slept, its streets silent, deserted. The two men watched the dawn come up, and they waited.

They were waiting for a man to come out of the apartment house. When he did, they were going to confront him with a choice. They would ask him to make his decision on the spot. He could spend the remainder of this dawning Monday scraping together $3,000 in alimony which he owed his divorced wife. Or he could go to jail.

Sheriff DeLancey, middle-aged, brown-eyed, bald—a gentle and softhearted man—didn't enjoy this kind of duty. Yet he was used to it. The grubby details of the story were different this time,

as every time, but basically it was the same story he'd encountered over and over again in his years as sheriff. It was a story of a vindictive, money-hungry woman. Of a lonely, desperate, hounded man. And of a law that took sides blindly with the woman, a law backed by the grim, gray, medieval shadow of a debtors' prison.

The victim in this particular case was a man who, having been saddled with outrageously high alimony payments under New York law, had fled to a neighboring state, New Jersey. The one good thing New York had ever done for him was to pass a law saying that nobody could be arrested for a civil offense on a Sunday. On Sundays he visited his second wife in the city. She had to live in the city because her job hours made commuting from New Jersey impractical. The two of them were saving money to flee to California and vanish.

On this particular Sunday he had made a mistake. He'd decided to risk sleeping with his second wife, staying in her apartment until Monday morning. His ex-wife, spying in the street, waiting vulturelike to grab him and his money, had triumphantly phoned the sheriff's office. Now Sheriff DeLancey was waiting to do his distasteful duty.

At about 8 o'clock on Monday morning the prey came out of the apartment, looked furtively up and down the street and began walking. Sheriff DeLancey climbed wearily from his car.

"Mister?" said the sheriff, sadly. "I'm sorry to tell you you're under arrest."

The man didn't seem surprised. He didn't try to run. He climbed into the sheriff's car, tired, beaten.

"Listen," said Charley DeLancey, "you don't have to go to the bucket. You got a bank? Relatives? It costs you $3,000 and you are free as a bird."

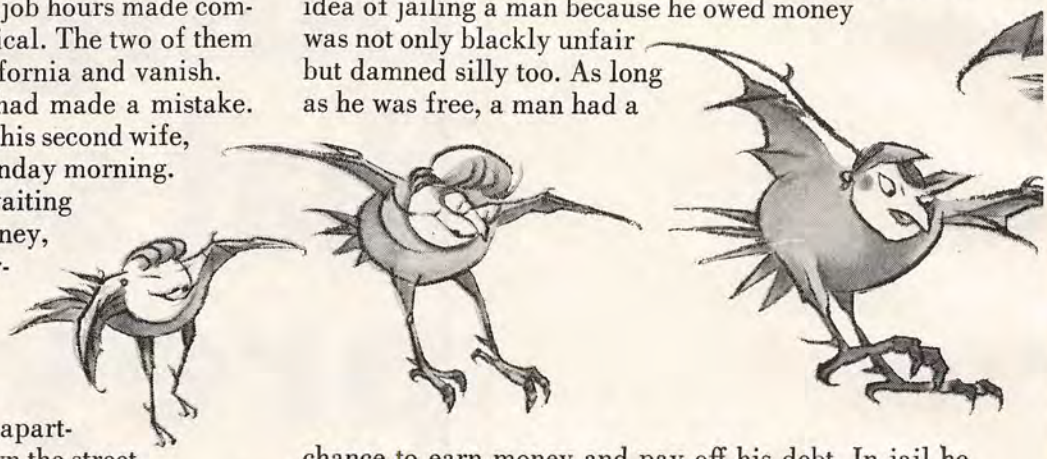
"I don't have any $3,000," the man said. Now he was quietly angry. "I'm going to drive with you guys to the lockup and I'm going to sit there and that bitch won't get nickel one."

Charley DeLancey sighed. This poor slob thought he was going to get revenge on his wife by agreeing to go to jail. Well, maybe she'd like to get the three grand, but it wasn't the money that interested her most. It was the principle of the thing. She wanted him to suffer and whether he suffered by going broke or by going to jail was a matter of small moment to her. "That bastard!" she'd shouted to Sheriff DeLancey over the phone. "I'll put him in jail and throw away the key!"

And so another man learned, at firsthand, that the institution of debtors' prisons still exists and flourishes in the middle of the 20th century.

"It's a common belief that debtors' prisons were abolished a century ago," says Reuben Kidd of Sacramento, California, founder and president of United States Divorce Reform, Inc., a 25,000-member organization devoted to getting a better deal for men in the divorce courts. "Well, for most kinds of debt, in most states, you can't be locked up. You can owe a finance company $10,000 without worrying about jail. But get a few bucks behind on your alimony payments and your ex-wife can have you behind bars before you can say, 'Help!' "

Debtors' prisons were the focus of bitter notoriety in Europe, particularly England, in the 19th century. Charles Dickens and other novelists wrote impassioned diatribes against them. As Dickens pointed out, and as most nations' lawmakers gradually came to agree, the idea of jailing a man because he owed money was not only blackly unfair but damned silly too. As long as he was free, a man had a



chance to earn money and pay off his debt. In jail he was helpless. The moment that iron-barred door slammed in his face, his creditors might as well write off what he owed them as hopelessly lost.

The basic philosophy of United States law goes along with this reasoning. If you get into some unmanageable nonalimony debt, the worst that can happen to you is that your belongings are repossessed or you go into bankruptcy. The concept of bankruptcy is the 20th century's enlightened substitute for debtors' prisons. In a bankruptcy proceeding the law says, in effect: "This man can't pay his debts, so they're canceled. He is to be considered a financial zero. He starts again from scratch." This is a fine example of the law leaning over backward to be fair to a man in trouble.

Asked whether he'd ever had a man jailed for debt, an officer of a large Wall Street bank threw back his head and laughed. To him, the notion was ridiculous. "Listen," he said, when he'd recovered from his laughing fit, "unless we can show evidence of fraud, you can owe us a million dollars and we can't have you jailed for five minutes."

But alimony laws are another matter entirely—so much so that it's hard to believe they exist in this same enlightened century. You *can* be jailed for alimony debt. Easily, quickly, quietly, with a minimum of red tape and no 20th-century nonsense about fair hearings or jury trials. Your ex-wife snaps her fingers, her lawyer draws up a paper, [*Continued on page* 102]

Hell has no fury like a woman scorned. All too often she becomes a perfumed harpy, longing only to punish her ex-husband

ILLUSTRATED BY Osborn

PLAIN OLD HERMAN AND HIS SIMPLE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

■ Herman Louis Franks—the plump, plain and hard-headed man now in his second season as manager of the San Francisco Giants—is living proof that running a major-league baseball team does not improve a man's personality. It has been said of Franks, and rightly so, that, "The first time you meet him you think he's a grouch. However, this is due primarily to his rotten disposition."

Last summer Franks turned in what baseball people have called one of the game's truly remarkable jobs of managing. Even more remarkable were some of the things he was called by persons other than his own players. Sportswriters, for instance, swear that a typical interview with him goes something like this:

"Hello, Herman. Who are you going to pitch tomorrow?"

"Now what the hell would you want to ask a goddam question like that for?"

Franks is a gruff, big-shouldered, balding man with brown eyes and a red neck. He is also an ex-second-string catcher, ex-grocery store clerk, and ex-gasoline-station attendant who today has business interests outside of baseball that make him a millionaire. He played only 188 games in the majors and his lifetime batting average of .195 is practically invisible. He is 52 years old and last season was his first as a manager. When he got the job everybody said he would last about as long as it took the ink on his contract to dry. Everybody but Franks.

"I'm here to stay," he kept saying, especially after he read in the newspapers that he was a nobody, and that what the Giants really needed for a manager was one of the thinking machines—the mental gymnasts like Bobby Bragan of Milwaukee and Gene Mauch of Philadelphia, who can juggle a lineup card until it reads like Japanese arithmetic, then make the mess vanish—poof!—with a quip.

"I'm no genius," Franks thundered, "and neither is anyone else in baseball. If other managers want to win games from the dugout let them go ahead and try. This ain't football, you know. You don't need a lot of coaching. What you need is a 25-man team with each and every one of those 25 men happy at all times."

So they all laughed when Herman sat down to re-

BY RON SMITH

SCHEME FOR WINNING

Manager Herman Franks may guide the San Francisco Giants to a pennant this year but he won't use any mental gymnastics to do it. "Brains don't win ball games," he says. "You need 25 happy ballplayers."

Keeping Willie Mays happy may win Franks a pennant . . .

place Alvin Dark as manager. If the sleek, handsome and resourceful Dark couldn't make the Giants play together, how could plain old Herman do it?

The Giants, of course, have never been noted for players who would keep their thoughts to themselves and go straight home from the ball park. For years they have led the league in cliques and discord. At various times, pitchers didn't talk to infielders and outfielders didn't talk to anybody. No team has deeper drinkers or louder whiners. Ethnic problems alone are staggering because of the high incidence of Negro and Latin American ancestry. Midway through the 1964 season, Dark, whose chilly, analytical approach had not endeared him to the team, was quoted in an interview as saying he believed Negro and Latin players to be mentally inferior to whites but physically superior because of "different muscles." Dark was fired at the season's end and the Giants were left shattered and bitter. Baseball people said it would take years to repair the damage to the players' psyches.

But Franks did the repair work in one summer. He brought harmony to the clubhouse and took the team to second place in a breathtaking pennant race. The Giants missed the flag by two games and only because Los Angeles won 15 of its last 16 games. This year many people are picking the Giants to come through and win the pennant.

In the era of the superbrain manager—when cold, mechanical men have taken over the game with their strategy, statistics and player-rating systems—Franks' idea of running a ball club is to wander about the dressing room with his cap on and pants off, pounding players on the back and hollering, "Sic 'em, men, sic 'em." Amazingly, he gets results. He keeps his men happy.

A case in point is Willie McCovey, the tall, free-swinging outfielder who suffers from bone chips and fallen arches. McCovey and Dark were constantly at odds. One day McCovey laced a ball off the fence in St. Louis. It looked like a routine double but McCovey, clomping toward second, was thrown out by five feet.

In the dugout, Dark exploded. "You're dogging it, McCovey. You're laying down on me."

"No, Skip, no," McCovey winced, cradling a size-15 foot in his hands. "It's my feet. They're killing me."

"Don't give me that guff about sore feet," Dark screamed. "You're laying down and you know it."

McCovey stayed silent [*Continued on page* 67]

. . . if he can stop Juan Marichal from boiling over again.

A BETTER BRAND OF BRAINWASHING

North Vietnamese capture Air Force Capt. Robert Daughtrey after downing his plane last August. He still is being "detained."

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

SAIGON

The Viet Cong don't treat GI prisoners as harshly as North Koreans did. In fact, sometimes the VC can be downright humane. U.S. officials are puzzled by the enemy methods—and troubled by the results

■ Because the United States technically is not at war, there are officially no U.S. "prisoners" in Viet Nam. Instead, we label men known to be in enemy hands as "detained." By this spring, there were 33 "detainees." Add the number of U.S. fighting men missing in action but thought to be captured and the total was over 225. With the scope of air and land battles increasing, the figures will be moving steadily—and perhaps dramatically—higher.

In wars before Korea, an American taken captive could expect to face the boredom of being cooped up in a crowded prison camp, and sometimes physical atrocities. In Korea, however, there was a new enemy with new ideas about POW's. The North Korean communists added a wrinkle: "brainwashing." The enemy no longer was content to keep American military prisoners out of action; now the prisoners were supposed to denounce their own side, confess to imaginary war crimes and agree to help the communists with their anti-U.S. propaganda. Uncooperative prisoners were starved, beaten, exhausted by continuous questioning, threatened and occasionally killed.

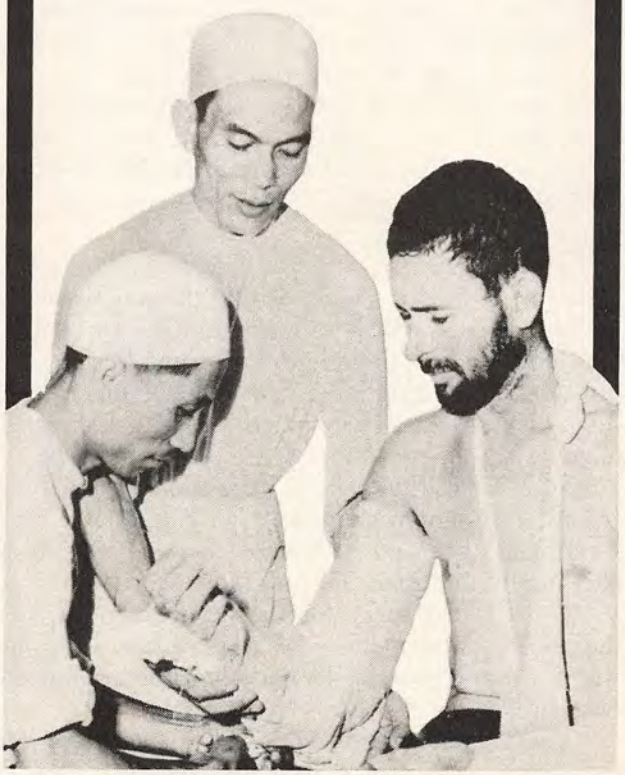
A few GI prisoners were unable to hold out against the vicious Korean winter and brutality. They bought the enemy line.

There weren't many turncoats in Korea, but enough to worry the Department of Defense. A new Code of Conduct was issued, and all American soldiers going to Viet Nam are expected to know it. In effect, the code says not to cooperate with the enemy in any way. Many U.S. officers going to Viet Nam are groomed at a sample enemy prison camp that has been set up at Fort Benning, Georgia.

At "Camp Happiness," as the training prison camp is called, GI "prisoners" are put through indoctrination sessions, manhandled and even mildly tortured to give them a taste of what it will be like to fall into enemy hands. Ironically, "Camp Happiness" has proved largely a mirage. Real captivity with the Viet Cong has been quite different.

The biggest surprise is that the Viet Cong generally have treated prisoners less harshly than the North Koreans did and pay less attention to brainwashing. Six American military prisoners and two civilians have been released at this writing. There have been no real American defections at this writing. No GI offered the chance for repatriation has turned it down. Yet the Viet Cong have managed to make a favorable impression on almost all of its prisoners—an impression that worries U.S. officials.

One former prisoner sat facing an audience of newsmen and blandly told them he planned to support the Viet Cong "peace offensive." Another told questioners he expected the Viet Cong to win the war, and this would probably be a good thing. Other prisoners have made written or tape-recorded statements sympathetic to the Viet Cong. As a [*Continued on page* 80]



Enemy likes to release photos of well cared-for prisoners.

The Ghost of Goldenhurst

No such things as ghosts? Well there's a sure way to become a believer, says the author. See one

BY MacKINLAY KANTOR

PHOTOGRAPH DESIGN BY TOM JUNGMAN

■ "I didn't know she was a ghost," said Mr. Swanson. "I just thought she was a white-faced woman who'd got into the house somehow. But she scared me."

He sat and remembered, and puffed his pipe.

He said, "It was the expression of her face. Just hateful. I get the cold shivers every time I think of it."

Mr. Swanson was a former neighbor, an old friend of Uncle Jas Bell. I was an ardent—albeit extremely youthful—newspaper reporter, and had walked some 13 miles the night before to spend Sunday with Uncle Jas. Mr. Swanson, visiting back in Iowa from California, came by. We all sat out on the stoop; Uncle Jas started it by saying, "Remember your ghost, Swan?"

"You just bet I do."

He said it began with the hired man on his newly purchased farm. The hired man lived in a cottage at the other end of the property. The man was a good worker so Mr. Swanson was sorry when he quit.

"What's the trouble, Ole?"

"Nothing I want to talk about, Mister." And that was all he could get out of him.

Along came Hired Man Number Two, and he had a wife, and they moved into the little furnished house. They stayed just one night. Hired man had a horse and buggy of his own. When Mr. Swanson saw them driving away on Sunday morning he thought they were bound for the Lutheran church at Stratford. But they didn't come back.

"I got to quit," said Hired Man Number Three.

"Why?"

"It's that damn house you put me in."

"But we haven't got an extra room here in my house. And that little tenant cabin is real comfortable."

"Huh. Nice little tenant cabin? Just try sleeping there, Mr. Swanson. *Just you try.*"

So he tried it. Walked over with a lantern after dark, and blew out the lantern and went to bed. He awakened in the middle of the night; he thought that he had heard someone moaning because of a hurt. "Like it was a sick person."

Then he saw the woman. She was standing in a corner of the room. "Kind of like she was lighted up." He said she was small—almost childlike or birdlike—but that there was nothing dainty about her face.

"Wicked as could be. She seemed to be holding some dishes—a bowl or something, with a spoon sticking out. No, this wasn't no dream. She was *there.*

"So I think, 'She's just a little woman, and I'm big. I don't care how wicked she is; I can handle her.' So I get out of bed and go toward her, and it's like she's backing off and then she isn't there at all.

"Well, I feel sorry for those poor hired men and feel sorry for myself—*if* I stay in that little house. But I'm not about to do that. I go home and get in bed with Mabel and I tell her all about it.

"I say, 'I'm going to make a chicken house out of that place.' She says, 'The hens won't lay. You know the old story that folks told us, about that cabin, back in pioneer times? The [*Continued on page* 72]

SWAMPY SAFARI FOR AN ODDBALL ANTELOPE

Little known and seldom hunted, the situtunga haunts Africa's swamps. The variety found in Bechuanaland has not made the record book in 30 years. No wonder. You have to shoot from a fast boat at an even faster target

Jack Blacklaws pilots boat on flying bridge, Roger Fawcett stands ready for shooting. Bridge gives view over screen of reeds.

CHOBE RIVER, BECHUANALAND

As we sped up the winding river, my view of the world cut off by 12-foot walls of reeds and papyrus, I thought: *This is a crazy way to hunt.* Still going flat out, the boat sideslipped around another hairpin turn, frightening marsh birds into desperate, raucous flight. *Nutty, frustrating and maybe a waste of time.*

Suddenly we slowed. My hopes soared —was it game at last? Then a great gray head with bulging eyes and little flapping ears burst from the water beside the boat and I relaxed. It was another hippo, forcing us to crawl past lest it panic and perhaps upset the boat.

"Hippos are a good sign," shouted white hunter Jack Blacklaws from the flying bridge. "Means no one has been along the river lately."

This hardly came as a surprise, for with a population of about two natives per square mile, the country was emptier than any part of Africa I've ever been in.

I lit my pipe, sat back in the delicious June sunlight and smiled at the memory of what had happened at a party in New York just before we left on the trip. Now, New Yorkers think they are sophisticated but when I mentioned that I was going to Bechuanaland for situtunga, all I got was uncertain grins. "Going *where* for *what*?" someone said.

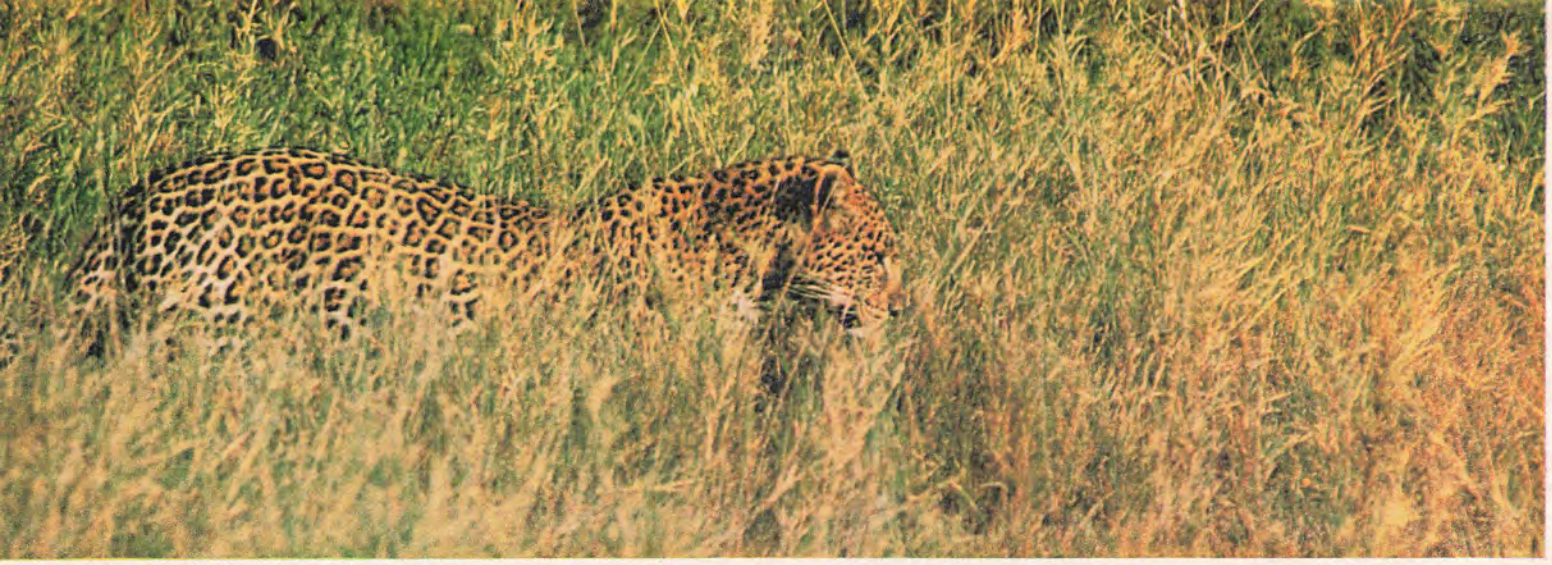
Bechuanaland is the place to go these days if you're looking for fresh, unspoiled hunting, because organized safaris on a countrywide scale began only two or three years ago. A bit larger than Texas and shaped somewhat like it, Bechuanaland sits squarely atop South Africa, with South-West Africa to the west and Rhodesia to the east. Its northern border is a corridor 50 miles wide by 300 long called the Caprivi Strip, an extension of South-West Africa which gives the former German colony access to the Zambesi River.

A British protectorate since 1885, Bechuanaland has had a large measure of self-government. It will achieve independence as the Republic of Botswana on September 30, under the leadership of its first premier, Seretse Khama, who is perhaps best known to Americans for having married Ruth Williams, a London secretary, in 1948. Khama was banished from the country as a result but later returned to favor.

As for the situtunga—well, it's a crossword-puzzle antelope, often misspelled and mispronounced (it's sit-a-tunga), little known, seldom seen, rarely taken by hunters. Yet it is found from the western bulge

Author bagged trophy situtunga after days of frustrating hunting.

BY PETER BARRETT
True's Outdoors Editor
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR



Leopards (and lions) hunt the Chobe River area. The author took record-book leopard after wounding cat in waist-high grass.

Roger approaches a gemsbuck he has just hit. Trophy was one of several collected when hunters flew to desert country in south.

Fire set in swamp area burns away high grass and reeds, permitting new growth of feed for the game.

of Africa, south through the Congo basin, to where we were hunting and a bit beyond. Only one Zambesi situtunga—the variety we were to seek—had made Rowland Ward's record book between 1935 and 1964.

Intrigued by the paradox of a widespread game animal that hardly anyone has heard of, Roger Fawcett, a New York hunting friend, and I had taken an Alitalia jet in New York last June and made our way by progressively slower planes to this corner of Bechuanaland. Only 150 miles due east, hordes of tourists watched famous Victoria Falls thundering on the Zambesi from twice the height of Niagara. But here, cruising the Chobe River, we found ourselves in a strange, isolated world, quite unlike anything we'd expected.

For one thing, the seasons were reversed (we were about 1,200 miles south of the equator). It was winter. Days were short; indeed June 21 is the shortest day of the year. Mornings and nights were often bitter cold. If you left a glass of water outside overnight, many a morning would find it frozen over.

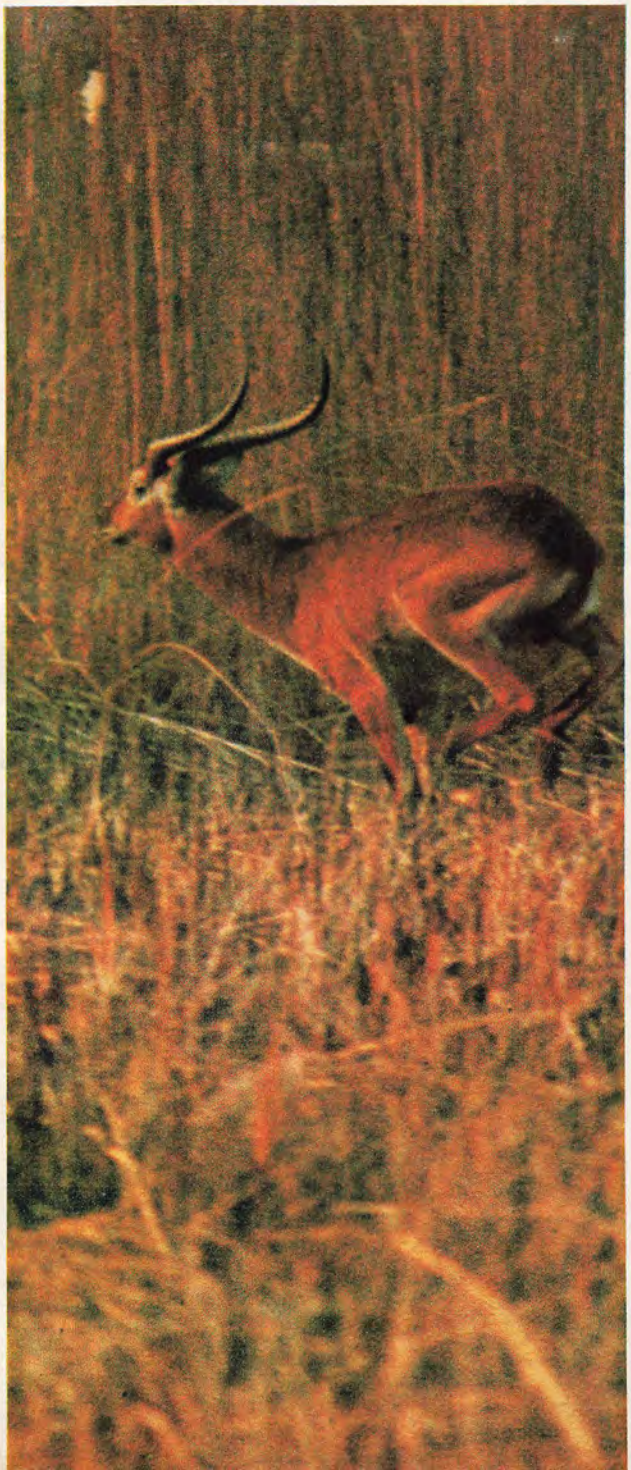
For another, this situtunga creature is a real oddball.

"You mean they actually submerge from sight?" Roger wanted to know when we stopped to change gas tanks that first day.

"Clear to their eyeballs and nostrils, I understand," Jack Blacklaws told us. "They're supposed to do this

SWAMPY SAFARI

Hundreds of buffalo were in river area. Here Jack Blacklaws eyes good-sized bull that appeared unexpectedly in tall grass.



Like situtunga, red lechwe prefers to be near water. Here a buck flees for cover.

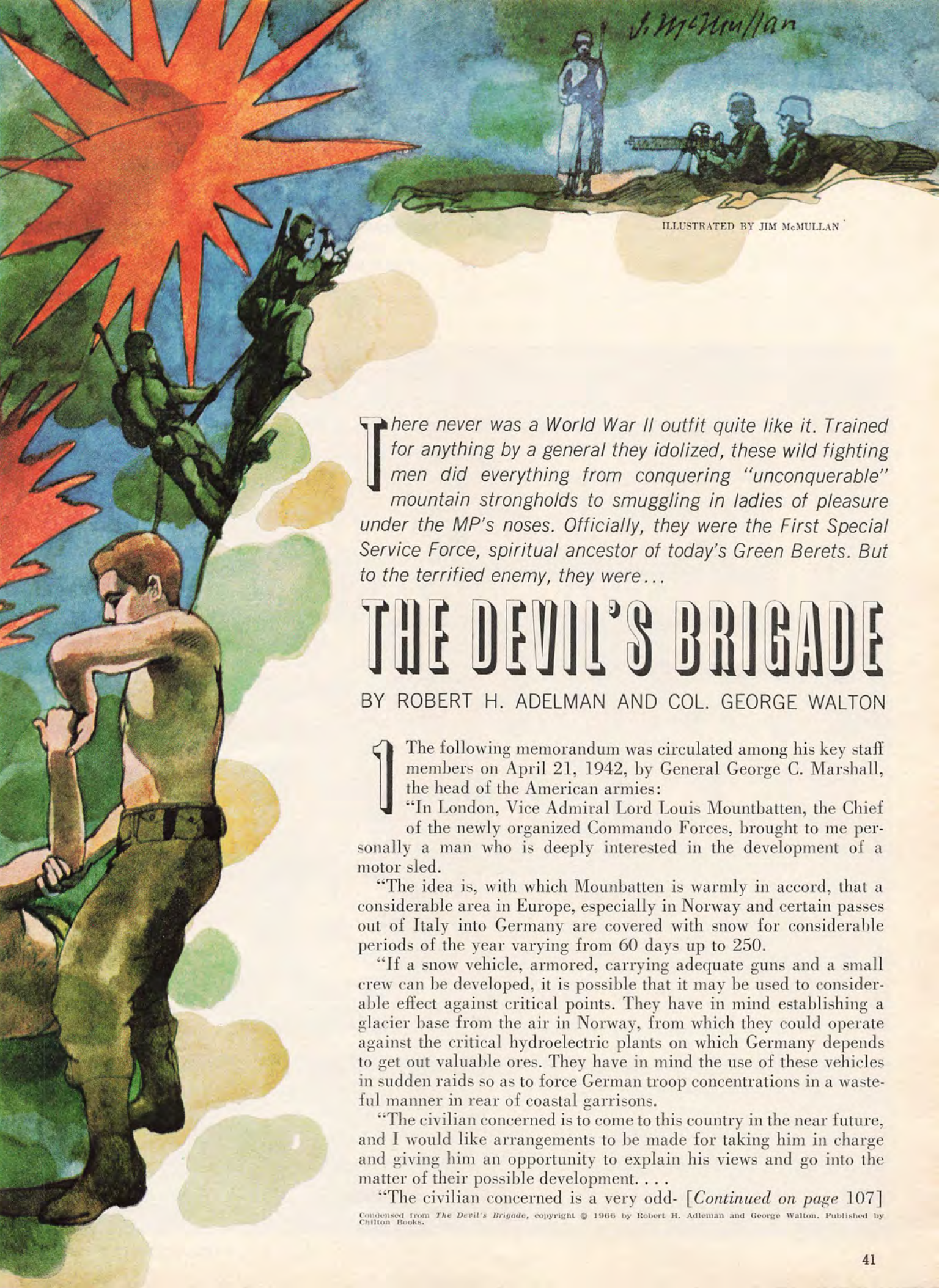
White hunter Blacklaws sizes up trophy springbuck which Roger took during hunting on edge of the Kalahari Desert.

to escape danger but all the bulls I've seen had no trouble slipping away into the reeds. Situtungas love water. They're good swimmers and seem happiest when standing in water."

"How do they get about in that muck?" I asked.

"Swim fins, old boy! They've got very long hoofs which splay out and support them. Their feet are so specialized for swamp trotting that situtungas don't manage too well on hard ground."

Presently we went roaring off again in our strange hunting craft. The *Poon* is a 20-foot plywood runabout on which Jack had erected a makeshift flying bridge of a few planks and two [*Continued on page* 89]



ILLUSTRATED BY JIM McMULLAN

There never was a World War II outfit quite like it. Trained for anything by a general they idolized, these wild fighting men did everything from conquering "unconquerable" mountain strongholds to smuggling in ladies of pleasure under the MP's noses. Officially, they were the First Special Service Force, spiritual ancestor of today's Green Berets. But to the terrified enemy, they were...

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE

BY ROBERT H. ADELMAN AND COL. GEORGE WALTON

The following memorandum was circulated among his key staff members on April 21, 1942, by General George C. Marshall, the head of the American armies:

"In London, Vice Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Chief of the newly organized Commando Forces, brought to me personally a man who is deeply interested in the development of a motor sled.

"The idea is, with which Mounbatten is warmly in accord, that a considerable area in Europe, especially in Norway and certain passes out of Italy into Germany are covered with snow for considerable periods of the year varying from 60 days up to 250.

"If a snow vehicle, armored, carrying adequate guns and a small crew can be developed, it is possible that it may be used to considerable effect against critical points. They have in mind establishing a glacier base from the air in Norway, from which they could operate against the critical hydroelectric plants on which Germany depends to get out valuable ores. They have in mind the use of these vehicles in sudden raids so as to force German troop concentrations in a wasteful manner in rear of coastal garrisons.

"The civilian concerned is to come to this country in the near future, and I would like arrangements to be made for taking him in charge and giving him an opportunity to explain his views and go into the matter of their possible development. . . .

"The civilian concerned is a very odd- [*Continued on page* 107]

Condensed from *The Devil's Brigade*, copyright © 1966 by Robert H. Adleman and George Walton. Published by Chilton Books.

LIGHT UP A MEMORY...

BY DALE C. SCHMIDT

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DON W. JONES

...of a hundred years and a hundred brands of cigarettes. Cigarette smoking first became popular with Americans during the Civil War, although Europeans had been smoking cigarettes in large quantity at least 10 years earlier. By 1901 the U.S. had 100 brands, and there are more than 80 today. Virtually every brand ever sold here is represented in the collection of 2,400 packs filling the back bar (below) of historic Kaar's Tavern in Salem, Oregon. From 10-for-a-nickel forgotten varieties to today's king-size, mentholated, filter tips, each one of these packs, collected by the late Fred W. Kaar during a long lifetime, still has an unbroken seal.

Flat fifties and round tins were once synonymous with suave smoking. Beauty tips encouraged female smokers. Marlboros, introduced in 1927 as a premium brand, were redesigned in 1955 and given masculine appeal. Lucky Strike, shown in old green and newer white packages, was introduced in 1916 to compete with Camel and Chesterfield.

Pall Mall, first produced in 1912, was revived in 1939 as the first king-size cigarette. Special packs and sizes are from left: current king size, sample, special plain end, banquet size, natural size cork tip.

Camels, brought out in 1913 by well-known manufacturers of pipe tobacco, were so successful that imitations soon appeared. Named for an old circus dromedary, the original brand sold 10 cents for 20. For confused readers, the real pack of Camels is the one in the middle.

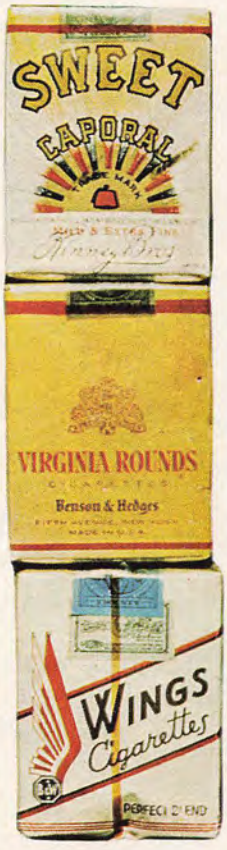
Special brands used to keep turning up. Twenty Grand was marketed as an inexpensive brand when higher-price cigarettes were dominant. Chukker Rounds were made to order for the affluent. Golden Gate and "111" were briefly popular. And fainthearted smokers could try the variety of mild and denicotinized brands on the bottom row.

Sportsmen's brands, designed to catch every interest, include a very early cigarette, Cycle. It was introduced in 1897 by the famous and successful makers of Bull Durham chewing plug and roll-your-own loose tobacco.

Packaging has never left anyone out. If sports didn't appeal, cigarette smokers could try their luck with a group of gambling brands.

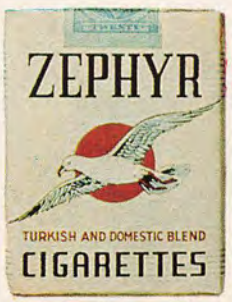
LIGHT UP A MEMORY...

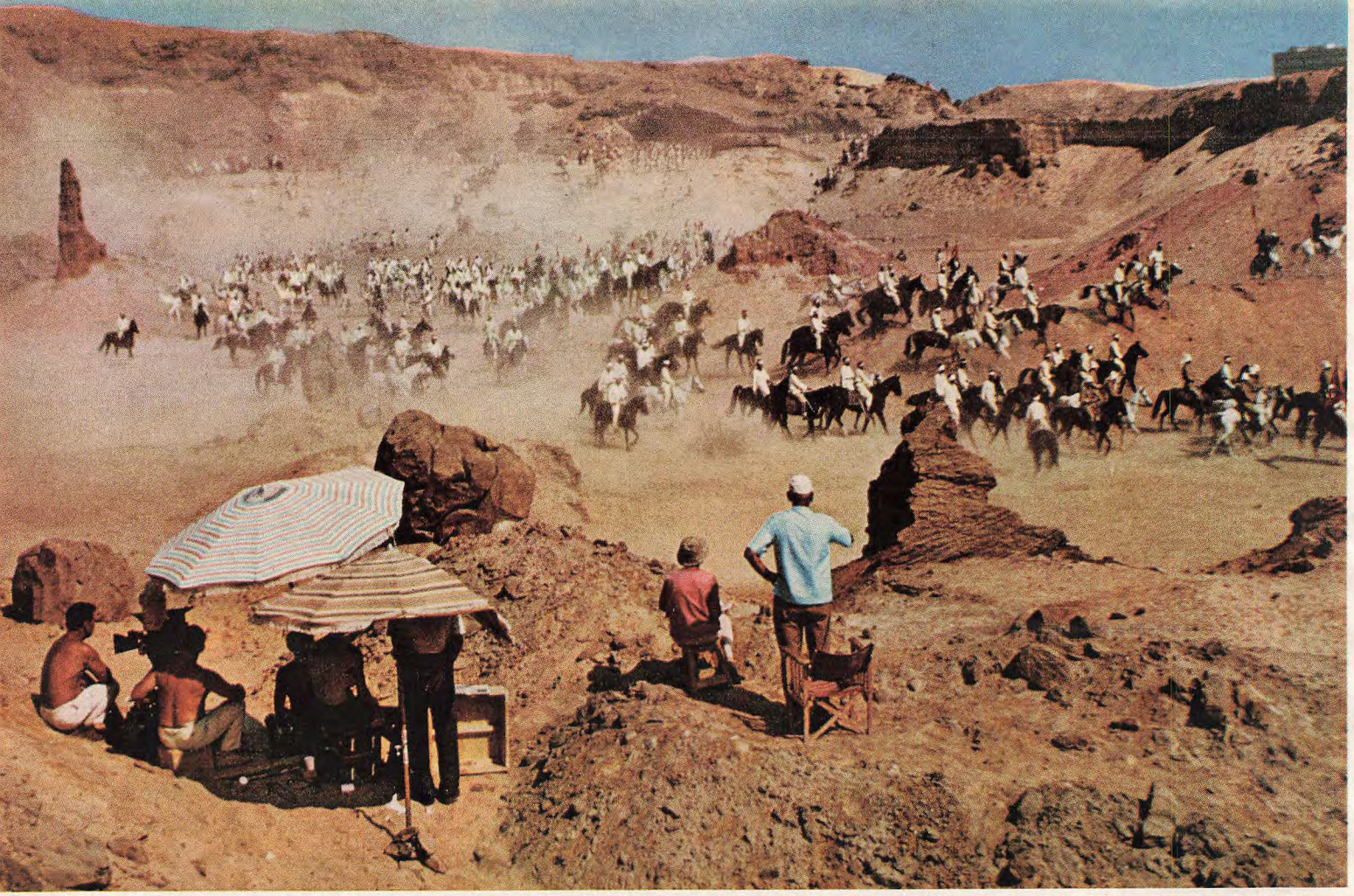
During World War I, one manufacturer named a brand for every branch of the military service. Later the mentholated market had a big boom that enticed some pharmaceutical houses into making their own brands of smokes.



These packs are old designs for some familiar brands, several of which —Philip Morris, Raleigh, Tareyton and Viceroy —are among today's leaders. Wings were low-cost cigarettes first sold during the Depression. In 1898 Sweet Caporals had 45 percent of the market. A first "real" smoke for several generations of small boys, they are back in new dress. Fatimas have been around since they were 10 cents for 15. Only Spud and Virginia Rounds are no longer on the market.

Two brands from about 1910. Early cigarettes were packed without much protection, in foil and flimsy paper. Sliding boxes came along in the '20s and flip-top boxes in the '50s.





On location in Egypt, Canutt cajoled men, horses and camels to stage the daring cavalry charges and battle scenes for new movie Khartoum *(see cover).*

BY BOB THOMAS

After a long reign as a leading stunt man Yakima Canutt now stages the mighty battle panoramas that put spectacle into filmdom's spectaculars

HOLLYWOOD'S GENERAL OF THE ARMIES

■ Actor Stephen Boyd stood on the track of a mock-up hippodrome some years ago, his handsome face rumpled with perplexity and a little fear. Horse-drawn chariots thundered past him in practice runs on the colossal set built at Rome's Cinecitta studio for the movie *Ben Hur.*

As Messala, Ben Hur's villainous rival, Boyd was playing a role which had the dash and flavor that could make him a star. But his body ached from weeks of strenuous filming in the steaming, dust-choked arena, and his nerves were sandpapered raw. Now he had just learned that in the next scene his chariot would overturn and he'd be dragged belly-down by a team of rampaging horses.

"How fast will the horses be traveling?" asked Boyd.

"Oh, we'll give 'em a full head of steam," replied the director. "Say about 30 miles an hour."

"And there will be other teams following me?" asked Boyd.

"Yes, but you'll be safe."

"How? What's between me and the ground?"

"This plate," soothed the director, pointing to a thin slab of metal smaller than a garage drip pan. "We'll strap it on you and the audience will never see it, even in the close-ups."

"Should I?" mused the hard-muscled young actor glancing toward the Italian doctor who was stationed on the set to minister to wounds.

"You want to die?" the Italian shrugged. "Go die."

"Aw it ain't so hard," said the director. "I'll show you." And with that Yakima Canutt, then in his 60's, strapped himself onto the plate, entwined his arms in the reins and yelled "Let 'em go!"

Trainers whipped the rumps of the horses and the animals shot forward, hurling clods of dirt at the figure dragging behind them. The team charged down the length of the track, turned and raced back toward the assembly of astonished film workers. The horses were halted and the director unstrapped. The grizzled old man rose slowly, wiped the dirt from his face and walked up to the awed Boyd.

"See," he said.

"I see," gulped Boyd. The actor then gritted his teeth, allowed himself to be strapped to the plate, shut his eyes and managed to duplicate the feat. His performance, plus that of star Charlton Heston and the other chariot drivers, produced what many experts consider the most exciting action sequence ever filmed, one which contributed in large measure to the $75 million success of *Ben Hur.*

Obviously the man who showed Boyd how to be dragged behind a team of horses was no ordinary director. For Yakima Canutt, creating and executing action sequences for movies is only the latest cycle in an amazing career.

In the first phase of Canutt's career he was a rodeo cowboy, the best in the business. Next, it was a natural

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY PHIL STERN

Clockwise from top left: Canutt, wagon and companion fall 45 feet in famous stunt for Dark Command. *Young Yak overpowers villain in silent Western. Gun drawn in familiar pose when he was still actor as well as stunt man double. Chariots spill and driver flies in scene Canutt directed for* Ben Hur.

Lines of dialogue used to scare Canutt, but stunts never. Well, almost never

step for him to become a star of Western movies in the silent era. Then he became stunt man supreme in countless films.

Take any action scene in epics of the 1930's and 1940's, and it's a fair bet that Yak was doubling for the star. He did the canal fight for Henry Fonda in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. As Don Ameche, he brawled with Tyrone Power's double for *In Old Chicago*. No star seemed braver in films than Errol Flynn, but that was Canutt performing Flynn's stunts in *Virginia City*, *They Died With Their Boots On* and other oatburners.

From silent-screen star Hobart Bosworth to Randolph Scott, Yak stunted for them all. He was virtually Clark Gable's resident double. As Gable, Canutt was felled by a collapsing brick wall in the *San Francisco* earthquake. Later he was Gable searching the smoldering ruins of Atlanta for Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*.

"You could take Gable's tailor-made suits, put 'em on me, and they'd fit like a glove," Canutt recalls. "In that *Gone With the Wind* scene I was supposed to race a wagon up to a girl, stop for some dialogue, then race off. Hell, they didn't even cut to a close-up of Gable. I looked so much like him in those days they just dubbed in his voice over the action."

Actors Canutt has doubled for and directed pull out all the superlatives when talking about him. Stephen Boyd, still mentally shaking off the dust from his epic slide, says: "He's the most exciting man I've ever known—the only one I ever entrusted with my life."

Charlton Heston says: "Ask any four men who was the greatest prizefighter, and you're likely to get back four different answers. But ask any knowledgeable person in the picture business who was the greatest stunt man, and you'll hear only one answer: Yakima Canutt. He's also the greatest of the action directors. Why? Because he wrote the book."

And the mellowing John Wayne gets misty when he reminisces about his early days with Yakima. In all the two-bit Westerns Wayne made during the 1930's, Canutt doubled for him and played the heavy.

"Ole Yak," says the Duke. "Ever tell you about the time we were shooting one of these mesquiteer pictures at the old Yuma jail? It was some crazy damn thing set in the desert, with everyone dressed up in bed sheets like Arabs. The studio wouldn't spend the money to bring good horses from Hollywood, so Yak was stuck with a two-and-a-half-dollar horse that had never seen lighting reflectors before.

"Yak was doubling me in a scene where he had to gallop through the crowd, grab onto a rope and haul himself up to the balcony of the jail. This horse was so scared of the bed sheets and the reflectors that it would hardly move.

"He had to whip the tar out of that horse to make it go, and it finally did. As Yak was climbing up the rope, I hollered at him, 'That ain't John Wayne beating that horse!'

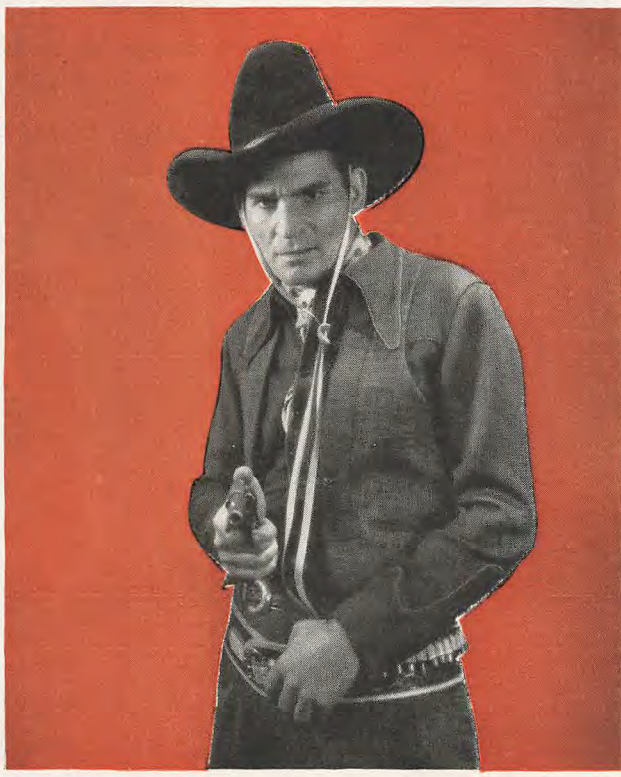
"Yak yelled back, 'Yeah, and this ain't John Wayne doin' this stunt, either.' "

Wayne terms his old comrade "the best ever." Today's stunt men agree. They also have reason to be grateful to Canutt.

As Heston points out: "Before Yak, stunting was done by a foolhardy bunch of men who would do anything for a price—and many of them ended up killed or crippled. Yak turned stunt work into a profession in which proficient athletes can earn from $30,000 to $40,000 a year—and survive."

Canutt brought a philosophy of survival into stunt work. "You ask yourself: Can it be done? What can go wrong? What do you do if something goes wrong? Then you figger out two things to do if something does go wrong. If you can only think of one thing, then you change the stunt."

Delivering lines of dialogue scared him, stunts never. Well, almost never. He recalls only two gags—all stunts are "gags" to him—that he refused to perform. During the filming in 1937 of an outdoors saga called, *The Heart of the Rockies*, he was called on to wrestle a hulking black bear. Canutt allowed as how he wasn't going to tangle [*Continued on page* 86]



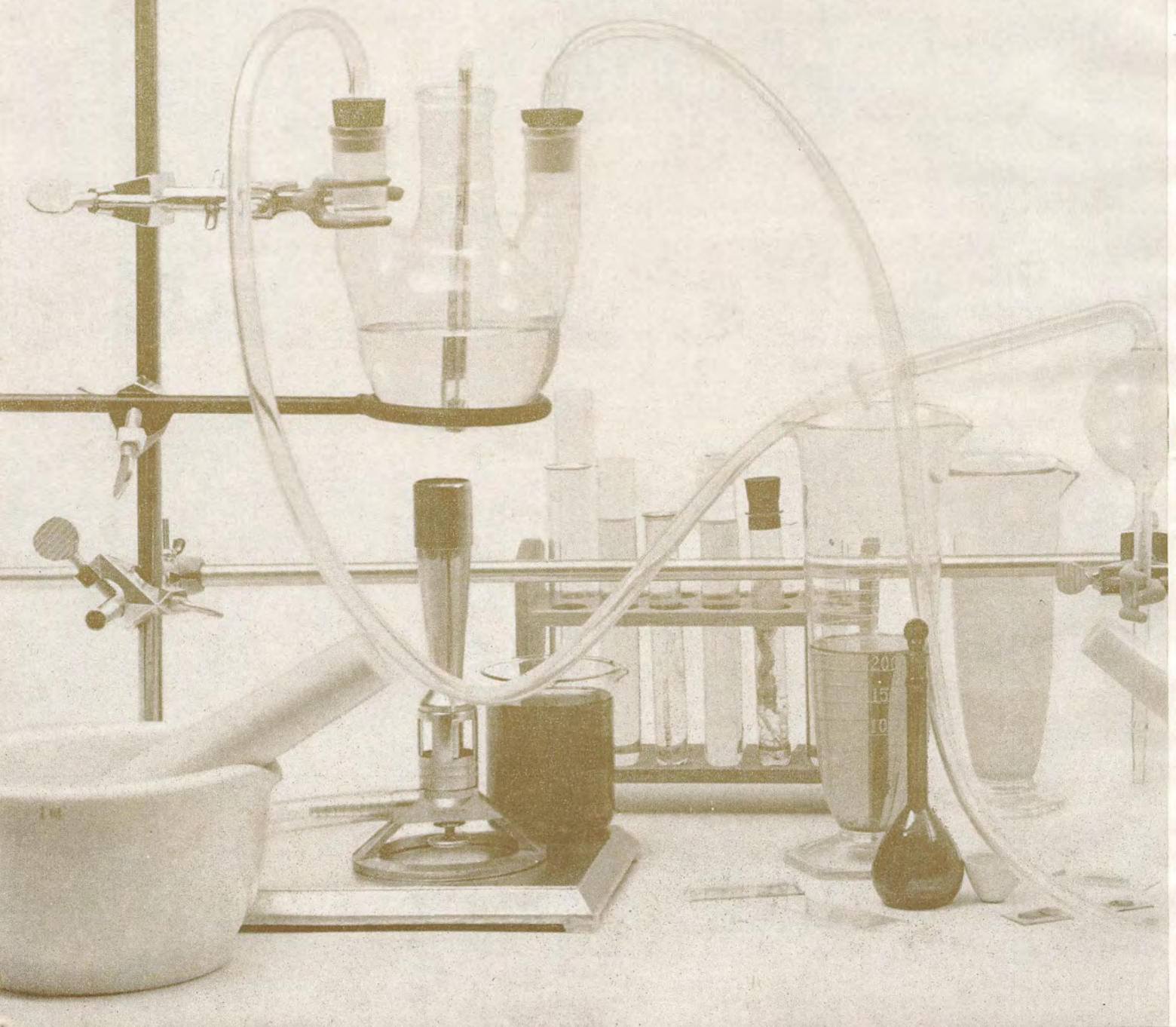
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

MEDICINE DISCOVERS A WAY

YOU CAN KILL YOUR OWN VIRUSES

Man's body makes its own disease fighters, but not always well enough. Now scientists are learning how to stimulate one of the most potent of these natural defenders into stopping deadly virus attacks

BY FRED WARSHOFSKY

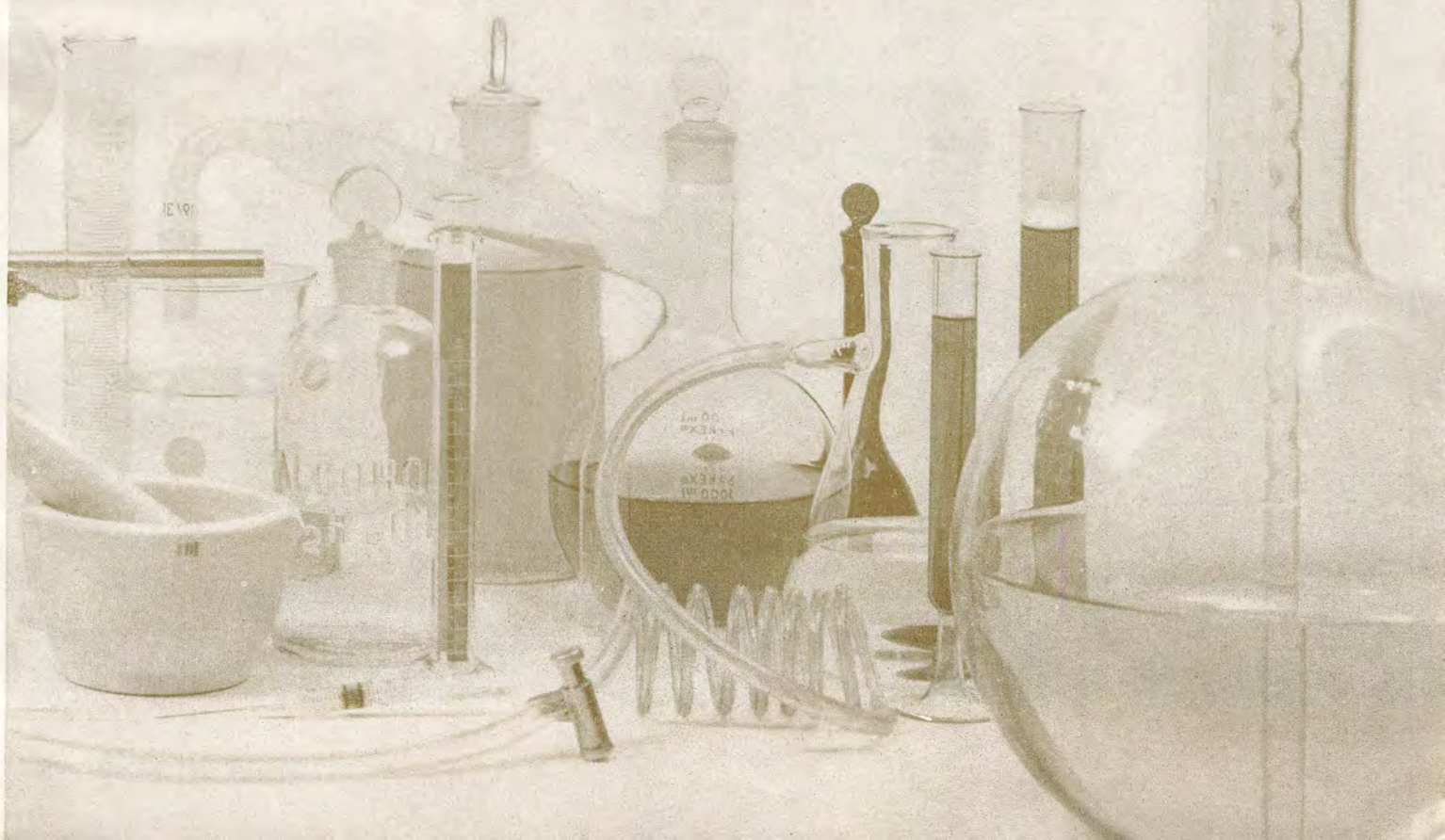


■ The 30 flasks stood like giant medicine bottles on the laboratory table. Growing in a rich broth in each was cell tissue scraped from the kidneys of miscarried human embryos. The cells in the flasks were as alive as they had been in the growing fetuses.

On this April day in 1965, these cells had become the focal point of a dramatic experiment. A drug hoped to be a substance called interferon was to be tested for its effectiveness as a first-line defense against heretofore invincible viruses. If this experiment worked, the way could be open for development of an extraordinarily powerful new weapon against disease.

Interferon had been recognized by scientists for eight years as one of the most exciting substances ever uncovered by man. In laboratories all over the world it was remarkably effective in treating viral diseases in animals. The same diseases in man—the common cold, influenza, chicken pox, measles, yellow fever, rabies, polio, mumps, German measles, viral pneumonia, hepatitis and a host of others—possibly even cancer—remained unconquered. No drug except interferon had been able to cure any viral disease, but it had been impossible to manufacture enough to try it on the human body. Only by a radically new method had sufficient interferon been gathered to use in this experiment on human cells. The reaction of the cells would represent that of the human body to a virus attack.

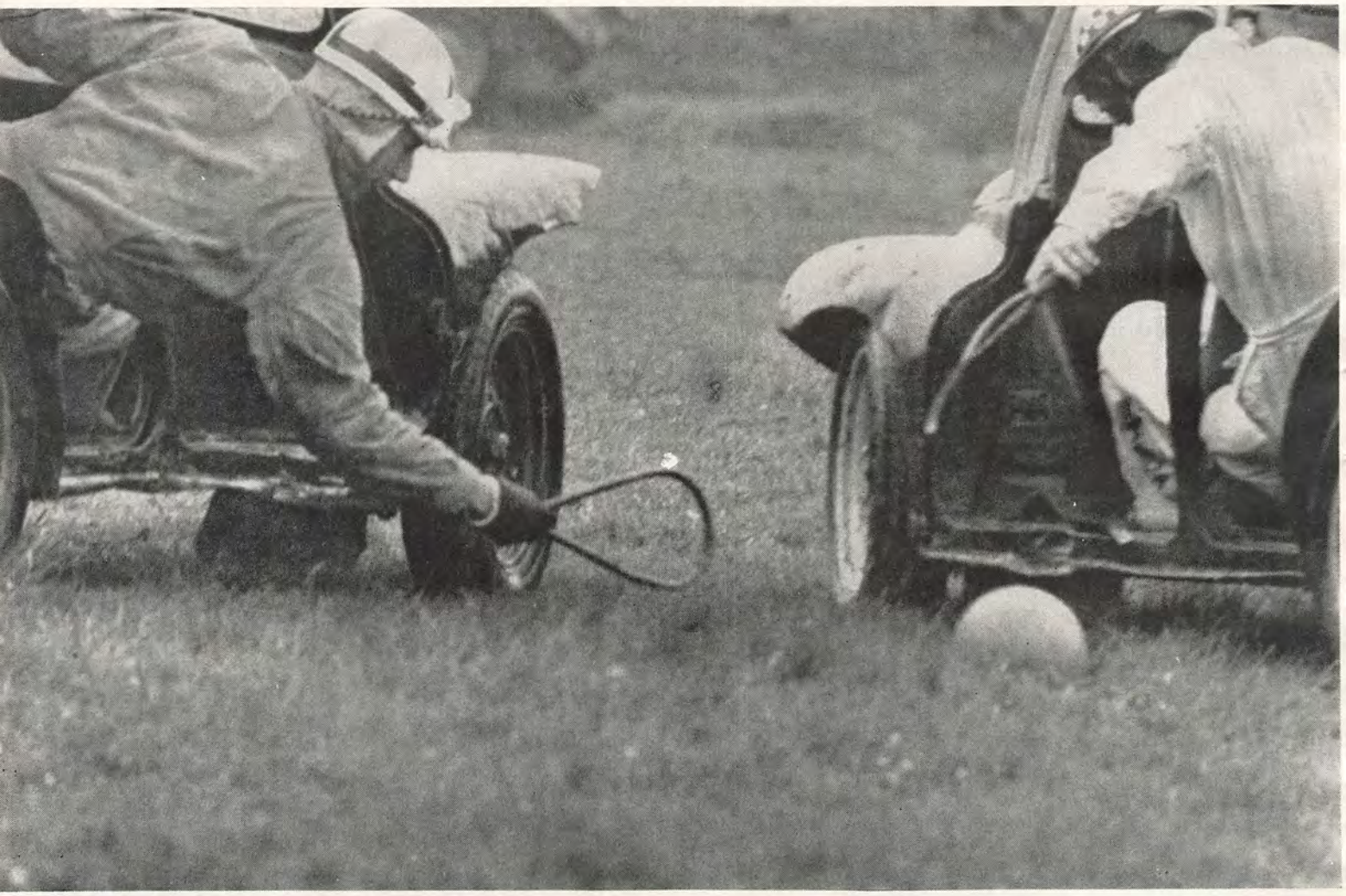
Two weeks earlier, 15 inmates of a Connecticut prison had volunteered to be turned into interferon factories. Interferon is mysterious, but doctors know it is a protein produced by man and animal when a virus invades the body. The problem is that it is seldom made naturally in sufficient quantities to rout the virus—that's why viral diseases cling and sometimes kill. But this very inability of the body to produce enough interferon had led to a new method of producing it. The volunteers were not exposed to a virus, but to a subtly changed form of yeast sprayed into their nostrils every day for two weeks. The yeast cells had been torn down to their [*Continued on page* 96]



POLO WITH 4-WHEEL PONIES

■ These crash-helmeted players hanging from their motorized steeds are hotly contesting the "world championship" of Autoball. In a heavy downpour, the "L'Isle de France" team slid and skidded to victory over "Les Vincennes" in Brittany, France. So far an exclusively French game, this pololike pastime is played on any convenient soccer field by vigorous young Parisians using metal loops to pick up and heave a soccer ball. Each of the three small French cars on a team carries a driver and a player. Only the goalkeeper may use reverse gear; his auto runs back and forth along a marked goal line like a demented trolley. The other two cars are attack and defense.

Autoball is a simple, rough game: a brave man called the referee throws the ball to the center of the field and then runs for his life as the autos zoom in at top speed with players leaning perilously out to make the first scoop. The team seizing the ball must make three passes—car to car—before trying for a goal (bottom, right). Aggressive broken-field driving and short polo stops are the way to win. Crashing fouls are frequent. But taking penalty shots is the most stimulating part of the game. The defending goalkeeper poises atop his car stationed in a corner of the field at the ready. The attacker idles at midfield with the ball in his loop. At the whistle both cars take off with foot-to-floorboard acceleration toward the goal. Attacker throws the ball as hard as he can while the goalie's car roars in at a right angle to intercept. It often leads to another penalty. PAT GRAVES



In attacking position
player hopes to
beat foes to ball
and avoid collision.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROMANO PIZZIGONI

Zooming into the center
of the field, players
lean out to scoop
up ball as game begins.

Valiant pass from stripped-
down car (above) leads
to crashing scramble and
referee's whistle. Goalie
bends unsteadily out
from rapidly moving car
to fend off penalty shot (right).

TOGETHER FOREVER

The space age is brewing some fierce new adhesives to replace the old glue pot. Some of them stick so fast and hold so tight that they're revolutionizing industry's assembly lines

BY DAVID MAXWELL

Outside a small town in Turkey one hot dry morning, a motley crowd of men straggled across a field and gathered around an old, rusty, oil-smeared, American-made farm tractor that lay dead in the dust. It had been dead for many weeks. Its transmission case had cracked and all the oil had leaked out.

The men who crowded around this moribund machine were all Turks except one. He was Albert Creighton, an American. He had seen many dead U.S.-made machines during his travels about Europe and the Near East and the sight always made him angry. As an American taxpayer he had helped finance the mammoth U.S. program of supplying farm and industrial equipment to less affluent nations, a program that started in the late 1940's and is running 10 times as big today. The idea was to bolster weak economies and ward off communism—theoretically a fine idea. But in practice it wasn't working as well as a taxpayer could hope. Underdeveloped nations lacked repair facilities and spare parts for the U.S. equipment. Creighton had seen many costly machines lying useless for lack of one small part or one skilled repairman.

Albert Creighton was trying to show that something could be done about this. His crusade was partly patriotic, partly business. He is founder and president of Devcon Corporation (Danvers, Massachusetts), one of many U.S. scientific research companies which, over the past 10 years, have developed a whole new generation of incredibly strong glues. Creighton hoped to show the Turks that the farm tractor, and other broken machines, could be put back in service with glue. Not just temporarily patched together, but repaired permanently.

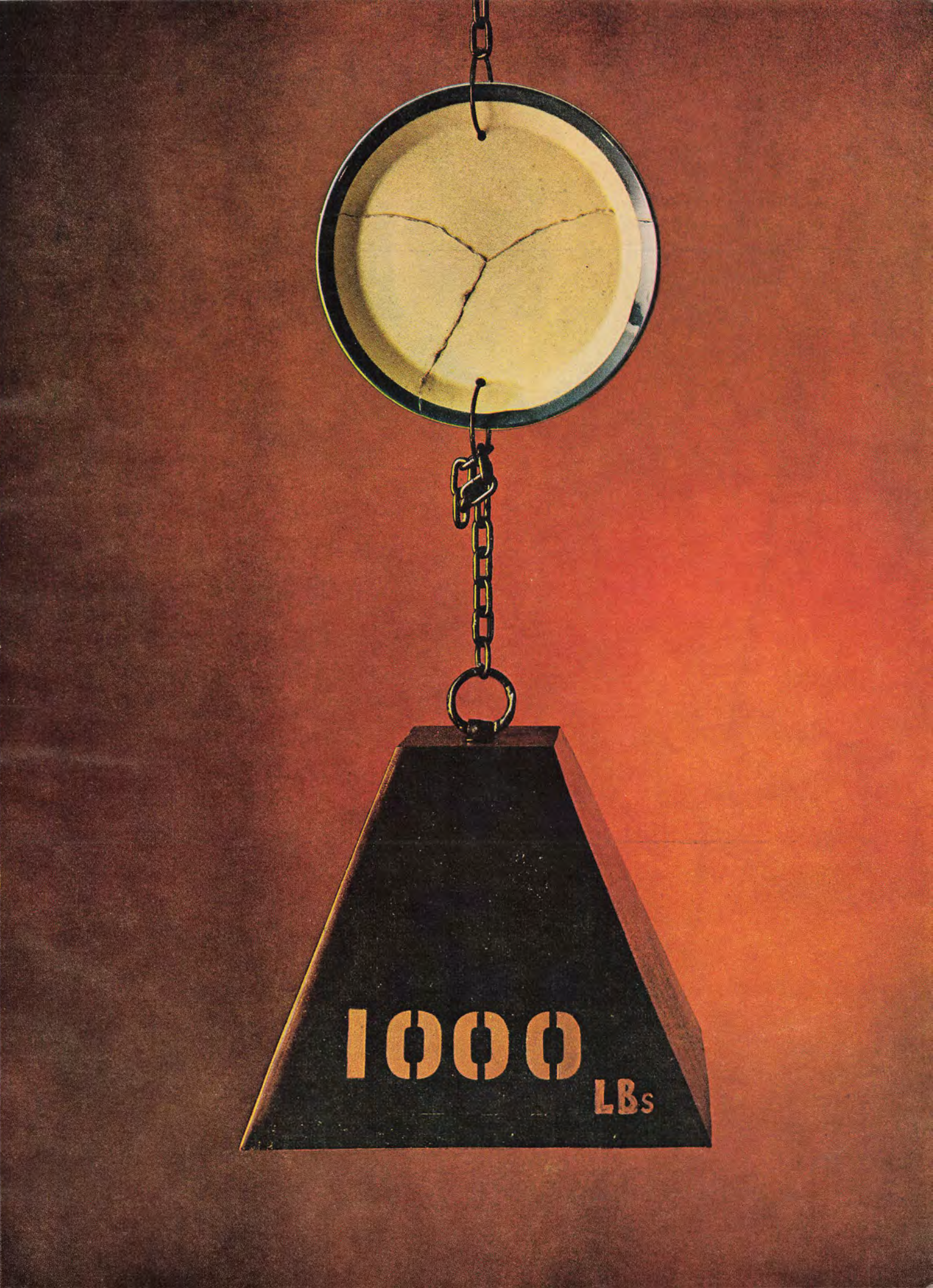
The day before, Creighton had daubed and plugged the cracked gearbox with his company's product, a gummy gray material called Plastic Steel. Now he was back to see whether it had hardened properly. The Turks obviously didn't believe the repair was going to work. The idea of gluing heavy metal pieces together was ridiculous. You don't glue metal; you weld it or bolt it. As Creighton kneeled in the dust and examined the seam of Plastic Steel, he heard muffled laughter in the crowd behind him.

The laughter subsided when he whacked the seam with a hammer. It rang like a bell, like solid metal. And when Creighton proceeded to fill the transmission case with oil, all talk stopped.

Creighton stood up, went to the farmer who owned the tractor and said, "She's all yours." The farmer spoke no English but he understood Creighton's gesture. In dead silence, he climbed onto the tractor's seat and turned on the ignition. The starter whirred, the motor coughed and caught. The tractor lumbered away across the field and from the transmission came the smooth low whine that had been its song on the day it left the factory in Detroit.

The new types of glues are so strong that many industries are now going through revolutionary changes in fabricating methods. Airplanes, even supersonic aircraft, which must withstand huge stresses, are now being built with adhesives instead of rivets. Automobile and truck bodies are being glued instead [*Continued on page* 76]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF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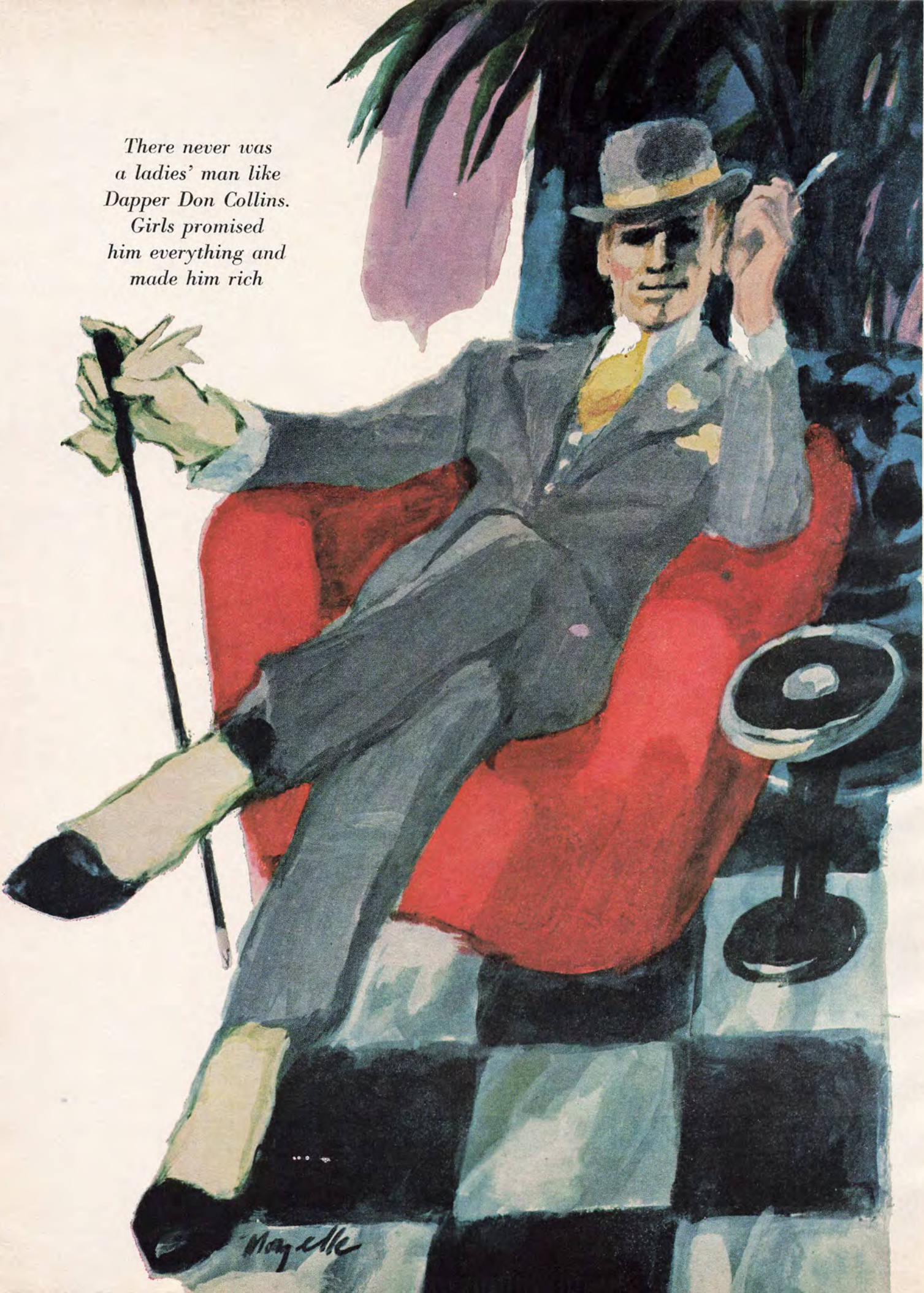
There never was a ladies' man like Dapper Don Collins. Girls promised him everything and made him rich



ILLUSTRATED BY MOZELLE THOMPSON

The Man Who Took the Work Out of White Slavery

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

■ Dapper Don Collins had a certain distinction: he was an inventive crook, an unflagging lover and a rascal with style. That's high praise, but what really set him above the workaday thieves of the roaring '20's was his genius at turning sex into a glittering dollar sign.

Collins accomplished what probably no other man has come close to in this kind of personal-service enterprise—he made a million off the laws against white slavery. He not only forced his male victims to pay; he even persuaded the females who fell for him to shell out for the pleasure of his attentions.

"I have been paid the highest stud fees in history," he boasted.

While sex was his main commodity, Dapper Don's list of profitable crime went far beyond. Blackmail, kidnapping, rum-running, and mail fraud were all in his day's work. Collins was a criminal, but even his critics could not help admiring this jaunty *bon vivant*. He was six-feet-two, with wavy blond hair, expressive brown eyes and a husky voice, and he wrapped them all up in perfect tailoring. The result had a hypnotic effect on women [*Continued on page* 99]

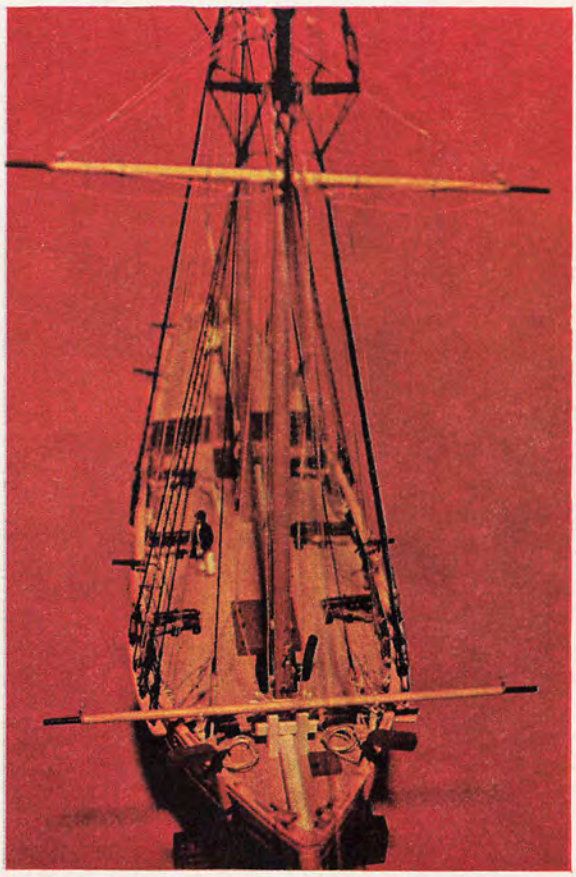
WHEN YANKEE CANVAS RULED THE SEAS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HOMER PAGE
at the Smithsonian Institution

■ Merchant sailing craft have nearly vanished from U.S. waters but the swift grace of the vessels that once made Yankee sail world-famous clearly shows in these handsome models. Yankee sailors went all out for speed from the time they began to design their own sailing craft. As early as 1750 American colonists were building sharp, fast schooners, transforming an Old World vessel into a peculiarly New World craft. Easily handled, fore-and-aft American schooners were ideal as privateers and were especially efficient for swooping up and down a coast, carrying legal or illegal cargo. Coastal schooners were active in the U.S. into the 20th century.

For the oceangoing trade Americans wanted speed even if that meant losing cargo space. They built sharper and faster square-rigged packet ships and, for a brief decade before the Civil War, the famous clipper ships. One of the speediest of these once sailed more than 2,000 miles in 6 days. Clippers were followed by the magnificent square-rigged "downeasters," which sailed the seas even after steam had driven other sailing ships ashore.

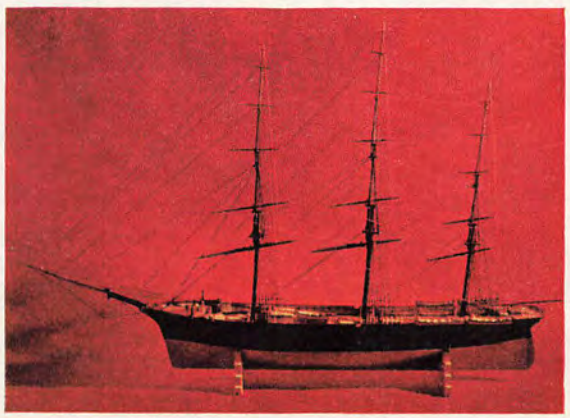
The models here are part of the Smithsonian's constantly expanding Watercraft Collection of the U.S. National Museum. The 82-year-old collection includes thousands of plans, drawings, half models and scale models—a stirring heritage of America's great days under sail.



Sharp, fast-sailing *Berbice,* a schooner-privateer smuggling in West Indies, was caught by the British in 1780.

Sloop *Mediator,* 1741, was one of many small, swift vessels built on Chesapeake Bay for legal and illegal coastal trade.

Brig *Diligente,* American-built in 1839 for the Havana slave trade, was small, fast and expendable like all slavers.



When the *Challenge* was built in 1851, she was biggest merchant ship in the world and a classic in clipper design.

Three models at right are uniquely American schooners, noted for speed and sailing qualities: top, pilot boat *Norfolk,* 1820; center, letter-of-marque schooner for blockade running, 1815; bottom, New York pilot boat, 1812.

UNCLE SAM'S OWN LAWYER

[*Continued from page 20*]

short time in private practice back in Trenton and then eight years on the law school faculties at Yale and the University of Chicago. He was in Geneva on a fellowship in 1960 when Byron White, then a recruiter for Kennedy and now a Supreme Court Justice, telephoned to explain that in January when the new administration came to power, there might be room for one more egghead. Katzenbach refunded his fellowship money and caught a plane home.

There were, he explains today, two reasons behind his decision: he was bored with academic life and sadly disappointed at the *new* American image abroad. "Europeans may not have liked us during the war," he said, "but they respected us and had confidence in us because we could make 100,000 planes. Well, that respect was gone. We were now looked on as bumblers. There was a feeling in Europe that nobody in our government was doing anything."

As the principal troubeshooter for the Attorney General, Katzenbach proved himself in the handling of much of the President's priority legislation, such as the Trade Expansion Act, a Conflict of Interest Law and the thorny, complicated Communications Satellite Act.

A *New York Times* newspaperman who knows the Attorney General socially as well as professionally explained that he "is a legitimate egghead but in his own quiet way has guts and technique and working alongside him, I always thought, was an intellectual experience that wasn't entirely lost on Bobby Kennedy."

Did he learn from Katzenbach? Kennedy, now a U.S. Senator from New York, readily admits this. "Sure, I learned from him," he says. "In many fields, Nick had a far wider experience than I had and he was extremely levelheaded."

Senator Kennedy added that as his deputy Katzenbach was a part of "virtually every major decision made by the government, not just the Justice Department." This included, he said, the steel crisis, the Cuban missile crisis and each of the big civil rights blowups.

The Attorney General, who claims he was always "pretty good at putting things together," feels that his best single effort since joining the government was the 1964 Civil Rights Act. More than anyone except Sen. Everett Dirksen (R., Ill.) Katzenbach forged the northern Democrats and Republicans into support of the bill; he rewrote it time after time to satisfy some obstructionist Congressman who wanted "a semicolon after bus stations" or a clause included which prohibited communists from enjoying civil rights; he dissuaded those looking to trade votes for a judgeship and found the time to personally counsel a militant segregationist lawmaker on law schools (integrated) for his son.

He began his drive in the spring of 1963 while still the Deputy Attorney General. Most of his time then was spent conferring with Kennedy, with Larry O'Brien, the President's congressional liaison, with civil rights leaders and key Congressmen and Senators. He persuaded, expounded, cajoled and pressured for support. Patiently he explained what the law would do and what it would mean if there was no bill.

"Congressman, you're going to be running with the President in '64," he told one heel-dragging representative, "and if you don't have any bill you're going to have to worry and the country will be in a mess."

It was possible to sit across from his big desk in one of the deep leather couches and chart the progress of the bill by listening to the Katzenbach telephone conversations.

To Kennedy, "The meeting went very well. I don't think they (the Republicans) will give us the shaft." Then, a good-humored jab: "You have such good friends, Bob, that's why you're so successful."

To an aide on Republican opposition, "If we could get them to accept that Bob isn't going down South and rescue every Negro vote we'd have the bill in half the time."

To a newsman, "Talk of gutting and weakening the bill gives me a pain in the butt. These violent civil righters are in love with death. Several have told me it's better to fail with a good bill and then blame it on a white Congress."

To a staff member, "Is So-and-so your Congressman? because if he is maybe we can get him to lead the floor fight against the bill. He's so stupid it would help us to have him working against the bill."

The background work for moving the bill from plateau to plateau was basic: keep the pressure on, pay strict attention to detail, trust no one, talk to everyone. Both Kennedy and Katzenbach singled out politically-sharp Justice lawyers and sent them bird-dogging after Congressmen or Senators from their home states. Their assignment: "Talk to them, ask them if they want anything explained."

Did they have to twist arms? "Maybe I'm naive," Katzenbach began, his green eyes opening wide and a small grin starting across his broad face, "but I thought that always went on. You have someone who differs with you, so you talk to him. But as long as I'm here we will never trade votes for judgeships."

The days begin the same and they nearly all end the same for the Attorney General. Behind him and below him on a darkened Constitution Avenue are the lights of the buses and cars heading out of the city. He pushes back his swivel chair, runs his hand over his scalp one more time and is ready now to relax.

Sometimes he'll wake up before the alarm goes off in the morning and lie there turning something over in his mind. This is especially true, he says, if it's something that's not going well. "I'll ask myself, 'Am I missing something?' In Selma, at the time of the protest march, none of the things worked out terribly well. That was frustrating to me and I wondered if there was something else we should have done."

He was sitting now behind the oversized desk and as he pushed back the swivel chair he ran his hand over his scalp one more time. "It's very easy to boot something here," he said, "and suddenly you've outlived your usefulness. Or you can become worn down. The same problems keep coming up in your 'In' basket. But right now, I enjoy this job."

—Bard Lindeman

TRUE

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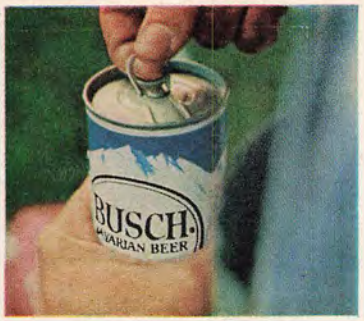

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Seen at Saguaro National Monument, Tucson, Arizona: at top is a 26-foot fully-equipped Airstream Overlander, $7,052. It's attached to a Ford Country Squire. In center, Nimrod's folding camper with kitchen and dinette, priced at $1,300. In foreground, mounted on Volkswagen, is a Dove Lodgette car-topper with mildew-proof case by General Tire, Polyfoam mattress and accessories, $300. "Skat-Kitty" scooter is by Projects Unlimited, $209.50. Removable handlebars permits its storage in any standard car trunk.

NEW SCHOONERS FOR THE OPEN ROAD

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

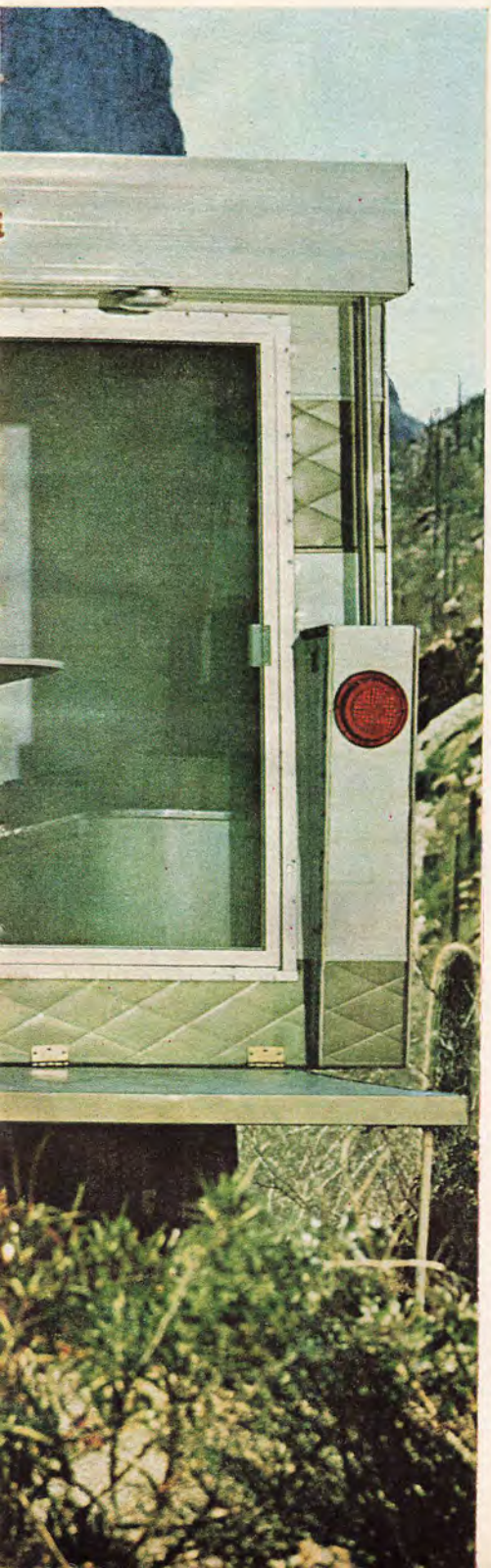
The covered wagon has gone modern. Today's adventurers take to the road in comfort, style and convenience, with everything, yes, including the kitchen sink

■ A new dimension has been added to summer recreation. Mobility. Camping on wheels. And 30-million Americans have taken to it like kids took to the hula hoop.

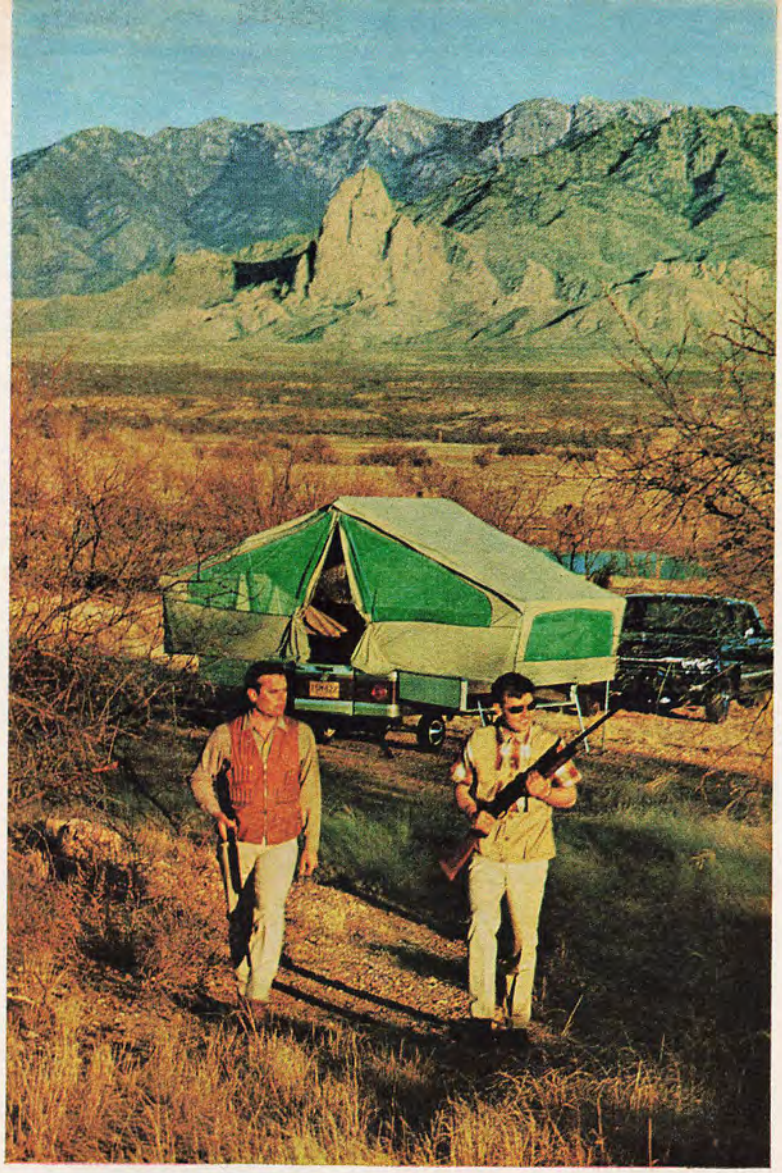
This summer an unprecedented wave of people traveling in every form, size and type of camping vehicle will hit the big wilderness trail in all degrees of style, comfort and speed. The "wheels" they will use may be travel trailers, pickup and truck-mount campers, camping trailers, folding campers and cartop campers—but no matter. Whether these wanderers

Camp-Mate truck-mount (below, left), shown on Ford truck, is by Travel Equipment Corp., $1,895. Dinette converts to bedroom. Balladeer stands on fold-down sun deck of Bel Air model Open Road chassis-mount, built onto GM truck, with sliding door and walk-through cab. Price, with truck, $6,495. Cowboy Copper King jacket, $5.95, and Cactus Casual jean, $5.95, both by Can't Bust 'Em. Western boots are by Acme, $22.95.

Apache Eagle folding camper, at right, with aluminum road cover, woodlike body, and two double beds, $710. Car in background is Dodge. Hunters wear vests by Red Head—dark is Aristocrat, $10.95; light is Skeetrap, $8.95— and slacks by Wently, $7. Dingo boots, left, by Acme, $12.95. Chukka boots, right, by Wolverine, $11.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN



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hit the road for a day, or a week or sweep across the continent for months at a time, one thing is certain: they will find self-contentment in self-containment.

The American Institute of Travel Trailer and Camper Manufacturers estimates that vacation and weekend travelers in 1966 will log a billion and a quarter miles in 1,232,000 camping vehicles. To equal that mileage, an astronaut would have to orbit the earth for more than seven years.

The growth of the industry has been phenomenal. Ten years ago the yearly average production of travel trailer units in this country was about 15,000. By 1964 it had zoomed to well over 200,000, and the industry predicts that by 1970 production will reach a minimum of 700,000 units a year.

During the past decade, the number of public campgrounds throughout the United States swelled from 3,000 to 10,000, and there are now thousands of plush commercial campgrounds offering everything but bellhop service, as well.

What's behind the big rush to the open road? It's no news that Americans, with more money and more leisure time than ever

Dreamer's fully-equipped 12-foot Royal Explorer rolls into Nogales, Mexico, and wins a serenade. Made by Travel Industries, and priced at $2,699, it's mounted here on an International-Harvester truck. In doorway, camper wears Alpine Velour shirt by Lion of Troy, $8.95; Dragster Koratron slacks by Carwood, $5.95, Commodore shoes by Red Ball, $8.95, and sunglasses by Renauld, $15. Gal captures scene with Kodak Instamatic 704 camera, about $100.

(Continued from preceding page)

before in history, have the travel bug. Better roads, faster cars and greatly improved camper units and facilities have made anyone with a touch of gypsy in him want to move out under the stars and the sun, off to the rivers and forests and mountains and out to the edge of the seas. There is an ever-growing desire to linger in remote places without being concerned with schedules, motel and hotel reservations, and the high cost of vacation living in general.

Economy is a major factor behind the spiraling sales of mobile camping equipment. For example, units like Dreamer's 12-foot chassis-mounted Royal Explorer can be a real budget stretcher on a trip. It contains a complete rear bath with toilet-shower combination, side dinette, pressurized water system, hot-water heater and a galley which includes three-burner stove, oven and sink. Also standard in this model are cabinets, wardrobe, tables, vanity and full-sized sleeping accommo- *(Continued on page 84)*

PLAIN OLD HERMAN AND HIS SIMPLE SCHEME FOR WINNING

[*Continued from page* 31]

but inside he smouldered. He wound up in 1964 hitting 18 home runs, his worst year ever. When Franks took over the following year, the first thing he did was to make Willie a first baseman so he wouldn't have to run so much. "Look, Willie," he said, "you got bad feet. Take care of them. This team needs you. But when your feet hurt, tell me. Don't ruin your feet for life just because you're too proud to admit you're hurting."

McCovey played like a demon last year, bad feet and all. He clubbed 39 homers and, as teammate Orlando Cepeda said, he "ran the bases like Ty Cobb. He trusts Herman, that's why."

Inside the dressing room everybody may love Franks, but outside of it he gets a drubbing, particularly from sportswriters.

Take the night in Cincinnati when pitcher Ron Herbel cuffed a double to drive in two key runs. A writer smilingly asked Herman if he planned to use Herbel as a clean-up hitter. Herman bit down on his cigar and said nothing. "What's Herbel hitting?" the writer persisted.

"How the hell would I know?" Franks snarled. "What a dumb question. What do I care what a pitcher is hitting? Got any more dumb questions? I just love dumb questions and you ask the dumbest of anybody."

Such outbursts have left sportswriters and well-wishers steamrollered under the weight of Herman's crustiness and around the league the tendency is to approach this man as though walking on eggshells. I asked Franks about this once and he said, "Look, it's part of my job to talk to writers. But I don't have to kiss their tails. I deal with a lot of people. I don't have time to know each one personally. It's up to them to get to know me. All I know is that people who take the time to know me like me."

Franks can afford to feel this way. He can afford to feel any way he wants. Usually when a manager is paid $40,000 a year he gets $30,000 for managing and $10,000 for public relations. That's why nearly every manager you can name will stand on his head to please the press, radio and television. Privately he may call a writer the kind of names that would have started a war in the Balkans 30 years ago, but to his face he will act warmly. Managers make big money and they hate to see it end because of bad press notices. But Franks could walk out of baseball tomorrow and never miss the money.

In Salt Lake City, where he has lived all his life, Franks is better known for business than baseball. He owns a mobile homes factory that will do $6 million in orders this year; enough hardware and drugstores to keep himself in nuts, bolts and aspirin for the rest of his days; some prime real-estate holdings, and two big shopping centers called Thrift City. Not long ago he sold his interest in a chain of supermarkets for nearly $1 million.

"Managing is a hell of a lot easier," he once told me, "if you don't need the money."

This was one evening in the family room of the 14-room ranch house that he built on the side of the Wasatch Mountains, overlooking the Salt Lake Valley, and where he lives with his wife Amneris and their sons Danny, 15, and Herman, 14, and daughter Cindy, eight. The house is worth $80,000 and has a stereo speaker system throughout and two massive fireplaces. It is tastefully and expensively furnished and has several large picture windows with breathless views of the city below, plus a big garage with a door that works via an electronic switch that Herman carries in his car.

Ten years ago when Herman was looking at the property where his house now stands, the real-estate man asked him, "What do you plan to do with this land?"

"Build a house on it," Herman said.

The real-estate man just looked at him. "Why, there's nothing here but pheasants and rocks. No water, no sewer, no electricity, not even a road. And there isn't a house in sight. It would cost a fortune to build a house here."

"I know," said Herman, who didn't have a fortune at the time. "But some day the best homes in the city will be here."

"Listen," said the real-estate man, figuring he'd hooked a live one. "Why don't you buy the whole 100 acres and put up all those homes yourself? Believe me, you can get this land cheap."

"I think I will," said Herman, and he did. It cost him $20,000, nearly all of which he borrowed. Then he borrowed some more to start building houses. Today there are 80 homes on the side of that mountain and the prices range from $40,000 to $100,000.

That's how Herman is about everything. Making money, browbeating reporters, or handling ballplayers—the only approach he knows is the one that's short and sweet.

Horace Stoneham, the Giants' owner, knows all about this because he and Herman have been friends for years. Herman was a coach for the Giants under Leo Durocher. Then, in 1960, he came out of retirement to coach under Bill Rigney and he coached again in 1964, which was Dark's last season. Both times he came back only because Stoneham asked him to. A lot of people said the reason Herman got the job as manager is that he is a personal friend of Stoneham's. If you ask him about this Stoneham just laughs. "Maybe I should have named my barber the manager," he will say. "He's a personal friend, too."

Stoneham is a chubby, cheery, rosy-faced fellow who looks like the kind of easy mark that used car salesmen dream about, but who really is a guy who could enter a revolving door behind you and somehow come out in front of you.

One reason the Giants generate more gossip than any other club is that Stoneham's dealings have always been about as clear as the San Francisco fog. Not long after the club moved to the West Coast, Rigney, a local boy, was fired during the season and Tom Sheehan, a scout and crony of Stoneham's, took his place in a move that struck most people as a palace plot. Stoneham simply tired of Rigney and heaved him in the ash can. Sheehan finished out the season and then Alvin Dark was hired. "A grand man, Alvin," said Stoneham.

Alvin was not so grand two years ago, though, and Stoneham made plans to shove him toward the exit ramp. One night after a game he asked Herman if he would care to have a couple of drinks and talk. Stoneham's idea of a couple of drinks is enough to stabilize the liquor industry for a week, and several hours later he and Herman were sitting in Stoneham's car on Lombard street, which is one of those straight-up-and-down hills that people in San Francisco think are cute.

Stoneham was lurched forward, clasping the steering wheel to keep himself from tumbling into the dashboard, not

TRUE

"Then I said, 'Go fly your stupid bomber—I'll never give you a divorce'!"

because he had been drinking—he's been known to successfully hold more alcohol than a West Virginia still—but because the hill was so steep. He was looking at Herman thoughtfully, trying to figure a way to determine if Herman was truly interested in managing, and yet he didn't want Herman to realize too soon that he was planning to dump Dark.

"Herman," he said tentatively, "have you thought about working for the Giants again next year?"

"All right," said Herman, biting down on his cigar, "I'll manage your team."

Stoneham sputtered. "Now wait a minute. I didn't say anything about managing. I never mentioned money or anything."

"Pay me a thousand, pay me two thousand," said Herman. "What do I care? Just give me the team. You want me to manage it and I want to manage it."

Looking back, Stoneham views the transaction as a rare experience. Always before he has named a manager in broad daylight and in a posh office with a lawyer at everybody's elbow. "I asked Herman if he wanted a two-year contract," said Stoneham, "and he said, 'No. One year is fine. I might not like you and you might not like me.' If he had wanted security he would have asked for two," Stoneham added. "Herman is not exactly—well, he's not *shy*, you know."

Shyness is the last thing that would occur to Herman Franks. For instance, his wife Ami Franks is 10 years younger than Herman. She is a stunning, dark-haired beauty and they were married in Philadelphia when Herman was playing out the string as a reserve catcher for the Athletics.

"We went on a vacation to Italy once," Ami told me, "and I couldn't wait to see a performance at the La Scala Opera House in Milan. Herman got the tickets and there we were, listening to this marvelous performance of *Mephistopheles*. All of a sudden I hear this strange rumbling noise. I look next to me and there is Herman, sound asleep and snoring."

The memory does not embarrass Herman a bit. "How can anybody get excited about a bunch of stiffs walking around a stage singing something nobody can understand?" he said.

What Herman can get excited about, and what he understands, is how to manage a baseball team. Harry Jupiter is the baseball writer for the *San Francisco Examiner* and he has seen managers come and go. "Mostly, when a guy gets himself fired," Jupiter said, "it's because he's lost communication with his players. The most important thing a manager can do is stay in touch with his men. Herman does it. He never showboats, never tries to upstage his players, never tries to build up a big reputation for how smart he is. And he never bawls a guy out in front of other players.

Jim Ray Hart, the Giants' brilliant young third baseman, found out about this. One night after a game Hart, who had developed a whopping thirst, made the rounds of San Francisco and did not get home until well past curfew. Herman found out about it. He called Hart into his office, chewed on him good, gouged him with a $250 fine and told him he was suspended indefinitely. The next day Hart was in the office again, begging for another chance.

"I want to tell you something," Herman said. "There are a lot of guys playing this game who shouldn't be. They don't have even a little bit of your talent. You can be one of the game's great players. How far you go is up to you. You can't run around having a big time and expect to keep your reflexes and timing sharp.

"So all right," Herman relented. "You're off the suspended list. You say you won't do it again and I believe you. But if you let the team down again, and I find out about it, this whole goddam stadium is going to fall on you."

Though he can be rough as a tire iron, Franks also has a side of him that most people don't see. His players see it and that is what is important. For instance, when the Giants have won and he beams across his big cigar, Franks looks like a GI cook who has just given the boys a good meal. He spends more time in the players' locker room than he does in his own office, wandering about telling jokes and spouting lines no other manager would use. When the Giants lost two games to Cincinnati late in the season and their lead dwindled to one game, nobody panicked. Herman sat in front of a locker and told the reporters, "We're just falling back to retrench. Dig in, regroup and retrench." He looked across the locker room. "Ya hear that, McCovey? We're falling back to regroup our forces. Right?" McCovey grinned. "Riiighhht."

One day midway through the season, Masanori Murakami, the Japanese left-hander who was fresh off the boat and who was a relief pitcher for the Giants, was warming up in the bullpen in a game against the Pittsburgh Pirates. The other relief pitchers were standing around talking to him.

Murakami, who had more trouble with English than with National League hitters, wanted badly to please his manager. "Just remember," the pitchers kept telling him. "When you get to the mound, you tell Herman what we told you. It's an American baseball expression. He'll be happy about it."

Murakami got to the mound and Franks was standing there fuming, his cheeks bulging with tobacco, sore as a boil because his pitchers were getting cleaned and pressed.

"Herman," said Murakami, flashing a big, happy smile, "take a hike."

Franks almost swallowed his tobacco. "What'd you say?"

Murakami smiled broadly. "Take a hike."

Franks broke up. Most managers would have thought it about as funny as a stomach pump. But Ken Burkhart, the umpire, had to come out to ask if they were going to tell jokes or play baseball because Herman was just standing there laughing.

There you see the side of Franks that has helped endear him to his players. He knows there is a time to be tough and a time to be loose. He wants to win as badly as any man who ever came into this game, but he is not a locker puncher, cooler kicker, uniform ripper or buffet scatterer.

Through the years Franks has been in and out of baseball long enough to have seen everything, but never did he see anything to rival that Sunday afternoon last August when Giants pitcher Juan Marichal, swinging his bat like a headsman's ax, opened a bloody gash on Los Angeles Dodgers catcher John Roseboro's head.

It happened when Sandy Koufax was pitching. Marichal, standing at the plate, watched a curve ball come in low and inside. Behind him, Roseboro took aim and rifled the ball back to the pitcher. It whistled past Marichal's head. Marichal said later the ball nicked his ear, sting-

TRUE

"I told you we shouldn't have let that idiot in on the break!"

ing him sharply. Marichal spun around. "Why you do that? Why you do that?" he screamed. Roseboro never answered. Instead, he ripped off his face mask and made a move at Marichal. Marichal, before 42,000 stunned fans, swung his bat mightily and smashed Roseboro on the head, clubbing him to the ground and laying open a two-inch rip from which blood poured.

Suddenly the infield was in chaos as 60 players and coaches jostled and struggled to separate Marichal and Roseboro, who had risen groggily and started for Marichal again. Fifteen minutes later policemen were guarding the dressing rooms and Marichal and Roseboro had been escorted from the park.

National League President Warren Giles suspended Marichal for eight playing days and fined him $1,750, the largest fine in league history. To the Dodgers, though, it wasn't enough.

"I thought he had knocked Roseboro's eye out," said Dodger manager Walt Alston. "There was nothing but blood where his left eye should have been."

"He should be fined $10,000 and kicked out of baseball for five years or life," snarled Dodger pitcher Howie Reed.

Giles disagreed. He granted that Marichal's act was "repugnant" but, in his public announcement of the fine, made reference to mitigating circumstances—"underlying currents" he called them.

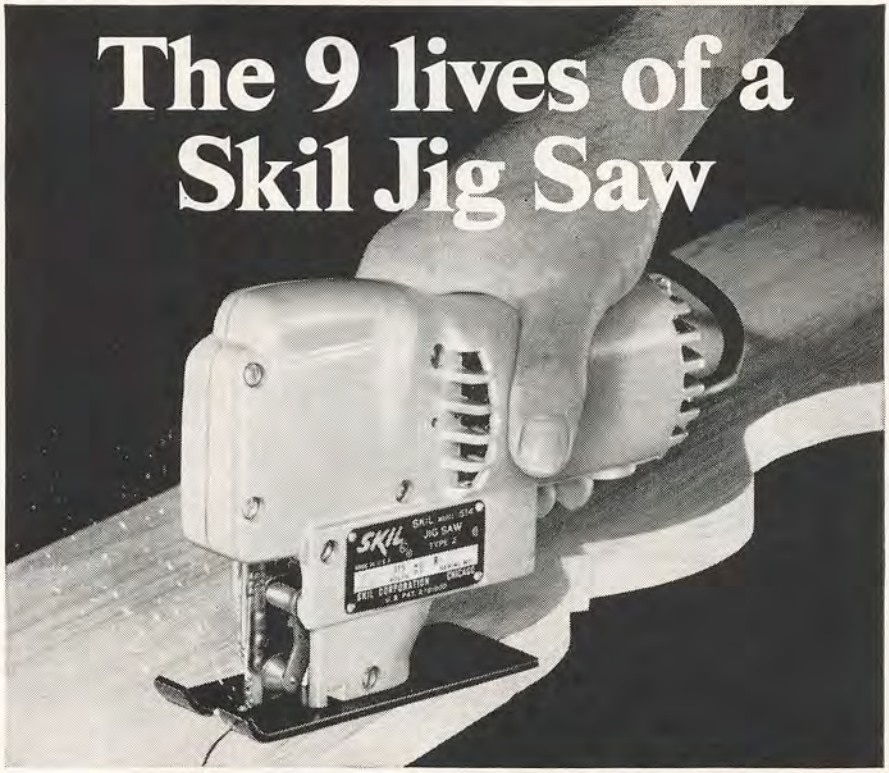
The currents were many. Four teams, the Giants, Dodgers, Braves and Cincinnati Reds, were bunched for the lead and tension throughout the league was awesome. Trouble had been simmering as the Giants and Dodgers met that day in baseball's bitterest rivalry. Twice in two innings batters nearly fell on their heads trying to tick the catcher's glove with their bats and get to first base on interference. The Dodgers' Maury Wills accomplished it, but Matty Alou of the Giants failed. Then Marichal knocked down Wills and Ron Fairly with low-bridge pitches. Koufax retaliated. He took dead aim on Willie Mays. The pitch sailed too high and hit the backstop. "Lousy pitch," Koufax growled. "I meant it to be closer." Insults, name-calling, and threats were flying from the dugouts.

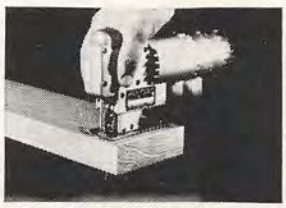
Today Marichal will not speak of the incident except to say that he is truly sorry he used a bat, but that he was fearful Roseboro meant to harm him, and he had reacted instantly and in self-defense.

In baseball it is perfectly all right for a man with a 50-pound weight pull and a five-inch height advantage to attack a smaller man, but using a bat is distasteful business.

The subject is distasteful to Franks, too. "Listen," he said one day, wheeling his car out of the garage and pointing it for downtown Salt Lake City, "people think Marichal is some kind of monster—that he swung the bat for no good reason. Here we are, you and I, riding together and talking. Would I stop the car right now and hit you with a bat? Why? For what reason? Marichal honestly thought he was being attacked. He told me the ball had nicked his ear and that he thought Roseboro was going to hit him

The 9 lives of a Skil Jig Saw

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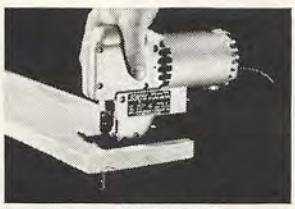
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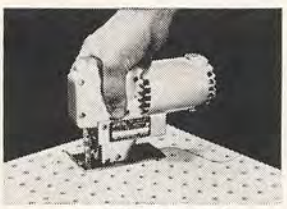
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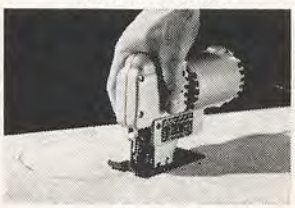
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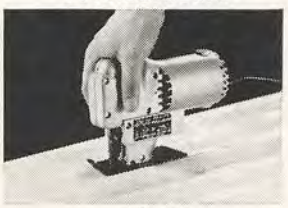
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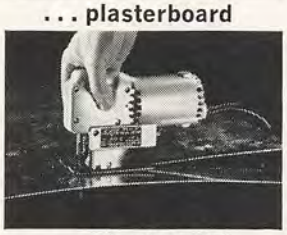
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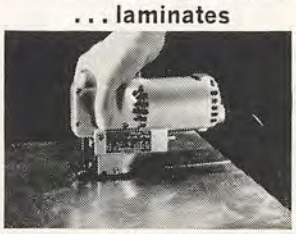
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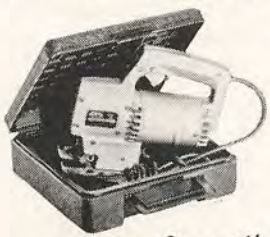

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"Why don't we try a second honeymoon—with somebody else!?"

with the mask. People ask me what kind of a goddam nut is this guy? That burns me up. This is a nice, decent kid. He's the best right-hander there is but he started four games after that and he lost three of them. Roseboro's got a scar on his head. But if people don't let Marichal forget what happened he will have a scar on his insides. Which is worse?"

A little later Franks' new Chrysler was parked in front of a place called the Ambassador Club, which is where Utah businessmen who have it made eat their lunch every day and afterward play gin rummy. Franks won $90 in half an hour and then was back in his car heading for one of his stores.

"If I could have hit the curve ball like I play gin," he was saying, "I'd be in the Hall of Fame right now. Well, that's the way the world turns."

Herman Franks came into this turning world on January 4, 1914 in the tiny town of Price, Utah, as an only child. His father Celeste was a commercial photographer. When Herman was four, the family moved to Salt Lake City. Two years later the Franks were divorced. Herman's mother took a job in a department store and at night she would sit down with Herman and explain the family budget and why it was important for them to make their money stretch.

East High School never had a better all-around athlete than Herman. He was an exceptional catcher, quarterbacked the football team, was a sharpshooting basketball guard, and put the shot for the track team. Actually, he had less time to devote to athletics than the other boys because he was always working at a variety of jobs to help out with the family finances.

When he started college at the University of Utah, he needed money and decided to get it by working at a gasoline station. But he didn't just walk up and ask for a job. He figured there was a better way. He took a lease on the place and hired a man to work for him during the day while he was attending classes. After classes he pumped the gas himself and studied between customers. He never finished the studies, though, because he signed a contract to play baseball for the St. Louis Cardinals.

That was the beginning of a long, blues-in-the-night journey for Herman. He wound up with a career that reads like a road map: Hollywood, Jacksonville, Sacramento, Omaha—wherever the baseball winds blew. He spent seven years working himself to the Cardinals in 1939 and when he got there he was a second-stringer. The next year he was sold to the Brooklyn Dodgers and he was still a second-stringer.

That's how it was for him in the big leagues. He joined the Navy in 1942 and got out four years later, a lieutenant. He came back to baseball, but he was now 32 years old and his playing career had many yesterdays and few tomorrows. He finished up with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1947 and 1948 and this is where he met Ami Lorenzon and they were married.

Done as a player, Herman turned his hand to coaching and to business. For seven years he was a little-known coach for the Giants. In the off-seasons he was trying the things that someday would make him financially independent.

He started by buying a grocery store with the money he had saved as a player. It wasn't much. Herman not only was the owner but the clerk, and did everything from sacking potatoes to punching the cash register. He made it pay off, though, and in 1958 really got going. With two partners, Junior Lehner and Stanford Hale, Herman put up a supermarket. The money rolled across the check-out counters and pretty soon he and his partners had four supermarkets and were looking for ways to branch out.

This is when Herman heard about a mobile-homes factory that was in bankruptcy. He drove out for a look. "The company made great homes," he said, "but operating on a shoestring had killed them. I didn't know anything about mobile homes, but we had the money and they had the people who knew how to build homes. It looked like something good."

That was five years ago and today the Utah Mobile Homes company employs 200 people and sells made-to-order homes, from 12 to 60-footers, in 15 western states, including Alaska.

Herman kept sinking his profits into other enterprises. He bought into hardware and drugstores, dabbled in real estate, and went big for a discount shopping center. The money came in and he built his home on the mountain and settled down to being a businessman. But baseball was still in him.

You can see this on the cluttered walls of the den in Herman's house, where pictures show him at friendly grips with Leo Durocher, Joe DiMaggio, Branch Rickey and Ducky Medwick. He says he never was out to win any popularity contests, however, and admits he has not won many. Yet people who know him more than superficially are devoted to him.

De Chipman is the associate sports editor of the *Deseret News,* Salt Lake City's afternoon newspaper, and he has known Herman for a long time. "In 1961 Herman saved minor league baseball in Salt Lake," Chipman told me, "and though he made a lot of money doing it, he also made a lot of enemies."

The Salt Lake Bees, a Class AAA team in the Pacific Coast League, had lost money for years. In 1960 they lost $47,000 and seemed headed for the junk heap. The owners turned the team over to Franks and let him run it. Any profits would be his but he'd also have to pay any losses out of his own pocket. Everybody said he was crazy to take the deal, but everybody hadn't counted on Herman's acting like Atilla the Hun when it came to selling tickets.

"He practically held a two-by-four over the business community's head," Chipman said. "He rammed a lot of tickets down a lot of throats. To cut expenses he trimmed the staff to himself, a secretary and Freddy Fitzsimmons, the manager. The Cleveland Indians were stocking the club but Herman wouldn't accept players whose salaries were more than $1000 a month. So the Bees never had a good player and they lost so often you'd think that was the name of the game."

Herman's operation worked, though. He made $65,000 in profits. Then he turned around and gave $20,000 back to the club, to help it start the next season in the black.

"Plenty of businessmen resented being pressured into buying big blocks of tickets," Chipman said. "They resented how tough Herman can get. What they didn't understand is that Herman was trying to get a difficult job done and that he's tough about everything he does. It's just his way."

Herman's way has alternately angered and amazed a great many people, including the San Francisco baseball fans, most of whom have leather lungs and throats that are covered with pavement tar.

For instance, during the season Herman and his family moved into a rented house in San Mateo and every day Herman would go through his fan mail. One time he got a letter from a Giants die-hard who blistered him with the kind of names that would make a truck driver cringe. Herman saw that the letter was signed. He looked up the guy's telephone number and reached for his phone.

"Hello," he said, "this is Herman Franks, the dirty ———— who's managing the Giants."

On the other end of the line there was only a long gasp and a lot of sputtering. Herman proceeded to sweet-talk the guy and sent him six box-seat tickets. Now he gets letters from the guy telling him how great he is.

Herman's way also has startled a few ballplayers. One of them is Willie Mays, the incomparably talented outfielder who is captain of the Giants and who has been called a de facto assistant manager.

Mays found out something about Franks last December when he was in Salt Lake City to appear at a Job Corps rally. One of the little-known facts about Willie is that even after years of appearing before crowds he really is terribly stage-frightened, and only an overactive sense of duty pushes him to accept an overwhelming number of public appearances in the off-season. This—coupled with his constant federal income tax problems and the strain of a bitter pennant race—had emotionally exhausted him. He spoke at the rally and afterward he collapsed.

When he regained consciousness he was in a car. "Where we going?" he asked groggily. "To the hospital, Willie," said the guy behind the wheel. "You fainted."

Willie groaned loudly. He is terrified of hospitals ("Did you ever smell a hospital? You can *die* in there"). Willie started shaking his head. "No, no, not the hospital. Take me to Herman Franks' house."

The doctor said Willie needed plenty of rest yet two days later Willie was roughhousing with Herman's sons and itching for things to do. Watching Herman in action had made him feel worlds better. Herman was just home from the hospital himself after an operation on an old knee injury. Even crutches couldn't slow him down. He got up at his usual 6:30 a.m., fixed his own breakfast, made his usual half-dozen telephone calls, and hobbled in and out of the car to make business calls that his partners say he doesn't have to make, but just try to stop him.

"If you think I push myself too hard," marveled Willie, "you ought to spend a week with Herman. If there's any collapsing to be done, he's the one should be doing it."

Herman does drive himself. He had to struggle harder than the next guy just to get to the big leagues, and he had to struggle just to stay there, even as a second-stringer. He's made money but that wasn't easy, either, and when he was sacking potatoes and pounding down doors to sell minor-league tickets he thought his chances of ever managing in the majors were light years away. He is a tough man who was handed a tough job and no other manager is quite like him. He doesn't need the money or the grief. But baseball touched him a long time ago and today he cannot get it out of his system. If you ask him how long he intends to punish himself with the grind of travel and game on top of game, he will look at you with his cold dark eyes and say without hesitation—"Until they fire me."

—Ron Smith

COMING . . .

In this War, men can say good-by to war

LAST WEEK OF COMBAT

Malcolm Browne reports from Viet Nam on the hopes, fears and processing procedures when GI discharge dates draw near

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THE GHOST OF GOLDENHURST

[*Continued from page* 34]

woman who was supposed to have poisoned her husband, real slow?'

"I say, 'Going to make a hogpen out of it.' Mabel says, 'The hogs won't eat. The sows won't farrow.' I say, 'I guess you're right. I'll burn it down.' So I did. Next day."

In 1921, I wasn't buying any part of Mr. Swanson's kind of experience. I bought it for the first time in the early morning of April 21, 1945—but more about that later. I have been buying it ever since. Recently, in fact.

While in England, my wife and I leased a house in the country. It was down in Kent, not far from the village of Aldington. The property was called Goldenhurst. It roosted comfortably, winningly, serene with ancient pink bricks and ivied tiles, beaming out across Romney Marsh. When Irene and I first saw it, we fell in love with the place and agreed to lease it within the hour. Goldenhurst had recently passed from Noel Coward's ownership to the Kenneth Clarkes'.

Kenneth and his blonde Norwegian wife, Reidun, had not told us our house was haunted. We learned this from an old friend, Burl Ives. Burl and his wife and son came down to Kent to spend a weekend with us. Shortly afterward we visited Burl at his home in London. It was then that he told me about the Goldenhurst ghost.

"I have news for you," Burl said. "You've got a ghost in your house."

I considered these astounding tidings. "A ghost in my house? Who told you so?"

"Mr. Noel Coward."

I said, "Noel Coward ought to know. It used to be his house. But, Burl, about the ghost. Did you observe anything—any sort of phenomena—when you folks were down there with us this month?"

"Not in the slightest. Didn't know a thing about it until Coward happened to come on the set yesterday. I told him that we had been at Goldenhurst to visit you folks. Then he wanted to discuss the place in detail, since he lived there so many years himself. The ghost came along with the property. It was there when Coward first moved in."

Burl continued, "Commonly the ghost seems to be in the shape of a man in dark clothing—antique costume, of course—who strolls across the lawn, accompanied frequently by a black dog. Often he seems to be carrying something in his arms. He comes in through the window."

"Which window?" I asked.

"Dining room."

"Ever do any real harm to anyone?"

"Apparently not."

I said, "They seldom do."

Burl blinked at me. "What's that?"

"Oh, nothing."

The next afternoon Irene and I went back to Kent. When we pulled up in front of our door, the Clarkes came from their adjacent house to greet us.

Goldenhurst, I must explain, consisted of three houses. There was a cottage at a distance from the main structure. The main structure consisted of two separate houses. Between them there used to be a courtyard—probably a stable yard in the sixteenth century. But Noel Coward had filled up that area with a large studio. I suppose Coward used it for choreography, rehearsing songs and so on.

North of the studio stretched a tangle of walls and stairways and casement windows and fireplaces and crannies and passages, now sacred to the Kenneth Clarkes. South and east of the studio was the same sort of tangle of rooms, roofs, stairs, grates, mullions, scullions and whatnot, temporarily occupied by Kantors.

Lord knows how many times masons and carpenters had made with their mortar and hammers since the original place was built. Scores of times, I reckon. Our own bedroom on the second story had once been a hayloft. Some of the huge flat stones in our vestibule were rutted by ancient cartwheels and hoofs.

We got out of our car and I reproved the Clarkes. "Kenneth and Reidun—why didn't you tell us about the ghost?"

They looked at each other. Kenneth exclaimed, "The Goldenhurst ghost. But where did you hear about it? And when?"

"In London, yesterday. Burl Ives told us what Noel Coward had told him."

Again the Clarkes exchanged looks. Reidun asked slowly, "Mack, what time were you talking about the ghost? Because even sometimes when you are just *talking* about it, something *happens*."

I stopped and thought for a moment. "It was about a quarter to 4, yesterday afternoon."

They both jumped. Reidun shrieked, "I knew it, I knew it! Wasn't that the time, Kenneth, when you were working in the rose garden, and I came dashing out and cried, 'I won't stay in this house another minute'?"

Kenneth nodded sadly.

"What do you mean—*happens?*" I asked of Reidun. "And why did you dash out, and say you weren't going to stay in the house another minute?"

"Oh," they told us, "it's the same old story." It had happened so frequently before: knockings, cold drafts, footsteps.

"Usually," said Kenneth, "the ghost walks across the yard on the other side of the house, out by the flower gardens. As for that window business: there used to be a door at that point. Often the

TRUE

"The joke's on them—I'm not a virgin."

specter seems to be carrying something. Could be a little child."

Reidun told us, "There are local legends concerning an illegitimate child and a cruel grandfather who was determined to keep the secret."

I thought of Coward's famous old song, *The Stately Homes of England*. Its lines began to chase themselves through my head:

> The baby in the guest wing,
> Who crouches by the grate,
> Was walled up in the west wing,
> In Fourteen-twenty-eight. . . .*

When we went to bed that night, I was concerned—seriously so. Because I knew that apparitions do exist. How come? Because I'd seen one. Just as simple as that. "There just are no ghosts," said Kantor listening to Mr. Swanson in 1921. But then I came face to face with one.

It was in London, in April, 1945. The war wasn't over yet but the V2's had stopped. You need, most awfully, a place to spend the night. Where's that address the Billeting Office gave you a week or two ago, when you were up to London?

Here it is: 50-52 Lexham Gardens. That's out in South Kensington, and a long way to go by taxi, but it's a lot better than not having any place at all.

You've been there once before and even engaged a room. But you got stranded in Hampstead that night, so you didn't use the room: just came back next morning, picked up your musette bag and hit for the train.

Mrs. Campbell escorts you. It's upstairs, and the only room vacant. And it was vacant before. A vacancy is really something in a huge city where people are flocking back after all the bombings—where every inch of space is at a premium because thousands of public and private bedrooms have been destroyed.

You move into quarters about 10 feet long and maybe a little more than six feet wide. Apparently a hall which used to run all the way to the front of the house was walled off in order to make this chamber. There's a window down there at the south end of the tiny area; and there's a door at the north end; the rest of the north-end space is taken up by the head of your bed. It's really a couch with pillows on it for daytime use. Not much other furniture. Barely room enough to turn around in.

You go out for an early dinner with friends. And then the bartender cries, "Time, gentlemen! Time!" You say good-by to your friends and come back to your tiny room.

You push the door shut, hear the spring lock click. You take the cover off the studio couch and toss the extra pillows aside. You've got a green sateen comforter with a thin blanket under that and sheets under that. It's only 11 o'clock, and you're sleepy. So to bed.

The haunting doesn't begin until a few minutes after 3 a.m. You know the time, because you wandered down the hall to the toilet. Coming back, you looked at your wristwatch—3:06.

Go in, lock the door, hop back into bed. The fun begins. First it's covers. Why someone should wish to pull the covers off of you, you don't know. But that's their intent and their attempt as well. You've turned off the light, and you've settled down comfortably. You're cold-stone sober, and not expecting anything like this. But suddenly the covers start to go. Everything: sheet, blanket, sateen puff. They go rippling down across your pajamas and end up in a pile on the floor.

You get out of bed and turn on the light. There are your covers, all dumped down at the foot of the bed. You look under the bed to see whether some mischievous soul has crept there and concealed himself while you were out.

Nothing.

Okay, pull up the covers again and arrange them. Turn off the light, get back into bed. Away we go again. There go the covers.

Something or someone is pulling them with dull persistence. This time you grab tightly and hang on. You fasten your hands around all three sets of covers, and you pull, and the other entity pulls, and it's quite a tug-of-war. And every time you relax your grip, away those covers start to go again.

You're not terrified. You're just mad, mad, mad and bound to resist.

Here's the system: lock the bedclothes around and under you. Make a solid cocoon of the stuff. Warily now, you strive to alter your position. You think you are winning the battle, and can afford to yield a little. You're lying on your right side, facing the west wall.

After a few minutes in this position, you realize that the wall, a foot away from your eyes, is brightening. It's reflecting light from some source.

How come? Where from? Who's got a light in this room?

You twist your head to the left. And then you know the story. It's a truth which is pretty hard to take (especially for one who swore eternally that nothing like this could occur).

What you've seen on the wall next to the bed was just a reflection. The source of light is the *east wall itself*, several feet away from your bed. There's no joke about it: a pale luminous glow, much like the quivering of a radium compound, is melting all over that wall.

This light is increasing in intensity as it lessens its area. Something is taking shape. The light oozes into focus as if a mighty lens were being twisted. It was wide, messy, without any definite boundaries to begin with. But as the area lessens, the intensity increases. And the suggestion of a human shape is emerging.

And now the sounds begin. It's a vague hum at first—you're not quite sure that you heard it. It's just an indefinite whistling or wail or mumble, faint, far distant. But you'd swear that a great number of people were making the sounds.

Then, as the wall glow sharpens, the sounds grow louder. Voices chuckle or wail. Tongues clack. So much is being said! There is sadness, there is laughter in the house. Yet who are the authors

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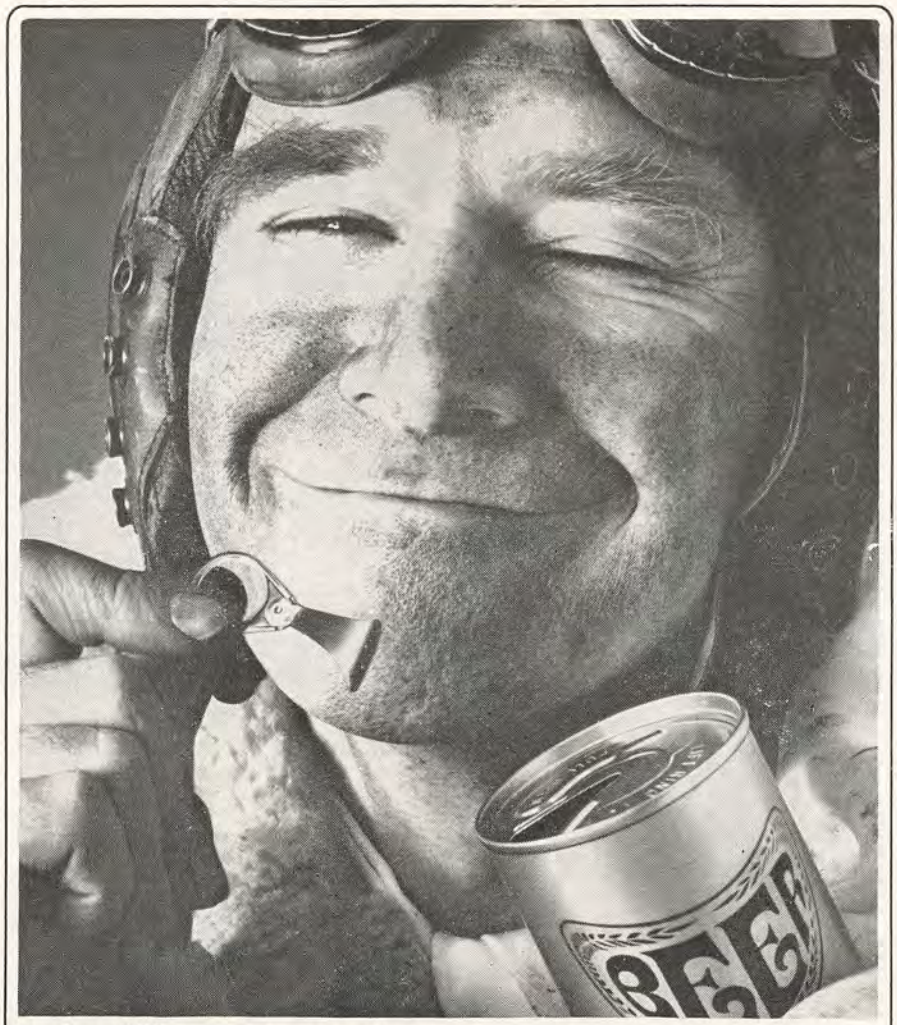

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of the chattering? You can't possibly guess. You can't define them or pin them down.

The light is now tightening and congealing. The kernel of the filmy glow is intensifying, you see a head and shoulders, you see long hair. Could be a woman, could be someone with a periwig, could be a man with the long hair affected by cavaliers.

You've reached the limit of your endurance; you feel a strange mixture of dissolving patience and dedicated defiance. You rail against the yammer of unknown voices and that brief, bright, humanlike shape marking itself against the east wall. "Oh," you cry, "I know what the idea is. You really *want me* to observe you and to listen to you. Well, I won't!"

You fling yourself upon your right side, so that you're looking at the west wall instead of that fateful east.

Immediately you achieve results. The babble of voices diminishes, the glow lessens. Soon there is nothing. You maintain your iron grip, even while sleeping exhausted, through the few hours until daylight. When you awaken, you find the bedclothing crushed into a million squeezed wrinkles.

It's morning, and you wash and shave and stare at yourself in the mirror. Now you are thinking, "I'm not the same man who went to bed here last night. There's an entire new category with which I must now deal. There is a bewilderment which I did not believe could be."

Who was it? Why? Where did it—or they—come from? How were the sounds and the luminescence related? What was all this absurd business about bedcovers? Why would any force do anything so ridiculous? What was the purpose? What did it all point to?

This whirl of amazement and wonder was still occupying me when I sat down in the cozy little breakfast room. And then comes our snowy-haired Mrs. Campbell. She stands there, the landlady of 50-52 Lexham Gardens, and she gazes down at you. Her voice is lilting.

"And did you rest comfortably?"

She knows—as well as she knows any truth of heaven—that you didn't rest comfortably. She knows that *no one* rests comfortably in that room. She doesn't *like* to rent the room, but there are times. And she knows, from one look at you, what happened up there this morning.

You look up at her, and your eyes meet. You say, "Oh yes, very comfortably indeed." She stares a minute, and her whole soul is yelling *liar, liar*. Then the expression changes, she becomes chalky and wooden. She goes away and doesn't look back.

So, with such an experience behind me, I knew that apparitions do exist. I was prepared for the Goldenhurst ghost. In the meantime I had become a life member of the American Society for Psychical Research. I had read voluminously—everything which I could find written in English which dealt primarily with spontaneous phenomena.

I had my own theory, too, and sustain it today. My belief is not that the appearance of an apparition is evidence of any surviving human entity. By this I mean that it doesn't prove there is such a thing as a disembodied ghost strolling through eternity. I see in the appearance of an apparition no evidence necessarily of human survival.

What I do believe is this: human beings and animals—and events in which beings participate while living in this life—can store up an electrical charge (call it electrical for lack of a better word). In later years, under certain circumstances, other mortals can come along and pick up the whole thing—through sight, sound, even in some cases through actual touch.

Not all people are sensitive enough to recognize certain charges when they are fired back at them out of walls, trees, floors. Some may get the barest whisper of a sound, the briefest glistening of a sighting. Some may get nothing at all. Some of these charges have extreme power. Thus there can be a collective demonstration; a dozen people together can witness the apparition or hear the cry. The author (originator) is not alive; he has been mouldering all the way from days to centuries. It matters not. He compressed himself—or his moment of grief or arrogance or violence or pleasure. The charge is still here with us. The author isn't.

This theory may not suit everyone else, but it suits me. I never encountered it anywhere until one fine day when I

picked up a book by the late Harry Price (the third or fourth book of his which I had read). Lo and behold, there was my own theory staring at me from the page. I wrote to Harry Price immediately and told him that I'd thought it to be my own privately managed little theory. And here he was, anticipating me all along.

Days and weeks went away, and Irene and I didn't witness any sort of demonstration in our own portion of Goldenhurst. With the Clarkes it was quite different. They were in a constant fret.

"It's that damnable cold spot in the hall!"

"Whereabouts?"

"Come over and you'll see. It's in the hall: the one by the rear entries, just past the studio."

You could close all doors and windows, and walk into the cold spot and feel it hit you like an icy brick. I remember one evening when we were having cocktails with the Clarkes in their wide living room. Kenneth went back to get some ice, or another bottle or something. Suddenly he emerged from the hall with a smothered cry. I looked up to find him shivering and laughing.

"Coming along that passageway, you know. When I reached the cold spot, it was just like an electric shock. My hair stood completely on end. Annoying business. . . ."

As for little Reidun, his wife, she was always being tormented one way or another. She talked about selling out and moving away; but they couldn't bring themselves to do that—not yet. (They did eventually.)

Then one night Irene couldn't go to a dinner party because she had a mild case of flu. She thought she'd be happier in bed. She would have Jill, the Clarkes' dog, for company.

The party began at Hythe and ended up in Dover, and it was quite a party. The Clarkes and I didn't come chugging home until 2 or 3 a.m.

But when we turned in through the gates of Goldenhurst, we all exclaimed. The south house, the Kantor house, was blazing with lights.

We all went tearing up to the bedroom, calling Irene from the stair, "What's the trouble? Are you all right?"

"I'm all right."

Yes, she was fine. She was in bed, sitting up.

"Why all the lights?" we asked, when we managed to make ourselves heard above Jill's barks.

"Well," said Irene, "I guess someone was playing knock-knock with me."

"Who?"

"I suppose it was the Goldenhurst ghost."

She said that the knocks were really banging and busy. She couldn't determine whether they were on the actual head of the huge four-poster bed itself, or on the wall behind the head of the bed. Anyway, the blows trembled and vibrated and thudded; sometimes they were sharp and quick, sometimes slower.

My bride said brightly, "I wasn't really afraid—but Jill and I thought we'd like to have the lights on."

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Before we left for Italy that fall, Irene and I drove off on a trip to the Midlands and Yorkshire. When we returned, Kenneth Clarke had something to tell me. "Let's stroll over here by the pond. . . ."

The pond was a weird and beautiful place: walled, filled with colorful iris and rushes and lily plants, seeming almost solid with aquatic growth. Frogs were busy there.

Kenneth said, "You know, I had the workmen here tearing out that old staircase in the corner of the front room. We weren't using it any more. The foreman of the carpenters came to report to me. He said, 'We're all through now, sir. We're taking away our tools. Oh, yes—and I got rid of those bones for you.' "

"Bones?" I asked.

"Yes," Kenneth Clarke said. "That's what I asked him. 'Bones? What kind?' 'Oh, I don't know, sir.' 'Where did you find them?' 'Well, they were behind the boards. Very small, I should say perhaps they were pig bones. A sucking pig, perhaps? Anyway I threw them in the pond.' "

We both looked at the green-stuffed water, with insects dancing brightly in autumn sunshine. "In here?"

"So he said."

I mused. "Pig bones?" All the time that little chant of Noel Coward's, about the baby in the west wing, was beginning to reecho in my mind.

"Yes," said Kenneth, "pig bones." And then we walked back to the house.

—MacKinlay Kantor

TOGETHER FOREVER

[*Continued from page* 54]

of welded or bolted. Houses and office buildings are being put together with adhesives.

You're going to see some amazing results of the adhesive revolution over the next few years. Says Bernard Gould, market development manager of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's Adhesive Products Division: "There is little question that cars will—not may—eventually be adhesive-bonded rather than bolted."

Pittsburgh Plate Glass makes adhesives only for industrial use, but many other companies will sell their new superglues for home use. I spent a couple of months playing around with these adhesives (the companies don't really like to call them "glues;" it doesn't sound scientific enough). Not surprisingly, there are some that don't live up to their manufacturers' claims. Some in fact aren't much stronger than flour-and-water paste. The adhesive business, like all businesses, has had its frauds and charlatans, its overeager ad writers. The Federal Trade Commission investigated the glue business in 1965 and turned up many instances of untrue advertising. The offenders have been ordered to clean up their ads. This will remove many of the fakes from sales, but probably not all.

There's another reason not to put blind trust in just any product. Many of the new glues are fully as strong as the ads claim, but there are some jobs they simply won't do. Many of them are designed for sticking certain materials together, but they won't work on other materials. No such thing as a "universal" or anything-to-anything adhesive has yet been invented.

But some near-miracles have been wrought. Eastman Chemical once took two steel rods and glued them together end-to-end with a *single drop* of its Eastman 910 adhesive. Each rod terminated in a stout eyebolt, so that the assembly could be hooked onto a crane and used to hoist a heavy weight to show its strength. After letting the joint dry for a mere 30 minutes, Eastman engineers lifted a car and four occupants off the ground. Total weight: 2½ tons.

Albert Creighton dreamed up an even more complicated test for his Plastic Steel. He went to a junkyard, picked out a number of heavy objects, lined them up on the ground and glued them together end-to-end. Among them were an iron bathtub, an old wooden rowboat, a cast-iron house radiator, a lawn mower, a steel water tank, glass blocks, concrete blocks and a rod of hardened Plastic Steel. The assembly was more than 30 feet long and weighed a good two tons. After the adhesive had dried, Creighton had the junkyard owner hook his crane to one end of the weird assembly and hoist. The whole string of objects came up off the ground in one solid piece and hung in the air, a surrealistic but convincing demonstration of the power of modern adhesives.

One of the odd facts about these new adhesives is that nobody really knows *why* they stick so strongly. "There are several theories," says timber expert R. J. Bandekow of Borden Chemical which specializes in adhesives for wood. "Each theory makes sense. The right answer may be a combination of all the theories—but, at the moment, we can't say for sure."

Much of the advanced research in adhesion is happening in the labs of molecular chemists, specifically polymer chemists. A polymer is a group of molecules joined together in a chain, ring or more complex interwoven form. A polymer chemist is a man who studies ways of joining molecules so as to create new substances with useful properties. Modern plastics such as vinyl and polyethylene were born in the polymer chemist's lab and so were all the new adhesives with chemistry-textbook names: epoxy, casein, resorcinol, pholis.

According to Prof. Herman F. Mark, nationally renowned polymer chemist at Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, one of the key properties of the new adhesives is their ability to wet surfaces thoroughly. A good epoxy adhesive will flow into every submicroscopic chink and cranny of the surfaces it is supposed to join. Old-time glues didn't do this. If you spread an ordinary model-airplane cement or hide glue on a surface and look at a cross section of the surface under a microscope, you'll see places where the glue has bridged itself across dips and chinks instead of sinking into them. In other words, the glue does not touch the entire surface—and where it doesn't touch, it doesn't stick.

"All solid surfaces are very rough and rugged if we go down to molecular dimensions," says Professor Mark. The most carefully polished mirror surface, the smoothest surface man can make, still has hills and valleys 70 times the size of a water molecule. To be really strong, an adhesive must completely wet every hill and valley.

Adhesion takes place partly because of this very roughness of surfaces. The adhesive forms itself around bumps and holes in the surface, dries into a solid material and is thus locked in place. This is called the "mechanical" action of adhesion. While all adhesive experts agree that it's part of the story, there's no agreement on how important a part.

Another set of theories concentrates on the elemental forces that hold molecules themselves together. When an adhesive sticks to something, what may actually happen is that a complicated interaction takes place between the molecules of the adhesive and those of the surface. The two groups of molecules become linked together by the same massive forces that bind a chain of atoms into a molecule.

If this were true, a glued joint could be as strong as, or stronger than, the materials being glued. This is, in fact, what happens. The Raybestos-Manhattan Corp., for instance, has been trying to convince builders that they can save time and money by gluing electrical junction boxes and other metal equipment to concrete walls instead of laboriously drilling bolt holes. To demonstrate the strength of a Raybestos adhesive, salesmen glue a junction box to a wall and then slam the box with a sledgehammer. The box comes off the wall all right, but it pulls a chunk of concrete with it.

Other theories of adhesion are concerned with the strength of the adhesive material itself. "When an adhesive dries," says Bandekow, "the dry material must be tough. No matter how tightly it sticks to two pieces of wood, the joint won't be strong if the dried adhesive material itself is easily broken."

This is another explanation of the strength of modern adhesives. Flour-and-water paste is pretty good at wetting surfaces: it flows into holes fairly well and binds itself intimately to what it's joining. But a blob of dried library paste

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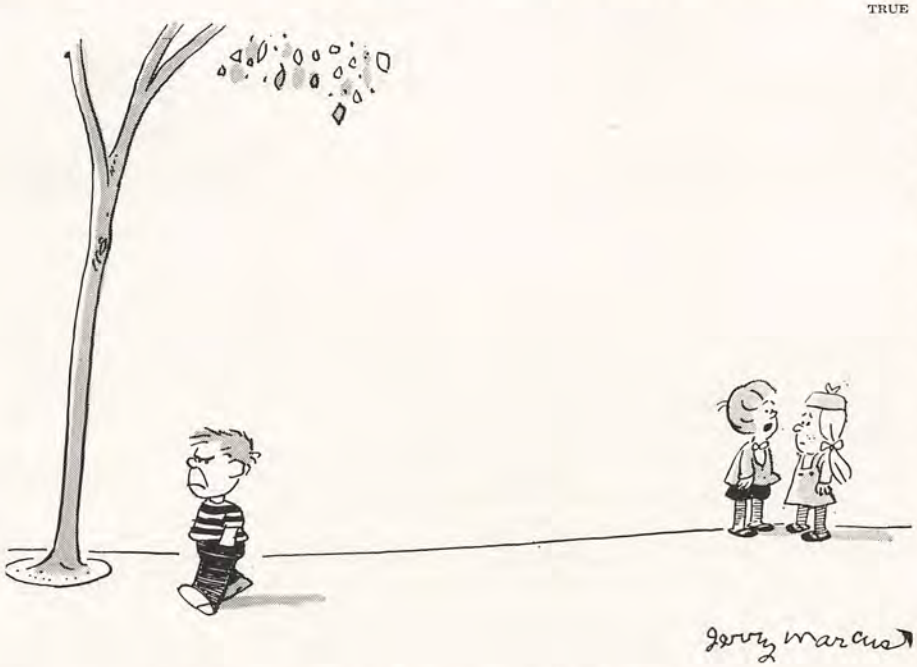

"He comes from a broken home which he broke up."

can be crumbled between your thumb and finger and no flour-paste joint can be any stronger than that. By contrast, a blob of modern epoxy or casein adhesive is as tough as a hunk of metal. Like polyethylene plastics and other products of the polymer chemist's lab, it's made of long, chainlike molecules with intricate cross-links that give it enormous strength. According to Professor Mark, if you could somehow put together a bundle of long polyethylene molecules one centimeter thick (about three-eighths of an inch), and if you then tried to stretch it until it broke, you'd have to exert a pull of something like a quarter-million tons.

These powerful new adhesives have been developed by many diverse companies, each pursuing its own research for its own reasons. Borden Chemical, for instance, got into the glue business by working with plywood, one of the earliest and best examples of how wood can be made stronger than nature made it. Pittsburgh Plate Glass entered the business decades ago while hunting new and better adhesives for multi-ply safety glass. B.F. Goodrich, which now makes over 3,000 specialized types of adhesives, got interested in glue while searching for new ways to use its basic product, rubber.

Companies such as these employ labs full of chemists to track down new substances that show promise of being made into adhesives. But some very powerful adhesives have been discovered totally by accident. Take Eastman Chemical's experience, for instance. Back in the mid-1950's, researchers at an Eastman lab in Kingsport, Tennessee, were studying an obscure group of chemicals called cyanoacrylate monomers. These had been newly synthesized in the lab and the chemists wanted to know more about them. In the course of their research a lab technician put a drop of the new substance between the glass prisms of a refractometer, a device that yields information about molecular structure by measuring the behavior of light passing through. After taking his measurements, the technician reached down to separate the prisms. They wouldn't come apart.

Some of the greatest scientific discoveries are the result of mundane facts. In this case the fact was that these were very costly prisms. If they'd been merely glass microscope slides, for instance, the technician might simply have tossed them out and forgotten the incident. As it was, a minor panic ensued in the laboratory. Everybody tried his hand at getting the two prisms apart. They wouldn't come. Finally it dawned in the head of a senior chemist that a use had been found for this obscure chemical.

A sample of it was sent to another Eastman lab that had a tensile-testing machine. It turned out that one drop of the chemical could stick wood, glass, most plastics and most metals together so strongly that it would withstand a 200-pound pull after five minutes of setting. After 30 minutes, it would stand 2½ tons. After 48 hours, it would stand over seven tons.

Eastman gave it the name "910," and that is how Eastman Chemical got into the adhesives business.

Adhesives like this have been used to solve many problems—some important, some not so important, all baffling until the right adhesive came along. An epoxy resin solved a frustrating problem for engineers at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's White Sands Missile Range, for instance. Every time a test rocket was fired, the concrete launching pad had to be rebuilt. Concrete can't stand temperatures of much over 900 degrees Fahrenheit without crumbling and the exhaust gases of the coolest rocket are well over 5,000 degrees. Even a small rocket blasting off would chew a hole some 10 inches deep and six feet wide in the concrete. Then the pad had to be reconcreted before the next shot. The engineers tried mortaring firebrick to the pad, but this wasn't satisfactory either. The firebrick wasn't damaged, but the mortar joints literally exploded under the ferocious assault of hot exhaust gas.

The engineers finally tried gluing down the firebricks with a special heat-resisting epoxy adhesive developed by Shell Chemical Co. Several dozen test rockets have since lifted off this pad and it's still as solid as the day it was built.

Adhesives are also used in space vehicles themselves, though NASA won't say where or how. There were several pounds of epoxy glue in the Mariner spacecraft that flew past Mars last July, for example. "I can't tell you what was being stuck to what," says a NASA spokesman, "but when that Mariner got to Mars after millions of miles of travel in extremely rough conditions, it worked like a fine watch. Obviously, the adhesive was still sticking."

Many ships in the U.S. Merchant Marine and in private fleets now carry buckets of Devcon's Plastic Steel, Woodhill Chemical's Liquid Steel or similar adhesives as part of their emergency-repair kits. Two years ago a Shell Oil tanker struck a reef off the Arabian coast and ripped a gash in its bottom 18 inches across and 30 feet long. Divers repaired the gash under water by gluing on metal plates with Plastic Steel. "I couldn't believe the story when I heard it," an amazed Shell official reported later. "That damned ship sailed through the Suez Canal and clear to Holland without a leak!"

Other companies tell of still more unbelievable repairs. Four years ago Chrysler Corp. found that one of its 3,000-ton metal presses had a cracked base. To dismantle it and repair it by conventional methods would have taken several weeks and cost some $25,000 in labor, materials and lost production. Engineers fixed the crack in one hour with $10 worth of adhesive and the press is still running today.

On the main road between Santa Clara and Sunnyvale, California, back in 1958, steadily increasing traffic and frequent accidents were worrying highway officials. They decided to build a four-mile-long divider strip of concrete curb-

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ing down the middle of the road. But concrete curbing is an expensive proposition. By the time you've dug a trench for the foundation, built forms for the above-ground portion and poured the concrete, you're spending some $2.50 per foot of curb. The California highway planners found a way to do it for $1. They bonded the curbing to the existing road surface with epoxy resin. Despite years of sun, rain and wild drivers, the curbing is still in place today, as firm as though it and the road were carved from a single slab of solid granite.

Yes, these are strong adhesives. So strong, in fact, that home builders, automakers and others are gradually throwing away their bolts, rivets, screws and nails. It isn't fantastic to guess that you may one day buy a house or car held together almost entirely by adhesives.

The construction industry is ahead of the auto industry in this respect. Many companies are now pushing the idea of glue instead of nails in building. At Pacific Gas & Electric Company's headquarters building in San Francisco, the whole air-conditioning and heating system, tons of ductwork and piping, is held to the walls by adhesives instead of conventional methods. In New York City's Shea Stadium, 3,800 concrete steps are fastened to the tier framework with a Shell Chemical resin adhesive.

Glue is rapidly replacing nails in the tedious job of attaching dry-wall panels to the studs of a house. "It's faster than nailing," says sales chief Jack Smith of Macco Chemical Company, a pioneer in this particular field. "And it eliminates the problem of nailheads popping out later when the house shifts or settles."

The 3M Company (Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing—maker of Scotch Tape) has invented a special line of adhesives to eliminate the long, costly job of nailing down floors. In one modernistic home at El Cerrito, California, a 3M glue was used to attach plywood subflooring directly to steel beams below, completely doing away with the wooden joists that would have been needed in conventional construction. Another 3M adhesive is being used by The Standard Products Company to build stainless-steel window frames. According to a Standard Products executive, his production line can turn out half again as many windows in a given time by gluing the frame corners as by either welding or riveting.

There is even an office building in Connecticut that was built entirely with adhesives, with the exception of some welded joints on its light-steel framework. This building has not a single bolt, nail or screw in it. The way in which it was built, and the savings in time and money, provide a fascinating glimpse of what housing may be like in the near future.

The project started in 1960 when a company named Gilman Brothers went to architect Richard Sharpe of Norwichtown, Connecticut, and asked him to design a small one-floor office building. Sharpe is a tall, dark man with an adventuresome love of experimenting and he wanted to try something different. Gilman Brothers manufactures expanded polystyrene, the light, spongy material used for making Christmas decorations, protecting fragile equipment in cartons and other applications where there is a need for solid bulk without great strength. It seemed to architect Sharpe that it would be appropriate, and a good advertisement, if the office building could be made with Gilman's own product. Gilman agreed.

Sharpe started with a light frame of structural steel. Then Gilman delivered to the site great slabs of polystyrene, four to six inches thick, four feet wide and eight to 10 feet long. These were to be the floor, walls and roof. The spongy material has little structural strength of its own, but when sandwiched between thin rigid materials it imparts huge strength. For that reason it is used to fill hollow sections of jet-aircraft wings. Sharpe had his polystyrene slabs sandwiched and glued between sheets of plywood and Glas-weld, a product something like hardboard with one smooth enameled side. Glas-weld is waterproof and designed to stand up against weather. The Glas-weld sides of the slabs were to be the outer face of the building.

The heating system was just as simple. Sharpe arranged for radiant heating by simply having electrical resistance wires included in the sandwiches, between the polystyrene and the inner plywood face. To make doors and windows, he simply had square holes of the right size cut in the sandwich panels with a Skilsaw. Door and window frames were then glued in place.

The rest was even easier. The panels were glued to the steel frame and to each other, using an epoxy-based two-part adhesive made by Pittsburgh Plate Glass. Workmen caulked the exterior seams against weather, finished the interior with paint and tile, collected their pay and went home. The entire 1,800-square-foot building was completed in 32 man-days, about one week with four men working. A building of that size, roughly as big as a medium-sized ranch house, would take at least twice as long with ordinary frame construction.

Thus labor costs were cut in half. But there were other savings just as big. An ordinary frame building, the kind you're probably sitting in right now, normally weighs anywhere from 20 to 30 pounds per square foot of floor space. It's heavy. This means it needs a heavy foundation, thick and costly underpinnings. The Gilman Brothers building weighs only 3.4 pounds per square foot. It could get by with only a few small concrete piers sunk in the ground. Moreover, it isn't likely to settle no matter how the local soil conditions change.

The building cost about $20,000—one-third less, Sharpe figures, than it would have cost had it been built conventionally. As an added bonus, the glued polystyrene-slab walls and roof turn out to be excellent heat insulators. According to tests conducted by Sharpe and Gilman Brothers, a conventional stud wall packed with the best available insulation transmits more than twice as much heat per square foot as a solid polystyrene slab. It can easily cost $2 a day to heat a conventional frame house of this size in winter. The highest heat cost Gilman has ever had, on the coldest winter day since the building was erected, was 60 cents.

The aircraft industry has been a pioneer in the use of adhesives. Not only passenger planes but also ferociously high-speed military aircraft are glued together. The B-58 Hustler bomber, for instance, has almost its entire wing and fuselage skin bonded to the inner frame by means of a Shell Chemical adhesive. There are several advantages in this. One is streamlining: rivet heads must be laboriously ground smooth, and depressions in the metal skin caused by rivet pressure must be filled and sanded. An adhesive-bonded skin, by contrast, needs

TRUE

"Didn't you get my note?"

little or no smoothing out. Another advantage is strength. An adhesive-bonded skin actually holds tighter than a riveted skin.

"When you fasten one thing to another with rivets or nails or any similar device," says Dick Sharpe, "the two things are held together only at the points where the fasteners are. When you use an adhesive, the two things are fastened over their entire surfaces. Provided it's a good adhesive, you get a much stronger bond than with point fasteners."

Another factor that has endeared adhesives to the air industry is their light weight. This was an important consideration, for instance, in designing the new supersonic F-111 fighter. This odd craft grew out of the Air Force's wish for a plane that could hit more than 1,500 mph. but, at the same time, fly so slowly on landing and takeoff that it could use aircraft carriers or short, bumpy runways like many in Viet Nam. To solve this apparent paradox, the F-111 has adjustable wings. Taking off, it has its wings spread straight out to give it an almost glidelike lift at slow speed. Once wafted into the air, the pilot sweeps back the wings and blasts off, quickly reaching Mach 2.5.

Early designs of this plane were too heavy to please the Air Force. "We want a plane that can land on a postage stamp and come to a dead stop before it overshoots the edge," said the Air Force. General Dynamics, prime contractor in the F-111 project, grumbled that the craft couldn't be made lighter, not without sacrificing strength. "The damned thing will fall apart in the air!" howled General Dynamics. The Air Force insisted that a couple of thousand pounds had to be shed. Finally, General Dynamics got together with B.F. Goodrich. The two companies worked out methods of bonding not only the plane's skin but also many of its structural members with adhesives instead of rivets. Not only were thousands of rivets tossed out of the design, but many of the metal parts being bonded could be made lighter than would have been necessary if they had had to hold rivets.

The automobile industry is also turning more and more to adhesives—though more slowly than are many other industries. In particular, auto-makers are interested in using adhesives to bond friction materials in place, as in clutches and brakes. According to Joseph Stein, president of Limpco Manufacturing, Inc. (Jeanette, Pennsylvania), custom-maker of heavy-duty industrial clutches and brakes, an adhesive-bonded clutch or brake lining is likely to last 50 to 70 percent longer than a riveted one. Limpco uses a B.F. Goodrich adhesive called Plastilock. "It gives a bond five times as strong as what we'd get with rivets," says Stein. "And there's another advantage. A riveted brake lining has to be replaced when the lining wears down to the rivet heads. With an adhesive, you keep using the lining until it wears all the way down to nothing."

Many 1966 cars use adhesives not only to hold friction materials, but also to hold chrome trim, weather stripping, hood and deck linings, interior padding, upholstery and a dozen or more other components. The average 1966 car contains some 25 pounds of adhesives.

For various reasons, having to do with the auto industry's own internal problems, Detroit hasn't been as daring in its use of glue as the aircraft or housing industries. But glue-makers are sure they'll open up a huge market for themselves in Detroit eventually. "You watch!" says one enthusiastic adhesives salesman. "We're going to make the welding torch and the rivet gun obsolete!"

Perhaps the process will be speeded up by new adhesives that are almost certain to be developed over the next few years. Polymer chemists are working hard to solve the mysteries of adhesion: why things stick, why a given adhesive can stick some things and not others. "If you think we have amazing adhesives now," says Borden Chemical's R.J. Bandekow, "stick around a few years."

At Evans Research & Development Corporation in New York, for instance, chemist Harold F. Wakefield has been looking for glue clues in nature. He's particularly fascinated by mollusks. Digging clams in Maine one day, he got to wondering how a clam holds its powerful adductor muscle to the smooth inner surface of its shell. Whatever adhesive the clam uses, it's a superb one, as you'll realize if you ever try to pull a live clam apart.

After thinking about clams, Wakefield began to think about the curious kind of instant-sticking, instant-unsticking adhesive used by snails. Their slime holds them as long as they want to be held; when they want to move on, they effortlessly unstick. To find out just how good snail glue is, Wakefield got hold of several large Algerian snails and put them in a baking pan lined with Teflon. Teflon is one of the slipperiest substances known. It is so resistant to sticking that you can fry an egg on it without fat and the egg will slip off. Not even epoxy-resin cements will stick to it tightly. Wakefield first demonstrated that the snails could climb up the Teflon even when it was held vertical. This in itself was a pretty good feat of adhesion. Then he let the snails crawl around on it for several days, until the Teflon surface was covered with dried trails of slime. He proposed to peel the slime off and analyze it to see what it was made of. But it wouldn't peel. It was so firmly adhered to the Teflon that only a vigorous scrubbing could get it off.

"Obviously," says Wakefield, "nature has a lot to teach us about adhesion."

Other chemists are hunting up other trails. New adhesives with specific properties are being developed one by one: adhesives that will stick only to metal, only to wet surfaces, only to hot or cold surfaces. And, going the other way, researchers at Bell Telephone Laboratories have described the theoretical possibility of a "universal" adhesive. It would glue anything to anything, under any circumstances—if you could ever unscrew the cap from the bottle. —**David Maxwell**

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A BETTER BRAND OF BRAINWASHING

[*Continued from page 33*]

result, concerned intelligence officers feel that many if not most prisoners of the Viet Cong or North Viet Nam have been tricked or persuaded into giving the enemy some degree of cooperation, and the Pentagon has had trouble deciding whether or not to court-martial certain returnees.

There was the case of the four Hiep Hoa prisoners, for instance. On November 24, 1963, the Viet Cong struck in force at the Hiep Hoa Special Forces Camp, 18 miles west of Saigon. Inside the camp were several hundred South Vietnamese "strike force" commando trainees, some Vietnamese Special Forces instructors and four American Special Forces men—among the toughest serving in Viet Nam.

The Viet Cong had prepared for the attack thoroughly, recruiting traitors from among the trainees. In the nighttime onslaught, 37 men in the camp were slain, 20 of them in their beds. The four Americans were captured.

All four are now free, in one way or another.

The first to leave the Viet Cong prison camp was SFC Isaac Comacho of El Paso, Texas; on July 9, 1965, after almost two years' imprisonment, he loosened the bars of his bamboo cage and escaped into the jungle. After a four-day trek, Comacho reached U.S. troops, who spirited him off for interrogation. Comacho's feat was widely hailed and President Johnson publicly praised the young sergeant.

The next member of the American Special Forces quartet to leave the camp did so by facing a Viet Cong firing squad. In late September, the Viet Cong announced it had "executed" S/Sgt. Kenneth M. Rorabach of Fayetteville, North Carolina, along with another American prisoner, in reprisal for the shooting of Viet Cong terrorists by Saigon authorities.

This left two prisoners from the Hiep Hoa raid: Sp4 Claude D. McClure of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Sgt. George E. Smith of Chester, West Virginia.

On November 28th, the Viet Cong released Smith and McClure from their jungle prison camp 60 miles northwest of Saigon and took them under armed guard into Cambodia. In Cambodia the Viet Cong conducted its two prisoners all the way to the capital of Phnom Penh (with no interference from Cambodian authorities) and set up a press conference for them. No U.S. reporters were permitted to attend.

Smith and McClure were reported to have said that they planned to go back to the States and work for peace, as well as a lot of other things more or less in support of the Viet Cong point of view.

At a second press conference in Cambodia, Smith was asked by an American reporter whether he had been brainwashed. "I guess you could call it a poor man's version of brainwashing," he said.

Smith and McClure were then flown to pro-Western Thailand and turned over to American authorities in Bangkok. The Army was confused as to what to do about the two men. First, it promoted them. Next it flew them to Okinawa for interrogation, which is routine for all American military returnees from the Viet Cong. Then, in late December, it filed court-martial charges against the pair, saying they had aided the enemy by "preparing, furnishing and delivering to the Viet Cong certain documents, statements and writings inimical to the interests of the United States." Four months later the Army dropped the legal charges, but discharged both men from service.

The trouble is that Viet Cong captivity is a new experience for Americans, and a lot of the experience of past wars may not apply here. U.S. servicemen have formed their own ideas of what to expect from enemy captors, largely drawn from movies and television shows. They have also had lectures from military instructors.

Experts on behavior feel that one reason some prisoners wind up playing ball with the Viet Cong is because nearly all the ideas from the movies and the official lectures turn out to be wrong. For one thing, there have been few reports of VC torture of American prisoners. In fact, Viet Cong bigwigs insist on good physical treatment for captives.

During the Hiep Hoa attack, for instance, a Viet Cong guerrilla knocked Sergeant Comacho out with a rifle butt. When Comacho came to, a VC officer was reprimanding his man for hitting the American, and Comacho was never struck by the Viet Cong again.

Another variation from the expected is that the Viet Cong do not starve its prisoners, although the food is not necessarily first class. The diet is mostly rice (mixed with dead insects) and meat from whatever animals can be trapped or shot. These include deer, monkeys, snakes and rats. Meals are about the same as those eaten by the Viet Cong themselves.

Still another surprise is that the Viet Cong are not particularly interested in gathering information from American prisoners. There is no big intelligence grilling, and prisoners are not pressed to tell their captors much more than their personal biographies.

Of course, there have been exceptions.

Capt. Humbert R. Versace of Baltimore, Maryland, a 30-year-old West Pointer, was one of three American Special Forces men captured from the Tan Phu Camp in the autumn of 1963. Versace was the sector intelligence officer, as the Viet Cong no doubt quickly learned. How much good this may have done the Viet Cong and how much harm it did Versace may never be known. He was the other hostage the Viet Cong shot with Sergeant Rorabach last September.

Yet by and large, the Viet Cong seems strangely disinterested either in extensive questioning or in exhausting prisoners to win them over to VC ideology. One former prisoner said that during the year and a half he was a captive, he was put through only eight indoctrination sessions, and this is probably about standard for most American prisoners.

What, then, is the Viet Cong pitch?

The VC hard-core outfits where Americans are kept prisoner are made up of the best troops in the enemy's army. By all accounts they are efficient, disciplined soldiers with tremendous dedication to their cause and very high morale. The Viet Cong hopes its own soldiers will make such an impression on the American prisoners that admiration for Viet Cong soldiering will turn into admiration for the Viet Cong party line.

The big danger for an American prisoner comes when his Viet Cong captors feel they are in danger. If the Viet Cong are being pressed hard, they will generally shoot their American prisoners rather than take them along.

TRUE

"Like an idiot, on our honeymoon I said, 'If you want anything just whistle!' "

Very few Americans have survived after capture when counterattacks were immediately mounted against the Viet Cong. Two recent exceptions were a pair of GI's who were stopped at a Viet Cong checkpoint while driving a jeep between Kontum and Pleiku in the mountains. The Viet Cong had forced the Americans to strip naked and were about to make them put on black pajamas and conical straw hats so they wouldn't be spotted as captives. But helicopters came and the Viet Cong ran off, without shooting the naked Americans. (The GI's were given courts-martial, however, for having driven on an insecure road.)

Other Americans have been killed trying to escape. Joseph W. Grainger of Sumter, North Carolina, was one. Grainger, a 39-year-old civilian official with the U.S. Aid mission, was captured two years ago while driving a jeep through plantation country. Several months passed and then Grainger, who once taught escape and evasion tactics in the Army, decided to make his break. He actually did get away and darted into the jungle.

A day or so later, Grainger made the fatal mistake of stopping at a stream to wash up. He was quickly spotted and surrounded. The Viet Cong ordered him to surrender. According to villagers who saw the incident, Grainger seemed hysterical and tried to fight the Viet Cong with his fists. They shot him dead.

But an American captive taken away from a battle area stands a good chance of surviving, provided he doesn't try to fight his guards. He will be marched for days and weeks past a series of well-organized jungle way stations. Eventually he will reach a large prison camp concealed from the air by a jungle canopy of leaves perhaps 100 feet high. His feet will blister and crack and bleed along the way, however good his boots may be. No Americans are used to moving as fast and far on foot through the jungle as the Viet Cong.

There are big prison camps at each of the Viet Cong's zonal headquarters bases, including Tay Ninh Province, 60 miles northwest of Saigon, and D Zone, 30 miles north of the capital. The base areas are subject to daily bombing, often from the giant Strategic Air Command B-52 jets from Guam. But so far no American prisoners are believed to have been killed in the raids.

To minimize the danger of discovery, the bases are moved from time to time, but they always seem to be run the same way. The camps are spacious and, by all reports, immaculately clean. U.S. captives are put singly, or in twos or threes, into large bamboo cages. Each prisoner has a bamboo bed (always too short for him) with a reed mat. He is taken under guard to a latrine whenever he has to go, but otherwise usually is not let out of his cage except for work. South Vietnamese government prisoners, who number in the thousands and whose rate of defection is high, are often kept in the same camps as Americans, but the two groups generally are not allowed to mix. (The U.S., incidentally, does not hold any Viet Cong prisoners, turning them over to the South Viet Nam forces within a day or two after capture.)

At the Viet Cong camps, American prisoners are allowed to do manual labor if they wish, and most decide to do so. One reason is the boredom of caged life. Another is that prisoners are paid about 15 piastres a month (about 10 cents) for digging trenches and air-raid shelters, and this is enough to buy Cambodian tobacco and occasional bits of candy from the camp store.

At night, the new arrivals and prisoners who for one reason or another are especially mistrusted are kept with their feet in manacles. It makes for uncomfortable sleeping. Otherwise the typical camp is lightly guarded, although it has spiked fencing around its perimeter. What keeps most prisoners from making a break is the horror of trying to go it alone in the jungle. Ahead is starvation and thirst, getting hopelessly lost, or being blown up by a mine. The jungle is patrolled by cobras, tigers and, of course, the Viet Cong. All of which rates Comacho's successful escape—by mid-spring still the only one out of a VC prison camp—as a fantastic achievement.

The Viet Cong camps have five-kilowatt gasoline generators which will operate their movie projectors. The movies, all in Vietnamese and mainly old Russian propaganda films dating from the Indochina War, are to entertain and indoctrinate the Viet Cong troops. Sometimes American prisoners are permitted to watch and English-speaking guards whisper translations to them.

Nearly everyone in the camps, Viet Cong and American alike, has malaria, despite pills and medicines which are issued to all. Prisoners who become very sick are given treatment by camp doctors and nurses, some of them trained in Paris. If a prisoner needs special food to survive, the VC sometimes goes to great pains to see that he gets it. In one case, a government supply train was ambushed and raided partly to get adequate food (and beer) for an ailing American prisoner, SFC Roque S. Matagulay of Richmond, California, who was eventually released.

Another prisoner, civilian Donald C. Dawson, said he was fed plenty of rice, chicken and meat—and even developed an embarrassing potbelly. Dawson, a professional fisherman from California, went into the jungle last year to learn what had happened to his brother, a missing Army pilot. During his search, Dawson was captured by the Viet Cong and held, along with his girl interpreter, for four months. (The VC showed him evidence that his brother had died in the crash of his plane.) Dawson finally was released, after saying he would organize peace marches. He didn't.

The prisoners get some reading matter. The main item is a Viet Cong "newspaper" printed in English at some central headquarters and distributed to the camps. Prisoners also see Russian, North Vietnamese and Chinese periodicals in

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English, especially the *Peking Review*. Once in a while prisoners are shown selected clippings from American newspapers and magazines that seem to confirm VC charges of U.S. brutality, but never the rest of the publications.

While even the Viet Cong are permitted to read American leaflets dropped from planes, no one is permitted to listen to any noncommunist radio station. Prisoners hear broadcasts in English from Radio Peking, Radio Hanoi and Liberation Radio, the VC's own station. Sometimes the voice on the air belongs to Cecil Clarence Adams, an American prisoner of war in Korea who became a turncoat and now broadcasts for the Reds from China. Adams' theme to GI's, repeated over and over again: "You don't know what you're in Viet Nam for, so why go on with a pointless war?"

After the disaster at Hiep Hoa, the American captives were amazed to hear, over the little transistor radios Viet Cong troops were carrying, Special Forces men discussing rescue operations. The VC had retuned the radios from standard wavelength to the bands used by U.S. fighting forces in the area. Furthermore, most of the Viet Cong seemed to understand English well enough to make use of the information.

There were other shocks for the Hiep Hoa prisoners. One American saw a guard who looked very familiar. "You teach me how to shoot mortar, remember?" said the guard. The American remembered—the VC had been one of his trainees. The Americans also ran into other former government soldiers—including two officers trained at Fort Bragg—who had switched sides and joined the Viet Cong.

The prisoners received Red Cross bundles once. Everything had been opened, but as far as the prisoners could tell nothing had been touched. Guards said the shipment had come from Switzerland via Cambodia, and that porters had to carry it a long distance. The guards were curious about the tobacco and chocolate in the Red Cross packages. The Americans offered some, but the guards refused. Against regulations.

Apart from a few nurses ("They were mostly pretty old and ugly," one former prisoner recalled) there are few women around the prison camps. Another ex-prisoner remembers that a pair of young girls once came up to his cage, stared in for a moment, giggled and ran off. But he saw no other women during his captivity.

The Viet Cong themselves seemed to lead an austere life with few pleasures. Vietnamese prisoners were allowed to play volleyball, but the guards and soldiers spent most of their off-duty time attending political indoctrination meetings.

The returned U.S. Hiep Hoa captives remember their own indoctrination sessions as infrequent but long. The Americans gave their indoctrinators names like "Mr. Crooked Glasses" and "Oil-can Johnnie." The prisoners found them fairly friendly, but fanatically dedicated Viet Cong.

The indoctrinators repeatedly tried to convince the Americans that they were "cat's-paws of imperialism," and seemingly did not care when the prisoners told them that their techniques were "brainwashing." The tutors always asked the prisoners whether they had read the communist literature left in their cages, and the Americans always had. There was nothing else to read.

"Mr. Crooked Glasses," a former French teacher with an excellent command of English, once actually cried while working on a prisoner. "Crooked Glasses" had been telling the American that all the U.S. planes and helicopters were being shot down and soon there would be none left. The GI heatedly replied that planes were coming over the camp nearly every day now and much more often than when he was first taken prisoner. "It looks to me as if America has more bombers here, not fewer," he said.

"Crooked Glasses," who may have been worried about the same point, broke off the session in tears.

Once, the Hiep Hoa prisoners received a visit from the Australian communist journalist Wilfred Burchett, who covers the war from the Viet Cong side. Burchett was pleasant enough and his questions proved rather mild. The VC gave all the prisoners especially good meals before the Burchett visit, so on the whole they were pleased he had come.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

On Christmas Eve, 1964, a stir went through the prison camp where the Hiep Hoa men were kept. Something big had obviously happened. Small groups of Viet Cong were talking loudly, laughing and even singing. A few were doing little dance steps, and all were acting out of part.

Finally a guard came over to a prisoner's cage and said in broken English, "We go Saigon today, Brink go boom!" The American immediately understood that the Viet Cong had bombed the Brink Hotel, one of the largest residences for American officers in Saigon.

The entire camp was jubilant and spirits shot up. A prisoner said later that such terrorist bombings impress the guerrillas in the field because the bombings seem to prove that the Americans are vulnerable even on their home base.

In mid-1965 the Hiep Hoa prisoners were visited by a high-ranking indoctrinator who impressed the prisoners as by far the most intelligent Viet Cong they had met. After adeptly fielding questions in flawless English, he broke the bad news. He said Hanoi had decided that because of the American bombings no more American prisoners were to be released.

The morale of both the prisoners and their guards slumped. The prisoners had been led to hope that they would be able to go home soon. And many of the guards, feeling that they had won the sympathy of the captives for the Viet Cong, also seemed unhappy. It was at this point that Comacho decided he would have to try to escape.

To some extent the guards were right in thinking they had earned the respect of their American prisoners. They had done so not by endless lecturing, but by looking like better soldiers than most of the government troops the prisoners had served as advisers. It didn't hurt matters either when Smith and McClure were released a few months later, thus contradicting the order that no more men would be freed.

The Viet Cong, of course, has its sloppy, undisciplined, dispirited militia, too, but since Americans are imprisoned only at bases run by crack enemy troops they don't see the Viet Cong desertions and other weaknesses. And despite the picture of humane, courageous soldiering that the enemy paint for prisoners, there can also be open threats—such as the time one American prisoner refused to tell his captors anything more than the name, rank and serial number Army regulations permit.

"We're not asking you for military intelligence," the VC interrogator said, "but we do want you to write for us a biography of yourself. The policy of the Liberation Front is leniency towards prisoners. On the other hand, if you fail to give us this biography we could always cut off one of your toes, or a finger, or even your manhood."

The prisoner wrote the required biography.

Some prisoners, of course, have been led to do what the Viet Cong want a little at a time, without realizing they have been duped. An American civilian contractor, surprised by guerrillas while looking for mineral deposits in the countryside, was told by his captors that they could free him only on authorization from the Central Committee. This, they said, would require written application by the prisoner.

After the contractor addressed a letter to the Central Committee asking to be released, a Viet Cong guard told him: "We can take this, if you insist, but I doubt that the committee will approve it. Couldn't you, for one thing, say you've been well treated by us?"

The prisoner redrafted his letter several times, but it was later always turned down as not being phrased "quite right." Eventually the Viet Cong got the letter they wanted. In it the prisoner promised to leave Viet Nam, praised his captors, and criticized the American war effort. The letter was not actually treasonable, but it was by no means anti-Viet Cong, either. The man was released.

Several other Americans have been

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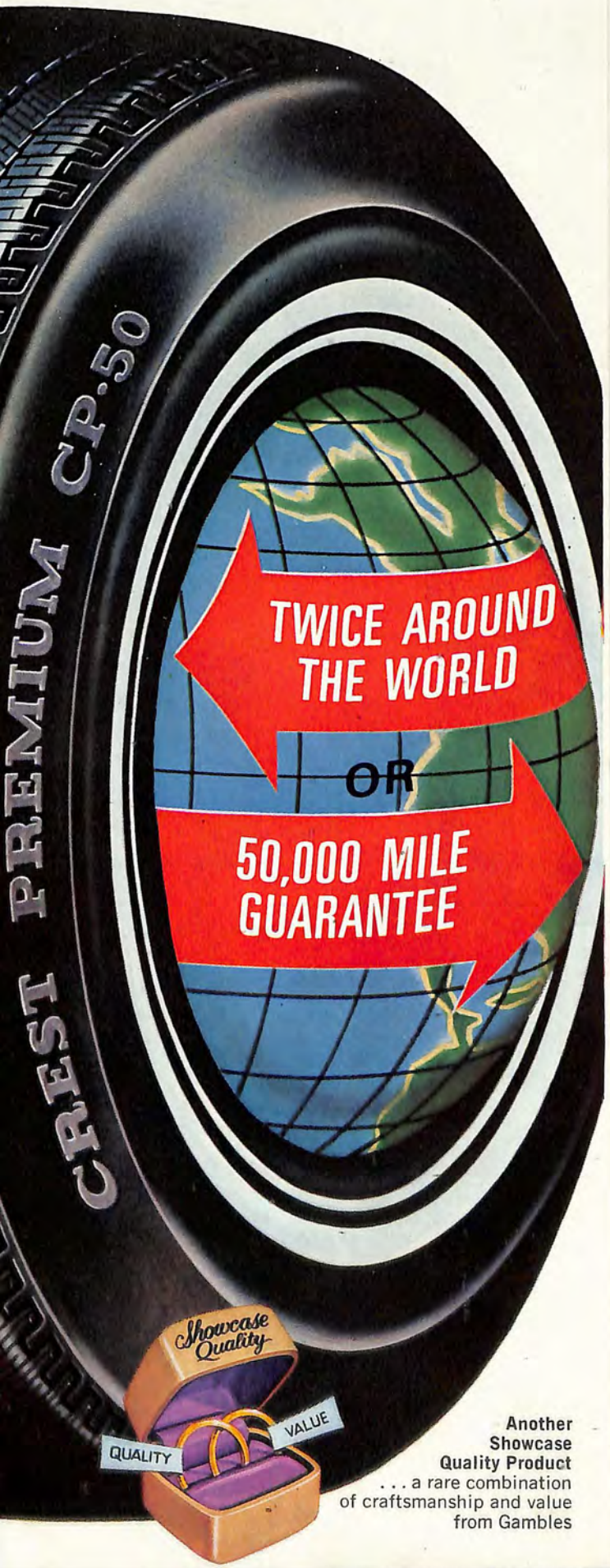

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pressured gradually into writing similar documents, although so far there have been no "confessions" of germ warfare and other atrocities of the kind the Reds used to extract from prisoners during the Korean War.

The Viet Cong can also play rough and have shot at least three prisoners as hostages. Like Sergeant Rorabach and Captain Versace, Sgt. Harold Bennett of Perryville, Arkansas, was killed in reprisal for the execution of a Viet Cong terrorist in Saigon. Bennett died before a communist firing squad June 25, 1965, becoming the first known American shot as a hostage in Viet Nam.

In this grim war, no one can say how many other American captives have been shot to death for other reasons.

Two prisoners known to have been slain were Special Forces Sp5 Wayne E. Marchand of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, and Sp5 James Gabriel of Okinawa. Both men were wounded and captured in 1962 when the Viet Cong overran their camp.

Also captured but unwounded in the same raid were SFC Francis Quinn of Niagara Falls, New York, and Sgt. George E. Groom of St. Joseph, Missouri. After the action, the four Special Forces prisoners were directed to march off quickly with the captors.

Quinn and Groom carried their wounded comrades for about one mile. The Viet Cong then ordered them to put down Marchand and Gabriel and leave them along the trail. "Our medics will treat them and leave them for your helicopters to pick up," a guard said. A few hours later an American pursuit force arrived at the spot and found Marchand and Gabriel. Both had been shot in the face with heavy caliber pistols. The VC doesn't like to travel with sick or wounded captives.

Quinn and Groom were released 22 days later after making statements the Viet Cong accepted as satisfactory. Part of each statement was a promise to leave Viet Nam and not come back to fight again. Both soldiers did leave the country briefly, but were back a few months later, still wearing green berets.

Despite the military and political ties between Hanoi and the Viet Cong, there are no known instances of American prisoners of the Viet Cong being taken to North Viet Nam. North Viet Nam, of course, has a growing number of U.S. prisoners of its own, mostly Air Force and Navy fliers downed during bombing raids.

These pilots often are posed with pieces of airplane wreckage and ordered to look dejected for the communist cameramen. Looking dejected isn't difficult. Hanoi has announced plans to try all captured fliers as "bandit war criminals," and probably will sentence them to death. The general feeling, though, is that they will not be executed, but used instead for ransom, such as a prisoner exchange. Yet there is a fear that the North Vietnamese might carry out some executions if an important city is bombed.

The threat of death, therefore, hangs over the captured fliers and since Viet Nam is legally not a war, captives lack even the flimsy protection of the Geneva Convention. Nevertheless, prisoners in North Viet Nam, like their counterparts in Viet Cong camps, are believed to be getting fairly good treatment. While air raids certainly do not make the enemy fonder of their prisoners, there is apparently no difference in the treatment of captured pilots and soldiers or, for that matter, between military and civilian captives.

What might happen, though, if the VC and its ally start capturing Americans on a large scale is another question. Treatment of French prisoners during the Indochina War was brutal. Thousands died, and those who survived looked like skeletons when they came out of the prison camps.

No one foresees U.S. prisoners being taken in such numbers, but increasing numbers of Americans—ground troops as well as fliers—are falling into enemy hands. In the Vietnamese jungle, it's easy for a squad or platoon to get separated from the main force composed of several thousand troops. And a separation of a few hundred feet is sometimes enough for the Viet Cong to pounce on the stragglers.

People here who have studied the prisoner problem closely have some advice for American combat men which is not necessarily in the Army lesson plans. These experts urge GI's first of all to know the terrain where they are fighting. The best chance of escaping is right after capture, before being taken off to a prison camp. Soldiers should, of course, be in the best possible physical condition—the VC doesn't take sick or wounded prisoners.

If captured, a man should eat everything he is given. VC subsistence diets are low by American standards, and he will need all the food he can get to stay reasonably healthy.

Should he break away, he must move fast. There will be no second chance; the VC often keeps returned prisoners permanently in chains. During an escape, a man should try to find a shiny object—even a toothpaste tube with the paint scraped off will do—with which he can signal any planes which might come overhead. No civilian on the ground should be trusted—man, woman or child.

And because the jungle can be an ally as well as an enemy, a person trying to escape should not assume pursuers have caught him until they lay their hands on him. It is possible to be invisible in the dense brush even from two yards away. Once recaptured though, a prisoner should make sure the enemy sees he is surrendering. Usually, Viet Cong would rather take a prisoner than kill him (medals and rewards are offered in some provinces for bringing in American prisoners) but they can be very trigger-happy.

Along with these tips for survival, most people who have been in Viet Nam for a long time think the Code of Conduct for prisoners is too rigid and should be changed. They say that Americans should not seek preferential treatment in prison camps, and should not help the enemy in any military way. But to insist that soldiers refuse to make the kind of propaganda statement the Viet Cong like is unrealistic, these experts feel. The Free World cause does not suffer if an American captive says he's for peace, because everyone knows he's a prisoner and not likely to be talking freely. The main objective should be the life and well-being of the prisoner, it is argued.

There have been several high-level attempts to arrange a mass prisoner exchange that would free all U.S. captives, and the chance exists that such a deal will be made. But everyone agrees that the best advice to any soldier fighting the Viet Cong is simple and incontestable: Don't get caught.

—Malcolm W. Browne

TRUE

"Well, we can rule out frigidity."

OPEN ROAD SCHOONERS

[*Continued from page* 66]

dations for four. The complete, ready-to-roll package is priced at $2,699—plus the cost of the truck, typically $2,000 to $3,000. Thus, for a maximum investment of $6,000, a family of four (who may use the unit for one two-week trip and up to seven weekend trips a year) will find they have made an investment that eventually pays for itself. For owners, it's like buying a house, only this mortgage has wheels.

The wide price range of camping units makes them compatible with almost any budget, and they come in a wide range of sizes and shapes. The Airstream Overlander, the large beetle-shaped aluminum trailer shown on page 63 is 26 feet long and sells for $7,052. Conrad Hahn, an executive with Airstream enjoys demonstrating all the comforts of home.

"Fully air-conditioned," he says, at the same time pulling open closets, drawers and high wall cabinets. "Built-in AM/FM radio over there, TV antenna here, shower, bathtub, twin beds, stainless-steel galley, refrigerator. . . ."

The trailer, indeed, has everything, from a convertible lounge section to outside emergency floodlights to ward off would-be snoopers.

Another equally enthusiastic booster is Milton Smith, a partner in the Dove Manufacturing Company. His $300 Dove Lodgette is a compact, pop-open car-topper that can be mounted on the top of almost any automobile. It sleeps two adults and a child and comes with a fold-out tent-curtain attachment, dining table, entrance ladder and ground mat. "It sells big in Japan," Smith says, "as well as in the U.S."

The selection of camping units now on the market, also includes folding campers—often called "suitcases on wheels." Top-quality makes go from $485 for Apache's lightweight aluminum "Chief," with built-in foam mattress, double bed, and vinyl floor, to about $1,300 for Nimrod's "Americana Hardtop." The latter features a complete kitchen—running water, ice chest, sink and stove—storage cabinets, electrical outlets, dinette and wall-to-wall carpeting. The Holland Company, of Holland, Michigan, makes a 20-foot folding camper kit called "The Rebel III." Assembled it sells for $949. The do-it-yourself version, delivered partially assembled, is $695.

Truck-mount units, which fit on the bed of any standard pickup truck, go from $500 to $700 in six to eight-foot lengths up to $2,400 for 15-footers. Chassis-mounted models, which are attached permanently to the body of a pickup, are larger and cost more. Truck-mounts, both the chassis and slide-in variety, are steadily increasing in popularity. They present no towing or special parking problems, require no extra state license, and are not charged an additional toll on the highways.

Today the financing of recreational vehicles is no longer difficult. Many banks now offer terms that compare favorably with auto loans. Three- to five-year terms are common, even on vehicles costing as little as $1,000. Down payments are as low as 10 percent.

Because many people are reluctant to buy something they haven't tried, dealer rentals are quite common, too. Normal rental rates are $60 to $70 a week for travel trailers, or about $5 a day for camper units.

While the future looks rosy, the camp vehicle industry is not without headaches. "Ironically," says Al Rich, the 36-year-old national director of the American Institute of Travel Trailer and Camper Manufacturers, "the people who most want to head for the outdoors live in cities, and they can have problems." He refers to storing and parking vehicles in city areas when they're not in use. Zoning restrictions in some communities may prohibit an owner from parking a trailer in his own backyard. As a result, some dealers now offer free storage for one year from purchase, and storage fees from $5 to $14 a month after that.

Another longtime camping headache is being soothed by a number of new developments. Much of the appeal of camping on wheels—a refreshing shower, a hot meal and a familiar bed after a long day on the road—can be dismally shattered if a camper is turned down by one campsite after another because they're filled. Today, however, gas stations, motels and private, state and federal parks are adding parking and sanitary facilities at an accelerated pace. Recreational vehicle dealers are also equipping their big storage lots to meet the needs of the overnight parker. Farmland, too, is being converted to campsites. Farmers can pick up an extra buck for idle acreage and the camper gets a folksy place to spend the night. The Land and Water Conservation Fund Act of 1964 has also provided a big assist for sightseeing—and bedding down. The purchase of a $7 license allows annual admission to all national parks and forests, 75 of which permit camping.

"Nowhere else in the world," says Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, "is such a tremendous recreation bargain available to those who love to spend their leisure time outdoors." Monies earned from this project are available to states on a 50-50 basis, all of which is channeled back into further recreational development.

Private campsite owners have also laid out a welcome mat clear across the land. Facilities which once consisted of a few patches of weed-grown acreage, one or two cold-water faucets and an outhouse, have been transformed into great wooded meccas such as the Timber Shores Travel Trailer Resort on Michigan's Leelanau Peninsula.

This 360-acre area consists of 50 widely-spaced parking "clusters," each accommodating 11 vehicles. Trailers park at acute angles rather than side-by-side to allow for privacy as well as a healthy share of green and foliage. Individual service connections are at each parking site, if needed, along with a piped-in six channel TV hookup. In the center of each cluster is a large picnic area with grills and tables. Nearby is a shower, john and laundry building. All of the interior drives are lighted and patrolled.

Once the camper is settled in, service and recreational resources run the gamut: heated swimming pool, white-sand bathing beach, stocked trout stream, boating, horseback riding, tennis and badminton courts, archery ranges, softball diamonds and excursions. A supervised children's day camp is available, as well as a licensed baby-sitting service. The main clubhouse offers movies, restaurant, game rooms and grocery. People and vehicles, if they need it, can be patched up respectively at a first aid-station or a repair shop, and if the camper happens to be a vacationing businessman, stenographic service is also provided.

The tab per vehicle at Timber Shores is $4 a night, $24 a week. Representing a half-billion dollar investment, the development is owned and operated by Edward Bowen, a young (28) forestry and conservation graduate from the University of Michigan.

Another spin-off of the camping boom is chain camping, a growing network of campsite franchise operations which, ideally, guarantee a camper a place he can depend on for quality service.

One such franchiser is Kampgrounds of America. A minimum investment of $20 to $25 thousand, plus the cost of leasing or purchasing land, gives a franchise holder everything he needs to open for business—from a standard preengineered building to highway signs that guide campers to the area. Annual cost of the franchise is $300, plus five percent of registration fees which run a minimum of $2 per vehicle a night. More than 200 Kampgrounds are now franchised throughout the U.S.

Even some turnpikes are helping to ease the campsite situation. The Ohio Turnpike is an excellent example. The Turnpike Commission has opened six parking plazas along the pike. Four of these are hard-surfaced spaces which accommodate 20 trailers each on a first-come, first-serve basis, offering electrical outlets and picnic grounds. The plazas are adjacent to the regular turnpike service and rest stations, so garage service, snack bars, restaurants, gift shops, lounges and rest rooms are also available. A permit for the parking plaza, secured from the restaurant cashier, costs $2. The two additional parking plazas on the pike are free, but they do not include electricity or dumping stations.

Since campers are often a gregarious lot, they sometimes want to be with other campers. The result has been the formation of countless travel trailer and camper clubs which conduct rallies, meetings and jamborees of all kinds. Some draw hundreds of vehicles and many thousands of campers.

Caravans, too, often assemble at a prearranged date and location and then plow off to Alaska or down into Mexico, or, in some instances, clear around the world. Working with travel agents, they receive group-plan benefits, discounts and guides. But an even stronger motive bands them together: traveling and camping modern style with friends in some of the best engineered leisure equipment money can buy. **—Ron Butler**

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HOLLYWOOD'S GENERAL OF THE ARMIES

[*Continued from page* 48]

with anything as unpredictable as a bear.

"But he's absolutely harmless," argued the bear's trainer. "He has performed all over Europe without hurting anyone. I will show you how gentle he is." The trainer offered his face for a kiss and the bear bit off the end of his nose.

The only other time Yak balked was on location for a long-ago Western. He was asked to leap a gorge on an unfamiliar horse. Canutt said he would perform the stunt if the company would send to Hollywood for a reliable jumping horse. He was told that wasn't in the budget.

"Then you want an idiot, you don't want me," Canutt said.

Another stunt man made the leap successfully, but Yak had no regrets. "Sure a feller might be safe four times out of five in a situation like that," he says. "But I never liked playing the odds. You can't depend on luck."

As stunt man then and action director now, Canutt has always preferred to depend on instinct and knowledge as well as his considerable physical skill. He is a massive man, big-handed, wide-shouldered and still trim of figure (six feet two, 210 pounds) at 70 years of age. He looks a little like the old heavyweight champion Jim Jeffries in his post-fighting years; the same weatherworn face and sturdy physique. But Yak bears little evidence of his own rough-and-ready career beyond a pair of outsized, slightly cauliflowered ears.

He clings to two eccentricities. One is an out-of-character beret which he sometimes sports while directing movies. The other is the habit of chewing tobacco; it's best not to stand downwind from Yakima.

On a movie set he seldom raises his voice. His directions are precise but so spare that co-workers treasure the brief flashes of humor that sometimes emerge. During the arduous training for the *Ben Hur* chariot race, Heston asked despairingly: "Yak, will I ever be good enough at handling these horses?"

"Son, you jest drive 'em," his teacher replied. "I'll make sure you win."

But while he's taciturn when working, Canutt can grow more expansive as he relaxes between assignments in the rambling Spanish bungalow in North Hollywood where he has lived for 27 years with his wife Audrea. They have a daughter, two sons and a flock of grandchildren. Both sons, Tap and Joe, followed Yak into stunting and now rank with the best in the business. They often work in his movies and were key stunt men on his latest movie, United Artists' desert-war epic, *Khartoum,* which is about to be released.

Yak's favorite room is a high-ceilinged den cluttered with so many mementos of his life and career that his wife has almost given up trying to keep it clean. There are faded photos of Canutt on rodeo ponies and performing silent-movie stunts. There are saddles burnished by years of use, hunting rifles, boomerangs, fishing gear, a shrunken head, rodeo trophy cups, stagecoach models, African sculpture and an inanimate zoo of deer, elk, antelope and other trophies.

Yak holes up in the den between movie jobs. There he plans stunts for his next assignment, studies Italian, Spanish or Arabic so he can direct native crews on foreign locations, and watches television —he can see his old stunts in old movies almost any hour. Friends often visit, but he has to be blasted from the house for outside social engagements. "After months overseas for a picture, home looks good to him," says his wife.

While she regrets his long absences—he spent 14 weeks, for example, in Egypt for *Khartoum*—she much prefers his present life to the old stunting days. During all his years as a movie double, she only watched him perform one stunt. Traipsing out to location shortly after they were married, she looked up and saw her husband slide a horse down a long, steep slope into a river. That was enough. From then on she waited and worried away from the cameras until he came home each night.

Says Canutt with a wry grin: "If I'da known she was watching, I'da done my 'play-dead' gag. That was when I'd finish a stunt and jest lay there, kickin' a little."

Yakima—for that *couldn't* be his real name—became Yakima following an earlier dive of a different sort. Born Enos Edward Canutt on a ranch near Colfax, Washington, he began entering rodeos as a youngster with a group of cowboys from Yakima. One day a news photographer caught Canutt in a spectacular spill off a bronc. The picture was widely printed. "Now you know how a Yakima boy feels," a buddy cracked. The name stuck.

In truth, the sight of Canutt by any first name falling from a rodeo bronc was rare indeed. He was a masterful horseman and some seasons he would last a hundred rides without hitting the dirt. Starting in 1917, Canutt traveled the rodeo circuit from the Pendleton Roundup to the old Madison Square Garden with fantastic success. He won prizes as best all-around performer, and his earnings mounted as high as $30,000 a year. In 1923, a Hollywood producer saw a newsreel in which Canutt received a trophy for his rodeo accomplishments. The producer offered the young cowboy a contract to star in Western films, and Yak accepted.

He turned out to be no Barrymore of the sagebrush, cheerfully conceding that he was "a pretty lousy actor." But that was the silent era, when actions spoke loudly. And Yakima Canutt in action was a joy to behold.

By the time the movies learned to talk, his vogue as a Western star had waned, and he had made the smooth transition to stunt man. Many a movie buff fondly recalls Saturday matinees in which Yakima battled atop a speeding train or dangled from a skyscraper rooftop as the climactic thrill of an action serial. He stunted in scores of serials and Westerns, often for quickie producers of Hollywood's Poverty Row, and he could be as hard-nosed offscreen as he was on.

"Yak and I worked for one guy who was the biggest skinflint in town," John Wayne recalls. "Once we were at a hotel on location and the guy asked me if I would share my bathroom with a couple of older actors in the next room. I agreed, and later I found out he saved one buck by the arrangement.

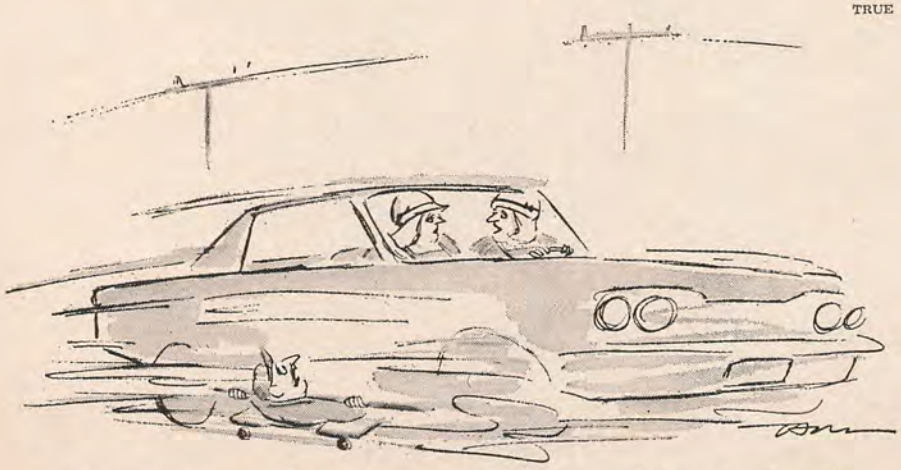
"Noah Beery, senior, was on the picture, and he was a tough monkey to tangle with. One day Beery got a bellyful of the producer's penny-pinching. He called the guy a cheap s.o.b., right in front of everybody. That night the producer went to Yak and said, 'Look, do me a favor. Tomorrow you have a big fight scene with Beery. Rough him up real good, huh?'

"Yak just stared at him and said, 'Sure —if you can get him to call me the same names he called you.' "

Much of Canutt's stunting was performed at Republic, the cost-conscious action factory where he and Wayne turned out Westerns in five days. They worked in perfect tandem, Wayne playing the hero on white horse, Canutt the villain with black horse. Canutt also assumed Wayne's role for the stunts.

The system broke down only once. A scene called for Wayne on horseback to overtake Canutt pumping a railroad handcar, leap onto the handcar for a fight climaxed by both men tumbling down an embankment.

"Well, Duke, which one do you want to be?" Canutt asked. Wayne pondered



"It's making more noise now than it was before we took it to the garage!"

and decided in favor of the man on the handcar. So they switched costumes and performed the stunt without detection.

For dear old Republic, Canutt began to build a reputation for care as well as courage. Take his planning for a spectacular feat in a now-forgotten film of 1938 called *Army Girl*. The plot concerned the conflict of horse and mechanized cavalry, with the finale a hair-raising cross-country race between horsemen and a tank.

A tank factory delivered Canutt one of its latest models. For days he maneuvered it on the Los Angeles River bottom and even drove it a couple of miles to his home for lunch each noon. He was getting the feel of the massive hunk of an armor in preparation for a trick that no tank had performed before—or probably since.

When Canutt arrived at location, he found a 100-foot chalk bluff that suited his purpose. He built a wooden ramp from the base of the bluff to a point 20 feet below the top, greased it and covered it with dirt. The horse cavalry was to skid down the ramp and land in the soft dirt at the bottom.

Next, the tank. After weeks of intimacy with it, Canutt believed he could make the tank do a barrel roll. He constructed a platform of railroad ties halfway down

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the bluff, concealing the ties with sagebrush.

He calculated the dangers. A padded jacket and safety belts at his waist and shoulders would reduce the impact. The greatest peril was gasoline; a cupful could incinerate him. Since he would have to shut off the engine quickly to prevent a spark that might ignite spilled gasoline, he devised a blade switch attached to a cable he could trip as he reached for his handhold during the roll. In keeping with his philosophy of providing an alternative escape for every danger, he cut a second door on the side of the tank.

Yak calculated the minimum fuel he'd need, checked and rechecked all the equipment, then ordered the cameras to roll. The tank lumbered to the edge of the cliff, flopped over the brink and nearly tumbled end-over-end—a possibility Canutt had feared. But it remained upright and charged down the slope to the hidden platform. Canutt quickly shut off one of the treads and the tank lurched sideways.

The plan worked. The huge machine rolled off the platform on its side and hurtled down the slope with the crunch of groaning metal. Over and over it turned—three complete revolutions—until it plopped upright in full view of the cameras.

But perhaps Canutt's favorite stunt during these years was a mass as well as massive fall he engineered in 1940 for *Dark Command*. No one can describe the preparations more colloquially, or graphically, than Yak.

"You see, this was a Civil War picture, and Duke Wayne and three other northerners were being chased in a wagon by the bad guys, who were Quantrill's guerrillas. Well, this wagon, it comes to a bluff overlooking the Missoura River. Wayne and his men, they gotta jump, horses, wagons and all.

"I had eight men workin' a full week to rig that gag. I put the horses and wagon on a teeterboard that slid 'em 55 feet to the edge of the cliff. So's the horses wouldn't get scared and trip before the gag began, I blindfolded 'em. I had a series of trips—one to remove the blindfolds, another to free the wagon tongue, another for the neck yokes. I didn't want the wagon falling on the horses, so I attached a wire to the back of the wagon to delay its fall. Then I put floats on the bridles so you could find the horses in the water. In the back of the wagon I had a bunch of springs to eject boxes and barrels during the fall."

Yak and three other stunt men got in the wagon, the filming started, and the wagon began the chilling slide to the edge of the cliff. Then came 45 feet of free flight to the water below, with the men left to their own devices. "A great gag," says Yak—and it proved the highlight of the movie.

The fame of Canutt's stunts spread and he was beginning to draw assignments in major films. When Wayne climbed back to the big time in the original version of *Stagecoach*, he wanted Yakima with him. Then as now crusty director John Ford maintained his own stock company. He had no interest in an outsider, until Wayne told him Canutt was touchy about his real first name. Ford, who is Hollywood's greatest needler, hired Yak and called him Enos throughout the shooting.

The *Stagecoach* stunts—unsurpassed in the current remake—had the beauty and precision of a ballet filled with danger. Anyone catching the old movie on TV nowadays and watching for Canutt has to wonder again at his feats. First he is costumed as one of the Indians in fierce pursuit of the stagecoach over a dry lake bed. He gallops to the lead pair of the six-horse team and transfers to one of them. Sheriff George Bancroft, riding shotgun, fires a blast at the Indian, who drops to the tongue of the coach. Bancroft shoots again, and the Indian bites the dust, falling between the horses and the wheels. Ford allowed his camera to linger on the fallen, still-moving figure to demonstrate it was a real actor and not a dummy.

Now Canutt assumes the role of Wayne, who has climbed to the top of the stagecoach after Bancroft is wounded. The reins are lost and the horses are runaways. Wayne (Canutt) leaps to the wheel team, then to the swing team and finally to the lead horses, which he brings under control just as the trumpet charge of rescuing cavalry is heard.

Canutt performed this *Stagecoach* bit with variations in a dozen films. In doing such stunts for more famous and fragile

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actors, Yakima felt no bitterness toward them. Rather, he accords them a healthy respect.

"There's some I didn't like," he reflected recently, "but by and large they're a good bunch. You take Heston. It made you catch your breath to see him do some of the chariot driving in *Ben Hur*. Steve Boyd, too.

"I'd rather do a fight with Duke Wayne than any stunt man, that's how good he is. That fella, Johnny Mack Brown. Show him a stunt once, and he could do it better'n you. Gable? He wanted to do the rough-and-tumble, and he could've, but the producers wouldn't let him.

"That's smart. There's a lot of misunderstanding about why stars use doubles. It's not because they aren't capable; many of 'em are. But it's a foolish risk, when a few scratches on the star's face can hold up production."

During his years as a stunt man, Canutt suffered scratches aplenty but amazingly few serious injuries. Once during a transfer from his own mount to a covered wagon team, a horse veered and sent him tumbling under flashing hoofs and the iron-covered wheels of the heavy wagon. He continued rolling on the ground as an axle struck his shoulder and a wheel sliced off his hat. He was able to stand after the wagon passed, and he thought he had escaped unhurt. Then he lifted his arm and felt a stiletto stab in his shoulder. He had broken it in three places.

In a night carnival scene for *Boom Town* in 1940, Canutt was doubling for Gable on a bucking mule—actually a bronco with phony ears. Yak was jolting through his 17th ride at 2 a.m. when the horse fell backward on him, breaking six of his ribs and tearing his intestines. He blamed the accident on fatigue. All day long he had been riding broncs for another movie at Republic.

The final and decisive accident came while making a Roy Rogers Western in 1945. The stunt was one Canutt had performed many times before: a wagon overturns, spilling him down a bluff. But this time he twisted his body in the fall, his boot heels catching in the wagon spokes. Both legs snapped at the ankles.

During his recovery, he pondered his future. He was 50 years old. His timing lacked the razor-sharpness of before; the accident proved that. With a wife and three children to support, how many more chances should he risk?

He returned to stunting after the ankles mended, but he was more cautious, more limited. He realized he couldn't continue performing the gags for which he was famous in the trade. So he decided to seek a third career as an action director.

The switch meant retrogressing to the grind of cheap Westerns. He also faced a comedown in earnings: from an average $25,000 per year as a stunt man to $15,000 as an embryonic B-film director.

His salary climbed slowly as he ground out fast-paced Westerns and serials. He crammed his films with action and, important at Republic, brought them in on schedule. The reason was simple enough: he himself had invented two-thirds of stunts used in the movies he was now making.

Then in 1951 came the break that brought his directorial career into full flower. Richard Thorpe, who had directed Canutt in serials during the 1920's, hired him to stage action scenes for *Ivanhoe*, starring Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor.

Canutt went to England determined to create a realism in medieval warfare that had never been seen before on the screen—and probably not in the Middle Ages, either. For jousting he developed a lance with paper shaft and balsa-wood point that shattered on contact with a shield, and to dismount jousting victims realistically, he came up with a system of concealed iron pipes, ratchets and shock cords that would jerk a horseman from his saddle. To rain arrows on battling troops he assembled a battery of machines, each able to hurl 80 rubber-tipped arrows at a time. Although he tried to explain that the arrows were harmless, the English extras balked at facing them until Canutt himself stood before the barrage and proved their safety. During the filming, a quarter-million arrows were dispatched during battle scenes with one nicked cheek the only casualty.

After *Ivanhoe* became a big hit, producers sought old Yak to create action for other epics. The days of staging shootouts and stampedes for Republic were over. Now he was maneuvering armies, and he went from one top-budget movie to another: *Knights of the Round Table, Helen of Troy, Quentin Durward, Ben Hur, El Cid, Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Walt Disney hired Canutt to concoct action scenes for *Westward Ho the Wagons, Old Yeller* and *Swiss Family Robinson*. His fee as a director of second units (Hollywood's term for separate companies that film spectacle sequences) grew to $60,000 per film, more than many first-unit directors earn.

It was during this period of ascendancy that Yakima reluctantly broke in two new stunt men—his sons. Reluctantly because with all the precautions stunting is a dangerous business and he found himself "sweating blood" thinking of his sons performing stunts like the ones he used to do. "But I couldn't talk 'em out of it," he says. "I could only show 'em what I'd learned over the years and hope for the best."

Despite his concern, though, he's proud of the boys' success at his trade and the fact that Joe is also a rising director of second units. He brought them to Egypt last fall for *Khartoum*, where he worked again with Charlton Heston. For the movie, Yak directed four major sequences, employing as many as 5,000 extras and hundreds of horsemen and camel riders. The two Canutt boys

TRUE

"You laughed when I put that note in the suggestion box."

bore the principal burden of stunts with only one mishap: a broken nose for Joe.

Yak still manages to give his sons anxious moments, too. Tap recalls a period movie they filmed in Spain. "Dad was always taking the four-horse chariots for practice spins on the narrow mountain roads. It was all I could do to keep him away from them."

And after more than 40 years of creating excitement on the screen, Canutt shows no slowdown on that score either. Before the *Khartoum* assignment he undertook a chore for the comedy Western, *Cat Ballou*, that called for him to stage a wild free-for-all, climaxed with a runaway brewery wagon overturning on the street.

Canutt appeared on the set in his jaunty beret, bearing a clutter of rigging equipment from the mass that he stores in his backyard. Some of the gear was worn and rusty, and a key tripping device broke during a practice run. Yak repaired it and finished his preparations for the gag.

"Action!" he hollered. The horses raced around a corner, then tripped and fell on the exact spot Canutt had marked in front of the camera. The wagon toppled over, barrels sailed through the air and beer suds gushed all over the street.

Stunt men gazed at the scene with unrestrained admiration. "Ole Yak!" they murmured, rubbing their chins, "the master's touch." **—Bob Thomas**

SWAMPY SAFARI FOR AN ODDBALL ANTELOPE

[*Continued from page* 39]

wooden beer cases. The whole affair was daubed with green and brown paint in a camouflage effect. There was just room for one hunter to stand beside Jack, who ran the boat with a steering wheel and remote controls. A 40-horse Johnson whipped the craft along at a fairly quiet 20 mph.

The men on the bridge had a viewpoint about 10 feet above the surface of the river—a tremendous advantage over the second hunter sitting below. Roger and I took turns on the bridge, one taking the outgoing trip of 20 to 30 miles and the other the return.

Many spots on the riverbank had been burned the year before by hunters after red lechwe, another antelope which prefers to be near water. This burning is an old custom all over Africa. When grass or reeds have grown so tall and dense that game moves away, someone sets the area afire. Later, green shoots spring up on the "burn" and game comes mornings and evenings to feed on the tender new growth.

As we moved up the serpentine river, those on the bridge searched each burn, which varied from one or two acres to perhaps 40 or 50. Jack's hunting plan was simple: Take a situtunga by surprise with our speed and, if it proved a worthwhile trophy, try to shoot it from the boat.

Now, offhand this might sound unsporting, so let me put the whole business in its proper perspective right now by telling what happened the first time I shot at a red lechwe about 100 yards from the *Poon*. Jack examined the animal quickly with his binoculars and shouted, "That's a damned good one. Get ready!"

With that he killed the motor and pointed the bow at a low mud bank. The boat went from 20 mph. to almost nothing in about a length and a half while I clung to the bridge and braced my legs. As I raised the rifle, we hit the bank and I almost went overboard. As I raised the rifle again, the following wake lifted us a couple of feet and I had to grab the rail once more.

By now the lechwe was running like hell.

Just then the river current caught the stern and started to swing it in a wide arc downstream. Somehow I got off a shot. A miss.

"Negative lead!" Jack shouted.

The boat was still pirouetting with the current. So I tried a negative lead—squeezing off a shot as the sight came to the midpoint of the buck, hoping the boat's motion would supply enough additional lead for the bullet to strike the shoulder. I missed.

"Shoot! Shoot, for God's sake!" Jack urged. He gets a little excited at such a time. Feeling like a contortionist as I kept turning to nullify the boat's swing, I fired another hopeless shot and now the rifle was empty.

"Well, at least you got off three shots," Jack said. "Congratulations! Most people only manage to fire once the first time they try this."

Jack's comment was small consolation. I must try shooting deer while bouncing down a mountain trail on a skateboard sometime. I know it will be easier. Talk about frustration!

Anyhow, we zoomed up the Chobe River with something to see at almost every bend: crocs, fish eagles, otters, lots of red lechwe, and hippos crashing into the water from the banks or rising up in dripping astonishment at our approach. But no situtungas.

"I can't understand it," Jack Blacklaws remarked in camp that night. "You are the first clients to hunt the river this season and there were quite a few situtunga here last year. We shot six, in fact—something of a record."

He was dead right there. Before the safari, I'd checked Steve Horn of Jonas Brothers in Mount Vernon, New York. Horn is a leading taxidermist specializing in African game. He told me he had mounted only a dozen situtungas in the past 20 years, compared to hundreds of kudus, sable antelope, eland and so on.

But not seeing the particular species you're after the first day out is of slight concern to American hunters. Besides, we hadn't come to Bechuanaland just for situtunga. We wanted to see as much of the country as possible and this would be easy because Jack had a Cessna 180 parked on a grass airstrip just behind camp. And there was plenty of other game to hunt—buffalo, elephant, lion, leopard, sable antelope, kudu. In addition, there was game seldom seen outside

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this country: sassaby, red lechwe, Cape hartebeest, springbuck and gemsbuck. The latter two species are somewhat scarce animals we'd hunt down on the Kalahari Desert which occupies roughly the bottom half of the country.

The next morning Jack took us up for an aerial view of the terrain. There was the Chobe, meandering through what appeared to be a vast meadow—though it was in reality a treacherous swamp—bordered by a thick stand of trees extending to the horizon and occasionally giving onto small plains golden with dead grass. I have never seen so much game in my life. It was everywhere.

Not 300 yards from camp there was a herd of about 30 elephants. Half a mile beyond we saw a pride of lions sitting beside a pool at the swamp edge. There were great bunches of zebras, small herds of sable antelope, bunches of sassaby (an antelope) and buffalo by the uncountable hundreds. One feeding herd was strung out for more than a mile.

When Jack swung the plane over the swamp so I could photograph an elephant taking a bath in a pool, he spotted a situtunga bull standing in the middle of a watery burn about 150 yards from the edge of the trees. I glimpsed a brownish animal of perhaps 220 pounds with ivory-tipped horns.

On the ground, we were jubilant. But Jack was depressed.

"Those half-filled and nearly dry water holes have me worried," he explained. "They should be full through August at least, and this is only the first week of June. I didn't think the drought was this bad."

It was the fourth year of drought for Bechuanaland, and 1965 was later to be pronounced the worst in 50 years. Even as we hunted, a ship had left the U.S. with about 5,200 metric tons of grain for famine relief. South Africa was also getting food into the country.

Why be concerned about water holes drying up when there is a river nearby? Most game animals prefer to use a stinking, muddy water hole because they consider it safe. Its banks will be open and grassless from animal traffic, with good visibility all around. But a river with lush growth to its banks is something to be feared. By the time we left three weeks later, all but one or two water holes were dry. Some game had drifted away and the rest was seldom far from the river.

And still it was good hunting.

Take the day Roger shot his first buffalo (Bechuanaland allows a hunter four, most generous limit in Africa, I believe). We were sitting around the breakfast table and Roger said that for a change he'd like to go out and stalk something on hard ground, like a big buffalo.

"No problem. We'll have your bull by lunch," Jack promised.

But it was a problem because there were *too many* buffalo in the herd we found only 20 minutes out of camp. Bulls and cows were spread out in a wandering line that probably was a mile long. It was difficult to make an approach on a specific bull because others kept drifting in from behind.

At last a whopping bull came wandering our way and we made a quick stalk, the last part on hands and knees. When Roger stood up to shoot, the bull, looming in the grass like a Sherman tank, was a scant 30 yards away. Well, the shot only wounded it. Now the entire herd took off. Dust grew so thick it dimmed the sun.

Presently we set out in the direction the wounded bull had taken. Fortunately, a buffalo often grunts before it charges. This one did. There was a coughing rumble and there suddenly was the bull about 35 feet away in such thick grass only its head and back showed.

As it came for us, Roger shot quickly and I was relieved to see the bull drop like a stone—he'd hit it in the spine as it lowered its head momentarily.

"Wow! I expected that some animal would charge me someday, but that was a little close," Roger said happily, looking down at a trophy with very worthwhile horns. I broke out a bottle of Scotch when the Land-Rover came by and we all had a solid belt.

We helped our tracker Were (pronounced weary) start the butchering, for the meat would be welcome in camp. Somehow we'd never eaten buffalo before; we found the tongue delicious, the steaks quite good and buffalo-tail soup superb. While Were butchered, we drove to the forest edge where Jack climbed a tall tree to look for situtunga in the swamp beyond.

But dozens of such attempts to spot a situtunga from the forest all failed.

Now and then we'd see one from the boat, however. Usually the animal would be only a couple of steps from a solid wall of papyrus, into which it would quickly disappear with never a chance for a shot.

"I think they're getting used to seeing us pass," I remarked one day. "That one stood its ground for five or six seconds."

We were beginning to appreciate why only one Zambesi situtunga had made the record book in 30 years. Each day would provide a new high in frustration, until after a week of bafflement and frustration we'd had enough. We decided to fly south to the Kalahari Desert for a change of scene and, hopefully, a change of hunting luck.

A camp in the Mababe Depression where we planned to hunt for a day or two proved entirely dry, so we flew south again to Lake Ngami and another of Jack's grass strips beside a tent camp.

"Cheers," said Roger over a sundowner. "It's a pleasure to get away from that swamp."

"No boat to spoil your aim here," I agreed. We still had situtungas in mind though we were now 200 miles to the south of the Chobe River.

Only after this flight could we appreciate what a vast tableland Bechuanaland is. And how desperately dry much of the country is. The Chobe and Okavango rivers, which rise in Angola and enter Bechuanaland in the north

TRUE

"We can't declare a recess now—my pants are being pressed downstairs."

through the Caprivi Strip, are the only rivers of any consequence in the entire country. And the Chobe doesn't help much, as it empties into the Zambesi on the border. But the Okavango periodically floods a vast swamp area which in turn fills "intermittent" rivers—bone dry as we flew south.

We drove from Lake Ngami to the northern edge of the Kalahari and, as is often the case with African deserts, it didn't look like one at all.

"Farther in, where the Bushmen roam, there are sand areas," Jack told us. "But much of it is like this—low bushes, grass, a few trees. And, of course, no water until the light, year-end rains."

Yet there was plenty of game as we drove for about 100 miles along the track bordering a three-strand wire fence which goes as straight as a string for some 250 miles. The fence is intended to keep Kalahari game from drifting north into cattle country but this barrier isn't a serious deterrent. I saw a big kudu bull clear its five feet in a graceful leap, and a startled eland charged the fence full bore and broke the wires as if they were threads. Other game squirmed under it or through it.

We had splendid hunting—two big gemsbuck (largest African oryx), a good pair of springbuck, a record-book Cape hartebeest for Roger, a 50-inch kudu for me (I missed a whopper with horns at least a foot longer). But what made the strongest impression was that first night when we camped in the open.

It was so cold I went to bed with all my clothes on but my shoes . . . and still I froze my tail off. We had a big campfire going all night with someone getting up about every hour to replenish it. Finally we all arose at 1:30 a.m. to huddle by the blaze. A glass of water left on the Land-Rover's hood was frozen solid.

"Maybe it's the elevation," Roger muttered through clenched teeth.

"No, it's the same 3,300 feet as all over the country," Jack said. "It's that bloody wind off the desert. It's probably snowing in South Africa right now."

Miraculous as snow sounds, we saw something even more unlikely—to us, anyway—flying back from Lake Ngami. What had been a dry riverbed a few days before was now bank-full. A shimmering, lovely river lay under the sun, with cattle knee-deep at the edges, kids playing in it and men paddling dugouts.

"She'll reach the lake in a couple of days," Jack remarked cheerily. "Think of it—suddenly here's a river, crystal clear and complete with fish, in the middle of what was almost a desert. Lake Ngami will overflow. Cattle will stop dying. And when the river drops, farmers will grow crops in the bed."

Soon we were back at the Chobe River camp and anxious to go hunt situtunga again. Would they be out in droves now that no one had been on the river for a few days? Or would they have to get used to the boat all over again?

We'd hardly got around the bend from camp when Jack shouted, "There's one!" and slowed the boat. But the bull took two steps to some reeds and was gone. We were to call this one the "camp" situtunga and we saw it often . . . but

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never long enough for a shot or even a picture. This was the spookiest, most baffling bull of all . . . so close yet so absolutely unattainable.

That day we saw four bulls and it was more frustrating each time—a jump or two and they were gone. But at least we were seeing game.

Fish were rising in a pool when we stopped for the turnaround and lunch. Roger grabbed one of the rods we left set up in the boat and made a cast. "Kafue pike!" he shouted. The fish ripped across the pool, jumped twice and threw the lure, whereupon another struck and got hooked. My second or third cast came to a dead halt in something solid which proved to be a catfish of about eight pounds, strong for its size and determined not to give up.

For 15 minutes it was wild—a fish every cast. Pike, two varieties of tilapia (a basslike fish of about a pound), big cats and sometimes the tender little ones of another kind which I liked to keep for breakfast.

I had brought single-hooked Dardevles thinking the river might have good tiger-fishing, but there were none this far upstream. Just the same, our tackle got many an exciting workout and it was never difficult to bring back two or three dozen fish for the table.

That night Were came dashing into camp in the Land-Rover and hurried over to Jack by the fire. Greatly excited, Were described seeing a tremendous lion with a full black mane beside the car track a couple of hours' drive away.

"It was even bigger than the one Bwana Gates shot," he said in Swahili.

Elgin Gates, a trophy hunter, had made a pioneering trip to this area with Jack in 1963. "I think it's a new world-record lion," he wrote me afterward. "The length was well over 11 feet and the skull measurements are better than the existing record."

We had seen half-a-dozen lionesses so far on the trip, but no males, so Were's news was electrifying. Every hunter wants to bag a whopping-big lion someday. It happened that Roger had shot a good one in Mozambique on another safari and he generously offered me this one. I slept poorly that night, waiting for dawn when Francis would bring the tea and the day would officially begin.

After a hurried breakfast we piled into the car and took off to hunt the lion. A couple of hours later Were quietly announced, "This is the place!" Jack immediately slowed and we began searching ahead. Perhaps the lion had made a kill and there would be telltale vultures waiting nearby.

As quickly as this thought came, a vulture sailed low across the dirt track and disappeared behind some bushes to the right. Soundlessly we got out. I loaded my .375 and left the safety off.

We eased through the brush, taking care to approach from downwind. I could hear vultures before we saw them. Then there they were, perhaps 30 huddled over some animal.

A kill! I looked about for the lion, realizing suddenly it could not be nearby, for no lion permits vultures on a kill in which it is interested.

Just then the vultures spotted us and took off in clumsy flight.

"Some bastard shot it!" Jack cried out.

There was the lion, skinned and decapitated. It had been done so recently that the vultures hadn't taken a morsel of meat from the carcass. And even without its head, that lion was a bit over nine feet long (9½ feet puts you in the all-time records).

Apparently someone from another concession had happened upon the lion early in the morning and clobbered it, though whoever it was had no right to shoot in our area. I don't mention this out of pique, by the way, but to show that there are some damned big lions in the area.

Bechuanaland sells its hunting rights in huge areas called concessions on an exclusive basis to various safari companies. White Hunters (Africa) Ltd. of Nairobi—our outfit—has about half the country, with Ker, Downey & Selby, Bechuanaland Hunters and Safari South sharing the balance. In addition, there is a large public hunting area in the extreme south.

We were not to see another lion on the trip but there was other good fortune. One morning Roger shot a huge Livingstone eland which, with his Cape hartebeest, gave him two trophies in the record book. I also got two "book" trophies: a sable antelope and a leopard.

The leopard was a piece of cake. We came upon it in waist-high grass and dashed to a bit of high ground. A quick shot. Wounded, growling leopard gets under bush. As we circle about 35 yards out, it comes for us but can't make it.

Back to the bush it goes. I shoot again. More growls. We keep circling. Finally there is a clear area. The leopard appears and I belt it quickly and everyone is pounding me on the back.

The safari is drawing to a close now. We have had more excitement with the buffalos and are getting used to the sight of elephants trundling past as we stalk some other animal (Bechuanaland elephants are big, but their ivory is light from a trophy standpoint). We are also getting used to complete isolation. Not once in all our travels have we come across a local inhabitant in the bush whom we could pass the time of day with and question about the game.

The situtungas seem to be getting used to us now, though I have never been able to take a telephoto picture of one, let alone shoot. Roger had one brief chance when a fine bull seemed unaware of the boat. He waited till the *Poon* came to a gentle stop—Jack was getting better at this—and was just squeezing off a shot when the bull suddenly moved from broadside to stern-to. It was a miss. The situtunga leaped to safety.

One morning Roger decided to stay in camp and finish a book. Jack and I went down to the swamp and got the boat ready. I propped my rifle in a corner of the flying bridge, a Remington Model 700 in 7mm. Remington magnum caliber with 160-grain Nosler bullets. I wrapped a rag around the scope to protect it and climbed up, a camera with long telephoto lens dangling from my neck on a strap. Maybe today I'd get a picture.

We edged into the river and slowed at the bend where the camp situtunga lived, approachable only from the water because of mucky swamp and high reeds. He was just slipping into the reeds as we turned the bend. I noticed the Kafue pike were rising in the pool opposite already. On we went into another lovely African morning, watching the birds, slowing for an occasional hippo, searching every burn mechanically.

Red lechwe we saw. And an otter. And two crocs. And—

"Big bull! Big!"

Jack was slowing. My God, we were practically on top of it at the river edge!

Somehow I got the camera strap off my neck and put the camera down. Somehow I got the rag off the scope, and the scope cover open, and the safety off.

"Shoot, for God's sake, shoot——" Jack was a broken record, moaning, pleading.

I twisted the back of the Bushnell scope to lower the power from 6X to 3X and turned the wrong ring. This ring popped up what riflemen call a "post"—a thick black finger intended for use in dim light when you can't make out the cross hairs. I threw up the rifle and there was the bull with the post plastered on its shoulder. I fired.

"Oh, my God, shoot again!"

The situtunga was about 75 yards away by now and of course running. But the boat was reasonably still and as I shot again the bull fell but instantly got up.

"He slipped!" Jack shouted. "Shoot!"

Now the bull was in some reeds, but I could see horns and I shot again. Without a word being said, we all leaped from the boat. I was stuffing cartridges into the empty rifle.

The going was like one of those nightmares wherein you stride with all your might but make no progress, while danger in some form bears inexorably down. One step might slide off a bouncy hummock, the next plunge you into muck above the knees. Jack and Kipruto, the African who always went on the boat with us, were anxiously searching for a fresh track.

Tracks were everywhere.

And if there was blood, they couldn't find it.

In despair we searched in widening arcs. My wanderings took me behind a peninsula of untouched reeds standing golden against the black of the burn. And my wind must have blown into the reeds for there was a sudden crashing in them and Jack's agonized "Shoot quick!"

I slipped and splashed around the end of the reeds and there was the bull, sorely wounded, looking back from about 40 yards away. It was an easy shot at last.

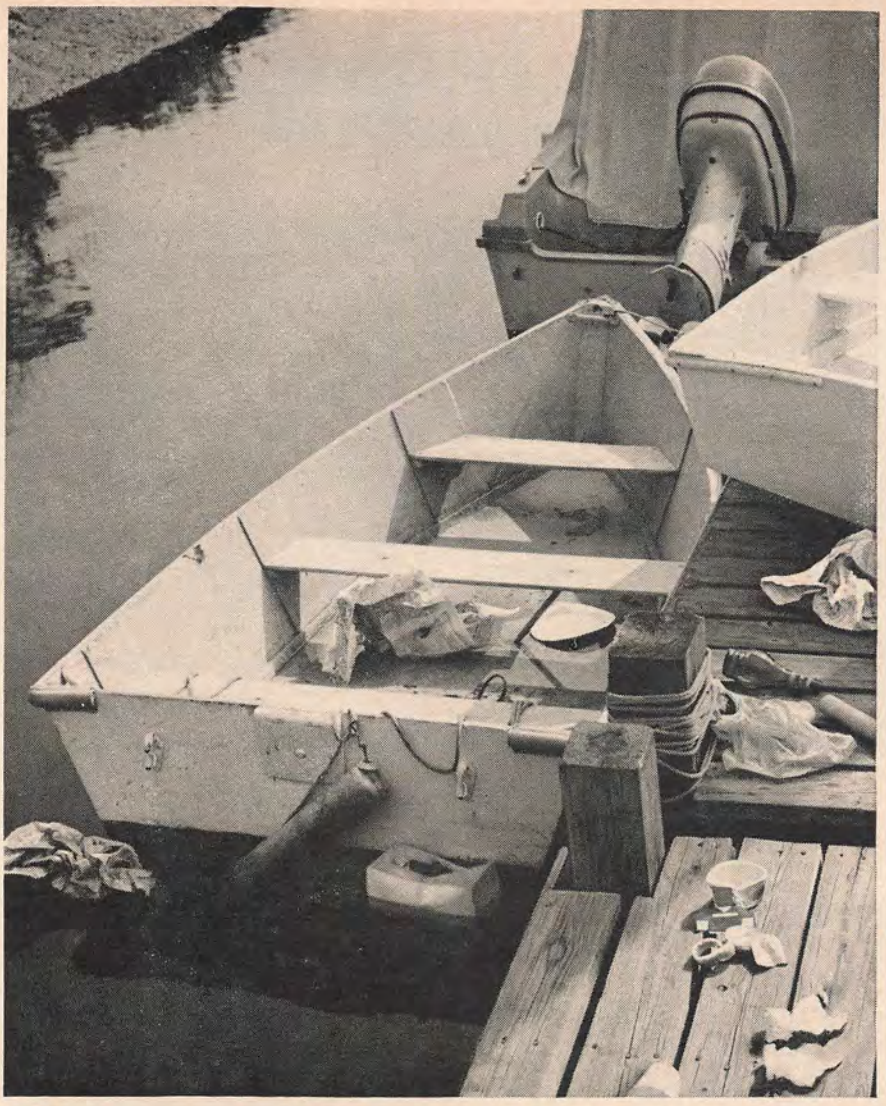
"Now that," said Jack, "is the trophy of a lifetime."

I was to glance down at the handsome ivory-tipped horns many a time as we headed home, the sun warm on our backs. Up on the bridge I could look across a huge sweep of country empty of people. A white-headed fish eagle wheeled in the sky looking for the remains of an otter's meal. The *Poon* purred at half throttle.

"Africa must have been like this 50 years ago," I said at last.

And Jack Blacklaws, who was born in East Africa, agreed. He heeled the boat over to skirt a hippo. "This is beautiful country," he said. "You've seen good hunting. When we get normal rains it's even more of a paradise, both for the people and the game." —**Peter Barrett**

Note: The editors regretfully report that white hunter Jack Blacklaws died shortly after the author's hunt.



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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
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Wide World

The coins add up to millions, but one state has learned to live free of meters.

Following the arrest of a gang of parking-meter bandits in New York who were hitting the jackpot nightly with illegal master keys rented for $300 a week, Steve Woject of Detroit asks, how much do parking meters pay off legally? What's their average haul?

The pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters plunked into the nation's more than two million mechanized numismatists add up to more than $125,000,000 a year, with the average annual gross take from a single meter about $65. The top single coin gobbler in the country is believed to be a five-cents-for-15-minutes meter in Toledo, Ohio, which grabbed $256.65 worth of nickels in one year.

But there are expenses. Meters cost from $35 to $100 each, and about 30 percent of a parking meter's income is used up by collection and maintenance costs. Many cities employ meter maids who usually draw half the pay of a policeman and who are paid directly from parking-meter revenue. This cuts more heavily into meter profits. However, there's still plenty left for city coffers.

Vandal-proof meters, with coin boxes or "safes" separate from the machine's mechanism, do exist. One of the first moves made by New York City Traffic Commissioner Henry Barnes after he took office in January, 1962, was to replace the city's 50,000 existing meters with new ones which could not be looted with the smash of a hammer or pried open with a screwdriver. After less than a year in operation, the new meters increased revenue by $2,300,000 and there was a 98-percent drop in vandalism. Vandal-proof, however, does not mean fool-proof, as the existence of the city's recent underworld "key club" proved.

While parking meters seem to be a permanent fixture on the American scene, they have been successfully bulldogged in several instances. Richard Tourtelot, a real-estate man in St. Petersburg, Florida, put up a fight claiming that city's 4,186 downtown parking meters were hurting business and got them kicked out of the business area. Dire predictions that a few motorists would monopolize the parking spaces proved wrong. Average parking time actually dropped from 29 minutes to 26.

In Minot, North Dakota, farmer Howard Henry put up a similar battle and his actions led not only to the removal of all the parking meters in Minot but in the entire state. Today North Dakota is the only state completely free of meters.

Along with the millions they put into parking meters every year, the nation's motorists also plunk down untold thousands in parking-meter fines. The plaint of a ticketed driver that a meter was out of order usually receives scant sympathy in court. Yet, when a consumer organization made a year-long study of parking meter violations in one community, it found that police had issued 2,000 tickets on meters which were out of order at one time or another.

Occasionally, a hotheaded motorist does take action against a meter he thinks has done him wrong. In Colorado, an irate rancher hitched his truck to one and yanked it out by the roots. He doubtlessly got a lot more satisfaction than the unhappy character who smashed a meter with his fist and, while he was in the doctor's office having his hand bandaged, got another ticket for overtime parking.

Q: Is it true that Admiral Peary was the first explorer to claim the discovery of the North Pole? ***George Avery, Dry Prong, La.***

A: Admiral Robert Peary reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who served as surgeon on a previous Peary expedition, claimed to have reached the Pole one year earlier. His contention, at the time, was widely accepted and he even received an honorary degree from the University of Copenhagen. But evidence submitted to that University later proved to be fictitious. Cook was discredited and Peary went down in the history books.

Q: Is there any state which issues drivers' licenses without first giving a driver's test? ***Jerome Countess, Pine Brook, N. J.***

A: No. But a large number of states will waive tests if the applicant possesses a valid license from another state.

Q: I have recently heard of a sea animal called an enteropneust, but I've been unable to find any information about it. Can you help? ***William K. McCue, Akron, Ohio.***

A: This strange creature, also known as the acorn worm because of the shape of its head, is more than three feet long, two inches thick at the head, and is colored like yesterday's hangover—yellow head, red neck, and yellowish-red body. It was first positively identified in 1873. It was photographed for the first time last summer when an expedition from the Lamont Geological Observatory caught up with one on the floor of the South Pacific at a depth of three miles.

Q: What is the most popular flavor of ice cream in the United States? ***Kirk Swain, Concord, Calif.***

A: Vanilla. It represents about half of the one billion gallons of ice cream now consumed annually in this country. Chocolate is next, representing 14.4 percent of sales.

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Q: What was the Black Hole of Calcutta? ***Lester Coen, Omaha, Nebr.***

A: It was virtually a human oven. In June, 1756, Bengal troops overcame Fort William, the British East India Company's stronghold in Calcutta. The Indians took 145 men and one woman prisoner and squeezed them into the Black Hole, a stone brig 18 feet long and 14 feet, 10 inches wide, designed to hold three or possibly four at one time. The temperature rose so rapidly that within an hour 50 men had roasted to death. They died where they stood, unable to fall. The next morning the door was opened and only 22 men and the woman staggered out of the Black Hole alive.

Q: How many years of judicial experience must a man have before he can be appointed to the Supreme Court? ***Donald H. Giberson, Bordentown, N. J.***

A: None. There are no written qualification as to age or experience. Supreme Court justices are chosen by the President and must be approved by the Senate.

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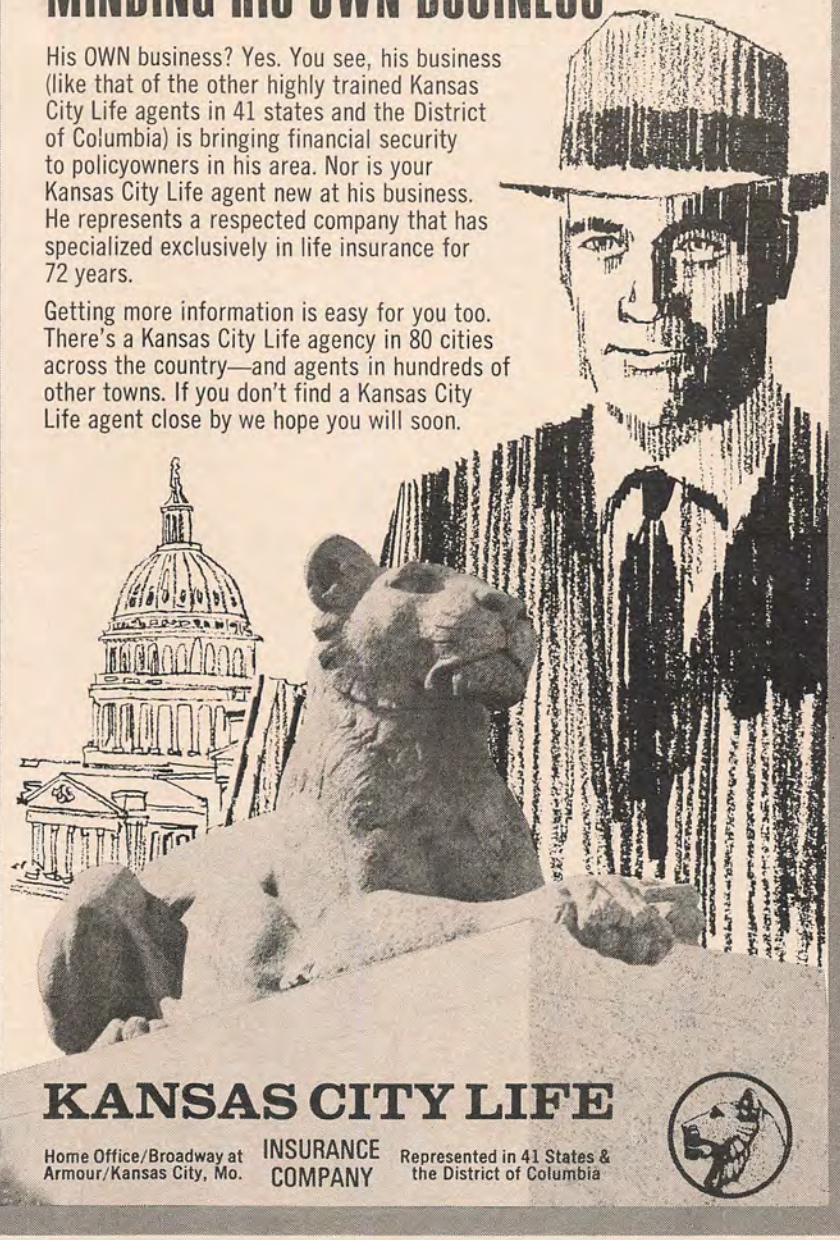

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[*Continued from page* 51]

nucleate cores so that they resembled viruses, but had no power to cause disease. With them the scientists hoped to fool the prisoners' healthy bodies into reacting against what seemed to be disease—and thus manufacturing interferon.

When the two weeks of spraying were ended, the nasal passages of the 15 men were washed out, and the resulting solution was rushed to the laboratory where Dr. Joel Warren, in charge of the experiment, had the 30 flasks waiting. He poured a measured amount of the solution into 15 of them and an equal amount of harmless salt water into the other 15. A short time later he added a strain of a blister-raising virus to all 30 flasks. The countdown began on a nerve-fraying wait of 24 hours, during which the viruses would try to attack the delicate human cells in every bottle.

Doctor Warren tried to busy himself with other work, but his mind kept leaping ahead to the next day. At last the 24 hours were up. Eagerly Doctor Warren examined the first flask, one of those that had received the interferon. It looked exactly as it had before the experiment was begun: the thin sheet of human cells was unbroken, clinging like a reddish film to the sides of the bottle.

Doctor Warren moved down the line, scanning each bottle in which interferon had been introduced. Each of the 15 was the same, with its sheet of cells undisturbed. Then he reached the control group of 15 bottles that had been given salt water and virus. The cell cultures in these looked as if a bomb had exploded in their midst. Huge holes—called plaques—had been torn in the cell sheets by the virus.

The doctor grinned. One of his questions—would it work?—seemed to be answered. The material harvested from the prisoners had completely protected the cells from the virus. But the next question was still unresolved. Was that material from the prisoners indeed interferon?

So began another series of tests to determine the exact nature of the virus killer. When the tests were over, the results were typical of the frustrating work with this mysterious substance. The material taken from the prisoners could not, with any certainty, be called interferon. It had many of the same characteristics, but scientists could do no more than describe it as interferon-*like*. In one sense, then, the experiment was a failure, for it did not produce identifiable interferon. Moreover, subsequent tests, involving hundreds of samplings, were not as conclusive as the dramatic first experiment. But whatever the substance was and by whatever mechanism it worked, Doctor Warren was convinced it showed unmistakeable properties of protecting living animals against at least certain viral challenges.

The implications were awesome. This first use of interferon—if it was interferon—might even be compared to the first successful test of penicillin in the early 1940's. Penicillin was rushed into production by the urgent medical demands of World War II; interferon will go more slowly through the research mill. Eventually a number of doctors across the country may receive small plastic squeeze bottles containing a yeast spray similar to that used on the prison volunteers. In this mass test on the doctors' patients, however, the interferon produced in the body by the spray will not be washed out. Instead, the aim will be to build up a concentration of interferon in the cells lining nasal passages, windpipe, bronchial tubes and lungs. It is hoped that spraying the yeast into the nose of a patient every day throughout the winter will trigger the formation of enough interferon to protect him from the common cold and many other respiratory viruses. If this strategy works, influenza epidemics would become impossible and viral pneumonia might well be ended.

What of the rest of the body and the viral diseases that attack it? Here the potential of interferon is equally bright. Doctors have been powerless to prevent the vast majority of viral diseases. If interferon can be given as a pill or an injection at the first sign of a viral invasion, then man will finally have succeeded in finding the long-sought antivirotic, the effective weapon against the last remaining major source of infectious disease.

Viruses are the smallest and simplest forms of life that man has found. By comparison, bacteria are thousands of times larger and infinitely more complex. It is the complexity of bacteria which enables antibiotics to throw their internal structure awry, and thus kill them. But against viruses antibiotics are as effective as a popgun against an elephant, for a virus has no complicated biological mechanism to be scrambled by drugs. Viruses are nothing more than nucleic acids wrapped in thin envelopes of protein.

When a virus enters a cell, it reproduces rapidly. Within hours the cell is dead and thousands of virus bodies are jammed solidly within its walls. The dead walls eventually burst under the pressure, and the viruses cascade on hundreds of other cells, where the process is repeated.

Until recently it was believed that only antibodies—minuscule defensive organisms manufactured by the human system to destroy invaders—could cure a viral disease. But the antibody-making machinery takes a great deal of time to get into production. Until it does, the symptoms of disease—fever, sore throat, stuffy head, pain, sometimes even the destruction of brain cells and damage to the liver and other organs—can occur.

Now scientists know the human system makes interferon at the first sign of a viral attack, before the antibodies can come into action. The interferon does not actually kill the virus, but *interferes* with its ability to feed on the cells and multiply. If there were enough interferon immediately available, the virus would starve to death.

TRUE

"But what about our supply lines once the Russian winter sets in?"

Unfortunately, the human body does not produce interferon in sufficient quantities to do more than blunt an attack. Consequently a disease can take hold until enough antibodies are generated to knock it out.

This knowledge was acquired by researchers only after long experimentation. Surprisingly, interferon's virus-battling abilities were known long before the substance itself was discovered. The first clue came in 1937, when a pair of British scientists, G. W. M. Findlay and F. O. MacCallum, infected a group of monkeys with Rift Valley Fever, a savage virus disease. By mistake, the sick monkeys were also given a dose of yellow fever virus. But the monkeys did not die. Somehow they had been protected from the fatal effects of yellow fever. Findlay and MacCallum were stunned. They repeated the experiment several times, but always the first virus protected the monkeys from the second virus. The scientists finally concluded that in some manner one virus interfered with the other. They dubbed this effect "virus interference," and published a paper on it. Scientists all over the world were fascinated. They performed the experiment hundreds of times and proved virus interference to be a general occurrence in animals.

Then, in 1943, researchers at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia found that viruses could be killed and still retain their unique ability to block the growth of other viruses. This was the first hint that perhaps it was not the virus itself that caused the interference. But the puzzle remained until the first Mexican field trials of the live polio vaccines in 1959—which failed to take on thousands of youngsters. When the question was asked, why, it was learned that the children had been harboring a mild intestinal virus. Some bodily reaction to this virus had warded off the weakened virus of the polio vaccine. Virus interference worked in man as well as in animals.

Almost 20 years had passed since Findlay and MacCallum had first discovered the phenomenon, yet little more had been learned about it. Still, the promise it showed as a disease fighter sparked hundreds of experiments.

Finally a direct attack on the problem was launched by an intense young Scotsman, Dr. Alick Isaacs, of the British National Institute for Medical Research. Isaacs, a medical doctor and a virologist, had been appointed in 1950 to a government laboratory called Mill Hill. It contains the bulk of Britain's talent in the biological fields and is a mecca for research scientists from all over the world.

In 1957 Isaacs was joined by Dr. Jean Lindenmann, a talented young Swiss who came to England on a World Health Organization fellowship. The two men immediately set to work on the problem of virus interference.

They first took a virulent colony of influenza virus and established it in a chicken-egg culture. The culture was heated just enough to kill the virus. Then the cells of the egg mass were strained off and the remaining broth was used as food for a new batch of egg-culture

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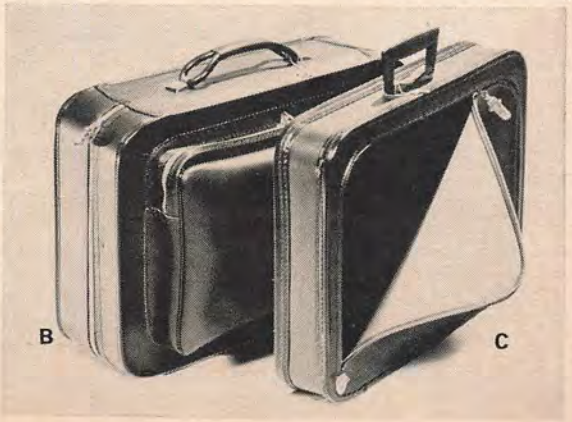

medium. The cells of this culture, otherwise unexposed, were to be used as the host of a new virus colony. The results were astonishing. The supposedly vulnerable chicken-egg cells simply shrugged off the attacking virus.

Isaacs suspected he was close to the answer that had eluded everyone concerned with the problem since 1937. By filtering away both viruses and cells of the food solution, he was left with something the cells themselves had made. He hadn't an inkling of its chemical makeup, but of one thing he was certain—it was biologically as potent as penicillin. The mysterious substance was finally analyzed and found to be "an unknown protein." Isaacs named it "interferon," after virus interference.

Publication of Doctor Isaacs' findings in 1957 stirred the scientific community. Dozens of researchers around the world joined in performing experiments to indicate the extent of the wonders interferon might accomplish. In Mill Hill Alick Isaacs worked furiously, challenging his discovery with a broad range of different viruses. The results were invariably the same—interferon provided an unbreachable wall for cells treated with it, while unprotected cells always succumbed.

Only one major problem remained to be solved before interferon could be tested on animals, then on human beings. The problem was to find a means of producing large amounts of it cheaply and quickly.

Isaacs thought he knew how. He added killed virus to a chick-cell culture, waited 24 hours, and drew off the interferon solution produced by the cells. This broth was then placed in a permeable cellophane bag, and dipped in an acid bath to permit the acid to diffuse through and kill the remaining virus. In this way Isaacs got a quantity of interferon, but it wasn't much good, for it protected only chick cells. It was species specific—it would work only in the type of animal that had produced it. Chick cell interferon did not even protect mouse cells, much less those from men. Through other experiments, it was found that all interferon from any source was species specific—with one exception. That produced by monkey cells worked on human cells, although with limited effectiveness.

When Isaacs announced his new findings in 1962, the British government decided it was time to seek a payoff. It asked a number of pharmaceutical companies to develop interferon as a commercial drug.

The miracle weapon against viruses seemed at hand. But the companies found that the technology involved in producing a usable form of interferon was beyond them. Most drugs that originate in nature can either be artificially compounded for mass production or grown on a large scale under controlled conditions to meet predetermined standards. But interferon is a protein, and we are not yet able to reproduce proteins with chemicals. Consequently the British drug houses failed to make a copy of interferon. Then they tried growing it in tissue cultures as Isaacs had done. But to turn out an interferon applicable to human beings proved impossibly expensive. The companies abandoned the project and wrote off their losses.

About this time Isaacs himself broke down under the furious pace he had been setting. For five years he had been going at full pressure. Now his doctors ordered him to take a long rest.

The optimism that had surrounded interferon evaporated. After five years of publicity about its promise, interferon became a dead issue in Britain. The government continued its support, but the research being done became at best halfhearted.

A number of bright young scientists who had journeyed to Mill Hill to work with Isaacs on interferon returned to their own countries. But if the British were discouraged, these young men were not. Many continued in their homelands the search for some means of cracking its secrets. In Bethesda, Maryland, for example, Dr. Samuel Baron, an experimental biologist at the U.S. government's National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, found that interferon could outrace a virus in spreading through an animal body.

"Within one hour," he reported, after biochemically clocking a race between interferon and an encephalitis virus in mice. "This is the fastest known defense reaction to a virus."

The tremendous speed of interferon meant that the drug, when perfected, could be taken at the first sign of a viral illness to cure the disease swiftly.

There were other signs of interferon's potential. In 1964, at the ancient University of Louvain, in Belgium, a husband-and-wife team of virologists, Edward and Jacqueline De Maeyer, established a sinister connection between interferon and a cancer-inducing family of chemical compounds known as hydrocarbons. The De Maeyers added hydrocarbons to rat tumor cells infected with a laboratory virus. The cells, which had started to manufacture interferon as soon as the virus was added, began to slow down. "The decrease of interferon," the De Maeyers concluded, "was due . . . to a specific inhibition of interferon formation. . . ."

The experiment was repeated on other animal cells. In each case the hydrocarbons swiftly shut down the cells' interferon-making machinery and allowed the virus to grow wildly. If viruses are responsible for the formation of some human cancers, as many scientists suspect, this new knowledge may alter the concept of their treatment.

One theory declares that people are constantly exposed to viruses capable of causing cancer. In the absence of outside agents, such as hydrocarbons, the body shrugs off these viruses by increasing interferon production. But our increasing mechanization fills the air with hydrocarbons from auto exhausts, factory smoke and other sources. If enough of these interferon inhibitors are taken into the body, the ever-present cancer viruses gain the grip they need.

But the possible use of interferon in cancer treatment lies in the future. Of more immediate use would seem to be the technique, which may soon be tried on a mass basis, of prompting the human body into producing its own interferon in sufficient quantity to ward off viral attacks. The method was developed out of experiments performed in 1964 by Doctor Isaacs, who, with health restored, had returned to his Mill Hill laboratory. With interferon Isaacs had obtained from monkey-kidney cells, the British Medical Research Council set up the first test of the substance as an antivirotic on human beings. Thirty-eight volunteers were injected with the solution, then exposed to a harmless virus. In 14 cases the virus was beaten back by the nonhuman interferon.

In the United States, Chas. Pfizer & Co., a manufacturing drug concern, thought over this new development. It assigned a team of virologists headed by Dr. Warren and Dr. Keith Jensen to explore an offshoot idea. The Pfizer people said, "Let's admit that at present only nature can make interferon. Then why knock ourselves out trying to manufacture it? Instead, let's work out a means of helping nature produce it directly in the human body."

Warren and Jensen and their associates, working in a Pfizer laboratory in Terre Haute, Indiana, found that many nucleic acids would trigger animal cells into producing interferon. The nucleic acids are the basic chemical core of life, as well as the main components of viruses. But the nucleic acids of harmless cells do not have the disease-producing powers of viruses. Dozens of tests were made to find a nucleic acid inexpensive to produce, effective as a stimulator of interferon and harmless to the body cells. The final selection was the nucleic acid of a yeast.

The yeast NA was sprayed into the nostrils of small animals, and it spurred the formation of interferon in them. But would it also work on man and was it safe? If the answer to both questions was yes, then people might eventually be protected from the viral respiratory diseases with nose drops or an aerosol spray. The Pfizer researchers began the tedious job of testing to find out. From mice they worked their experimental way through a representative part of the animal kingdom—guinea pigs, rabbits, dogs and finally monkeys.

The results were encouraging—none of the animals were harmed by the yeast and all withstood viral challenges. The de-

COMING . . .

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FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE COLUMBUS

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

cision was then made to try this new method of producing interferon on the 15 volunteers in the Connecticut prison. If it could be proved that the interferon —if it was interferon—produced in their bodies protected human cells against a viral attack, the road was open to a mass test on human beings through their personal physicians.

Interferon has aroused hopes before, with no fulfillment. This time, many researchers feel that at least the respiratory tract may be protected against viral invasions through the Pfizer approach. But there are many other disease viruses capable of attacking the body at other points: the gastrointestinal system, the lymph glands, the blood and elsewhere. The promise for interferon is that it can do as well in these sites as in the lungs. Consequently, other researchers are following these trails in the hope of finding a complete defense system against viruses. At the Eli Lilly Co., for example, Dr. William Kleinschmidt and his associates are working with a compound called statolon, a drug produced by our oldest antibiotics-maker, the penicillin mold. This particular mold is known as *Penicillium stoloniferum*. After dozens of experiments with statolon, Doctor Kleinschmidt says: "Statolon induces the production of a viral inhibitor in cells, and this inhibitor has the properties of interferon."

Thus, statolon, when ready, may be injected into the bloodstream to stimulate the production of interferon throughout the body and help it fight off any viral disease.

Still another approach is being followed by two scientists at Purdue University: Dr. Edward Simon, a professor of biology, and Norman Miner, a graduate student. They have perfected a method of forcing single cells to mass-produce interferon, in effect squeezing a month's output from a four-hour shift.

How important both these experiments and the interferon research elsewhere are regarded is most apparent in the encouragement given by official agencies. Here in the United States, the National Institutes of Health have established a worldwide Interferon Information Group—a network of all the world's researchers in the drug. Within the network, scientists report every new development almost immediately. The results of an experiment in Tokyo are relayed within days to laboratories in England, the United States, Russia and wherever interferon research is being carried on. The exchange of data prevents duplication of work, speeds research along likely avenues, and shrinks information time lag by six months to a year.

With this massive effort under way, there is little doubt that before the '60's have ended, science will have found a means of fighting viral diseases as effectively as those caused by bacteria. On the verge of being a failure, interferon has surged back as potentially the most exciting new health safeguard since penicillin. —**Fred Warshofsky**

THE MAN WHO TOOK THE WORK OUT OF WHITE SLAVERY

[*Continued from page* 57]

and a fascination for Broadway. Reporters attended his court at Lindy's restaurant where he often spent hours drinking and quipping with gambler Arnold Rothstein. Columnist Heywood Broun labeled him "Beau Brummel with brains." Damon Runyon, who used him as a prototype for several offbeat characters in his Broadway bunco stories, called him "the Casanova of crime."

What the FBI, the French Sûreté and the police of New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, Miami and assorted other cities called him was less elegant. For with shrewdness, 10 aliases, high-priced lawyers and sheer luck, he balked the law well enough to be paid hugely for the time he spent behind bars.

Collins' boudoir sorties were carried out in a realm where policemen were not at ease—in the smart hotels and the plush apartments of Park Avenue, in New York and the Right Bank of Paris, on luxury liners plying the Atlantic and aboard his own lavish yacht. Though there were variations, the general plan of his white-slave gambit followed the events of April 14, 1920. A certain well-heeled businessman from Indianapolis arrived in New York that day and registered at one of the better hotels. He had $5,000 in his pockets and a burning desire to do the town. Before he reached his room, he'd been tagged a pigeon and the word had gone to Dapper Don.

Later, in the lobby, the ambitious visitor found himself bumping into—literally —an expensively dressed lady who not only accepted his apologies, but an invitation to a nearby speakeasy. There she soon made it clear that her mind was running in the same direction as his. Where could they go? Her apartment? No . . . her husband . . . they were separated, and she could not risk spoiling her divorce case. For the same reason a hotel wouldn't do either.

But, she added, "There is a spot—I have a little place in Connecticut." She also had a Duesenberg car.

After a few hours in the hideaway, the happy interlude was interrupted by a rude hammering on the door.

"Don't open it," the lady said, wrapping herself in a sheet.

A stern voice spoke from outside. "Open up—I am a federal officer."

The suddenly sweating businessman grabbed up his clothes and unlocked the door. Into the room stepped an awe-inspiring representative of the law, flashing badge and credentials and radiating contempt for this transgression.

He spoke bluntly to the businessman. "You have violated the federal Mann Act against transporting a female across state lines for immoral purposes. You are under arrest."

The businessman was shocked. Even if he escaped a prison term, there would be the headline back home:

LOCAL MAN CHARGED WITH WHITE SLAVERY.

Then the lady came up with an idea. "Officer—this man is quite wealthy. . . ."

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It took time, but the figure of $20,000 was finally mentioned as adequate salve for an official conscience. The gentleman could wire home for it—while he remained at the house in the custody of the officer.

That was the way the game worked for Dapper Don. Even with the $1,000 he gave his female accomplice, and such minor expenses as the rent for the Duesenberg and the payoff to the hotel clerk for the tip, Collins netted a handsome sum.

The take didn't always run that high, but he selected his victims with enough care to insure at least $5,000 for a night's work.

The situation had once been different. Up to 1913, when Collins was 33, women had cost *him* money. It was his first jail sentence that made him realize the professional possibilities in feminine charms.

Till then, Collins had merely been training for his career. He'd been born on the wrong side of the tracks in Atlanta, Georgia, as Robert Tourbillon. At 17, he joined a circus and soon was riding a motorcycle along a narrow track, above a cage of lions.

When the circus hit Newark, New Jersey, Tourbillon headed for New York, sure the big town was his oyster. He fell in with such congenial company as Rothstein and Nick Arnstein. These big-money gamblers liked this brawny lad with the flashing smile and ready tongue. At times he served as guard, at times as a shill to draw in suckers to their crooked games.

During this apprenticeship, he adopted the name "Don Collins." The "Dapper" was attached to him later when he developed a taste for tailor-made clothes.

In his early New York career Collins learned that entertaining women properly could lead to penury. His income was falling farther and farther behind the cost of high living. When he dropped a roll in a poker game with Arnold Rothstein one night in 1911, he turned to robbery, holding up the clerk at the old Hotel Roy. The large loot believed to be in the safe was only $160—and the clerk turned in the alarm.

Convicted, Dapper Don was sentenced on June 21, 1911, to five years by Judge Edward Swann. The judge was not charmed by the natty green suit, the diamond stickpin and the debonair approach of the prisoner.

"This man," Judge Swann said, "is a dangerous character. He is as smooth a rascal as ever came before me."

In Elmira prison Collins spent considerable time thinking about how to make a living without work. He devised a scheme to take advantage of his two outstanding talents. One was his way with women; the other, his acting ability.

After serving three years—he got time off for good behavior—Collins hastened back to Broadway. There he unfolded his plan to Gloria Sanderson, a sometime actress. Gloria wasn't averse to picking up $500 for a pleasant evening.

The tryout performances went great. Gloria arranged to meet the mark for the night—always as the perfect lady with a liking for a little offbeat fun. She'd wind up in his room, with Collins waiting a well-timed interval before beginning the payoff pitch. His role in the play would begin when he pounded on the door and demanded entry.

The game worked so well with Gloria that Don expanded his operations to several girls. On one memorable night in 1922 he is said to have pulled off seven shakedowns for $15,000.

There was little original about the ploy—it was the old badger game with a variation. The originality arose where Collins figured a way to use the Mann Act against white slavery.

One night when he rapped on the door of an apartment in the course of business, he found nobody in. He was puzzled—until, some days later, his lady employee showed up with a tearful tale. She'd fallen for the mark and gone to a place he had in Connecticut. That had been fun, but the crumb had kicked her out.

A beatific smile spread across Dapper Don's face. "Honey," he said, "you've just given me a great idea!"

He made a survey trip to Connecticut, and for $10,000 bought a pleasant cottage on a secluded back road. Few pieces of property ever paid out more handsomely. Ultimately the cottage would be worth at least a quarter of a million to Collins.

COMING . . .

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INCIDENT AT EXETER
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This startling new book meticulously examines a series of flying-saucer sightings

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Inevitably, Collins' game became known to the cops, and local, state and federal men lined up to nail him. But evidence was hard to get. Several victims, in first outrage at the way they had been taken, agreed to testify in court—then thought it over and backed away.

Finally, however, federal agents trapped Collins on a white slavery extortion charge and he drew two years in the Atlanta penitentiary.

Again Collins used his time to good advantage, emerging with a scheme which would do no less than turn the high seas into a preserve for his own private sex racket. The basis of the plan was an elaborate file of information about rich males in big cities. A typical card on a man showed not only his business and social connections, but gave data on his mistresses, choice in women and conduct when in his cups. Collins garnered some of this material from the underworld, some from a detective agency he hired.

Next, he put this data to use after scanning the passenger lists of luxury liners. Checking out a likely prospect with his file card, Collins was able to choose, from his willing harem, a female who would appeal to the mark.

Soon after sailing, the lonely male would encounter this ravishing fellow traveler. Shortly they'd be sharing staterooms.

As the voyage neared its end, Collins appeared in any of several guises. He might be the cuckolded husband, a private detective, a stern lawman. His star act was to appear on a French liner as a detective from the Sûreté itself.

The high-seas racket was hardly hitting its speed when Collins ran into the only violence of his career. On the bright spring morning of May 15, 1921, he dropped in on a nonprofessional friend named Hazel Warner. With her was a prominent New York society figure, John Reid, who hated Dapper Don for having previously stolen a girl from him.

When Collins suggested his rival depart, Reid jerked out a gun and fired, hitting Collins in the hand. Don lunged and grabbed the gun. Now he pulled the trigger, again and again.

Reid dropped. Collins staggered back—he'd done it at last, lost his head over a woman.

But his aplomb was not long ruffled. Swiftly he wiped the fingerprints from the gun and placed it in Reid's hand. Then he turned his full charm on the shaken Hazel.

"Tell them," he said, "that Reid shot himself."

On the street he saw no sign that anyone had heard the shots. Putting his wounded hand in his pocket, he hailed a cab. A few minutes later he rang the doorbell of another girl friend. She sent for her doctor, who, feeling he was among friends, professed no skepticism at Don's explanation that he had shut his hand in a car door.

Collins settled down for the night. If the police were looking for him, they'd never hunt him here. When the doorman delivered the morning paper, Don found the headlines not precisely as he had visualized them. Reid wasn't dead after all. Though he had been hit by five bullets, his wounds were only superficial.

As the day wore on, Collins picked up further news by telephone. The police had him pegged as involved in the shooting, several neighbors having testified they'd seen him enter the apartment building. By the following day, however, Reid was asserting that he'd shot himself. All those times? Certainly.

In the operation of his shakedown business, Collins inevitably had some flops. Once in a while the supposedly well-heeled mark didn't have the sum demanded. It was such a case that led to Don's gaudiest venture in high living. He had confronted a Philadelphian who was unresponsive to the demands of this allegedly cuckolded husband. Gambling losses had made the victim's payoff impossible. Don thought things over. He had been thinking of a vacation, and the man did have position in the Main Line aristocracy. Collins quickly made a deal—he'd trade the price of his injured marital feelings for an introduction to high society.

A few weeks later, he appeared in Philadelphia, where he was introduced around by his erstwhile victim as Charles

Cromwell, a man of the world from New York. Dapper Don's portrayal of the gentleman was flawless and he charmed the Main Liners.

For a time Collins had little thought of profiting from a caper he had undertaken mostly for kicks. But the vacation was proving rather expensive, and promised to be more costly when Don decided he needed a yacht.

Yachts took money to buy and keep up. What were yachts good for, besides social standing? The answer, in this Prohibition era, was obvious. Rum-running. The Revenue boys intercepting liquor-laden boats from the Bahamas would hardly molest the yacht of Charles Cromwell, the distinguished Philadelphia society figure.

Collins bought a decommissioned subchaser and had it fitted out in a Chester, Pennsylvania, boatyard with $25,000 worth of elegant appointments.

Christened the *Nomad*, the boat was a success even on its maiden voyage. In the Bahamas, Don picked up 1,800 cases of Scotch for his crony, Arnold Rothstein. As he had figured, the craft sailed past the government cutters on liquor patrol. When the Scotch was disposed of, Don got $95,000 of the take. That paid for the yacht.

Collins never talked about how many voyages he made with the *Nomad*. But eventually both he and the yacht were caught with the goods.

To complicate matters, an old misdemeanor came back in force. In 1919 Collins had relieved a certain Frederick Robb in New York of $5,000 by rolling him. Robb identified Collins, and the judge gave Don a year. But Collins had put himself under the legal care of The Great Mouthpiece, William J. Fallon, the most successful criminal attorney of the time. Fallon appealed, and Collins had stayed out on bail.

Now, in 1923, the appeals had all been run through and Don was headed once more for prison. But he had plenty of money and a sudden desire to travel. Skipping bail, he went to Paris, where he settled in a sumptuous suite at the Hotel Majestic under the alias of Don Hussey. There he was joined by Helen Patterson, a New York friend, and they kept the place lively for a year.

Then, during a party, somebody gave Helen a playful push and she fell out the third floor window of the suite. She broke a leg when she landed in the garden. The police were called in, and the management, already outraged by nonpayment of rent, brought charges. The hotel bill ran into several hundred thousand francs, and Collins was clapped into Santé prison. He swore he'd have the money shortly, and he probably would have, but for the chance professional visit of a couple of fellow Americans.

Lts. James McCoy and Charles Kane of the New York Police Department happened to be in France to collect another prisoner. As guests of the Santé's warden, they viewed the morning lineup. Suddenly McCoy cried out.

"Dapper Don!"

Extradition papers were promptly drawn up to reclaim Collins for having stolen Frederick Robb's $5,000.

"We're going to put you away for life," Lieutenant Kane said, and reminded Collins of the smuggling charge from the *Nomad* as well as the Reid shooting, on which further evidence had developed.

The forecast wasn't even close to coming true: Collins served only eight months for the robbery. During that period the courts held that the other two cases were out, because the extradition agreement with the French police stated that he must be returned to France after working out the American sentence already against him. Don was freed in February, 1925—but a little fast legal work kept him on these shores.

After his release he went back to work his old tricks—and developed his supreme artistic triumph.

Don had met a prominent society heiress who fell for him completely. This particular female was well endowed both physically and financially. In time, it came to Don's mind that he was missing out on part of her possessions.

Soon he arranged a tryst which took them from New York to a New Jersey hotel. In the course of the evening their room was invaded by two men who announced they were federal officers.

"Violation of the Mann Act," they explained, and Dapper Don could hardly deny transporting the lady over the state line for immoral purposes. Then there arose the possibility of the officers' forgetting the whole thing for, say, $15,000.

Collins affected shock. He had only $5,000 available.

"Let me give you the rest," begged the sobbing heiress.

The $10,000 was sent for. Later Collins, after paying his assistants $1,000 each, chalked up $8,000 profit.

Dapper Don staged numerous encores on this most pleasantly rewarding act, but none of his feminine victims ever caught on. For four golden years things went well. Then, after November 4, 1928, when his friend Arnold Rothstein was shot, the world turned sour for Collins. In 1929 he was given a three-year sentence for conning a New Jersey apple grower out of $30,000.

"He was practically begging to be taken," wailed Dapper Don.

It was a dismal world that confronted Collins when he got out of New Jersey State Prison in 1932. The freewheeling '20's were gone. The country was deep in Depression. The rich playboys Dapper Don once aimed at had lost their money. The aging racketeer got fewer chances to replenish his capital, which he continued to spend at the old rate.

In 1939 he hit bottom. The authorities nailed him on a charge of blackmailing an alien who feared deportation. The amount involved was $200.

This time the police closed the book on Dapper Don, as a four-time loser. The sentence was 15 years to life.

Shortly before Collins' death in Sing Sing on June 20, 1950, a reporter asked him what he had done with the millions he'd made.

Collins flashed a devil-may-care grin. "Spent it all."

"On what?"

"On women," said Dapper Don. "But why not? They made it for me."

—Norman Carlisle

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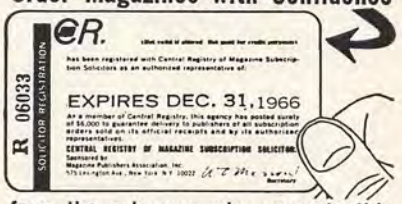

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AN UNJUST DUNGEON THAT SERVES PREYING FEMALES

[*Continued from page* 28]

a judge scribbles his name on it and into the bin you go. Oh yes, old friend, it happens. It sounds as fantastic as a Franz Kafka novel, but it happens regularly in almost every state but Texas and Pennsylvania, which don't normally award permanent alimony. All over the country, each year, literally thousands of divorced men land in the bucket because they haven't paid enough freedom money to their ex-wives.

Take the case of Cecil E. Giles, for instance. Giles is a small, mild-mannered, soft-spoken technician working for the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company in California. When his wife divorced him in 1962, she won a whopping alimony award—considerably more than Giles could comfortably wring out of his modest paycheck. What got under Giles' skin was that he needed the money more than she did. He told the court that his wife worked as a bookkeeper, earning a salary quite big enough to support her, and that she also had income from a real-estate investment, owned a portfolio of stocks and had two wealthy brothers. "*She* should be paying *me* alimony!" Giles howled. But Giles was, of course, wasting his breath. Questions of relative need for money or relative ability to pay are beside the point in a divorce court. Tradition ordains that a divorced man must pay alimony, whether or not his ex-wife needs it and whether or not he can afford it. Giles walked out of court burdened with a permanent debt.

By mid-1964 he was some $9,000 behind in his payments. His wife's lawyers went to San Mateo County Superior Court and got a judge to sign an order offering Giles the usual choice: the cash or the clink. Specifically, Giles was ordered to sign over to his ex-wife, in settlement of the debt, a sheaf of valuable American Telephone & Telegraph stock which he had painstakingly bought over the years and which represented part of his retirement fund.

At this point the normally peaceable Cecil Giles blew his top. He refused flatly to sign over the stock. On July 22, 1964, the door of the San Mateo County Jail clanged shut in his face, and he sat there brooding for nine weeks.

He might have been there longer, except that Reuben Kidd's USDR came rallying angrily to his aid. The leader of the rally was another man who'd done time in the same jail for the same non-crime. This man was Floyd Sitton, a 57-year-old insurance adjuster and a tireless, nervously energetic, impassioned fighter for fairer divorce laws. Sitton was USDR's San Francisco-area chief. He'd been divorced 20 years before. He'd quit paying his wife ailmony when he decided she no longer needed it, and he'd quit doling out support money for her two children when they turned 21 and could reasonably be considered self-supporting. Reasonable though Sitton's actions were, no court had ever listened to his arguments. He'd been in jail three times for alimony default and was now being threatened with a fourth stretch if he didn't cough up his arrears. Understandably, Floyd Sitton hated the San Mateo County Jail.

He gathered a group of USDR members together and, on September 21, announced that his group was going to picket the county courthouse and the jail if Giles wasn't released. Next day, the judge sprang Giles.

The fact is the courts and the legal profession in general are embarrassed by the existence of alimony jails and don't like the jails publicized. In most states and large cities, publicity is avoided by sending alimony delinquents to many different jails instead of concentrating them in any one. This way there's no focal point for the anger of men like Floyd Sitton, no single place to picket, no clearly outlined symbol to attack. Alimony debtors are generally scattered in obscure county jails, rural sheriffs' lockups and other minimum-security civil prisons. Only a few prisons ever gain notoriety as "alimony jails." The San Mateo County Jail is one. The New York Civil Prison is another.

The New York prison, in fact, is referred to even in judges' chambers as Alimony Jail. It's a grimy, four-story brick building in a dingy neighborhood near Manhattan's western riverfront. In any given week half a dozen or more men might be incarcerated here for alimony default, along with sundry other prisoners doing time for refusing to answer questions in court, tampering with wills and other offenses. Like the San Mateo jail, the New York Alimony Jail and the courts that allow it to exist have sometimes been embarrassed—as they deserve to be—by angry pickets.

A man named Edward ("Eddie") Eddington marched up and down outside this bleak dungeon one cold rainy day just before Christmas, 1964, for instance. He carried a sign urging that this incredible legal anachronism be abolished. It wasn't, but at least Eddington got some newspaper publicity and maybe made a few judges and lawyers uncomfortable.

They should have felt uncomfortable. The story of Eddie Eddington may be some kind of classic: a black illustration of what can happen when the law takes sides with a woman and hounds a man to the limit of his endurance.

Eddington is a big man of 62 with whitish-blond hair and a face once handsome, now gouged with lines of anguish and fatigue. "He was a fine strapping man once," sadly remarks his second wife Mabel, a gentle but determined woman who has stuck by him loyally through decades of legal harassment and has borrowed from her own family to keep Eddie afloat. "Now he has a heart condition, an ulcer . . . I tell you, this alimony business is breaking him down."

It could break any man down, even a man like Eddie who wasn't easily breakable. He was a New York City cop when he divorced his first wife in 1929. The marriage had lasted two years. To date, the alimony has lasted 37 years.

Eddie managed to keep up his payments until he retired from the police force in the mid-1940's. Then things got tough. His police pension wasn't big enough to cover alimony payments and, at the same time, provide a roof for himself and Mabel. He fell behind in his payments. "Give me a chance to catch up!" he pleaded with his ex-wife's lawyers. "I'll make it if you'll give me a chance." But instead of getting a chance, he got a sentence: two months in alimony jail.

Out of jail, he got a job as a plant security guard to supplement his pension. A couple of years later he fell behind in his payments again, just slightly behind. He was $15 short one month. "Look, it's only 15 bucks," he told

TRUE

"Well, as you can see I blundered in my attempt at disarming Private Kosgriff here—almost as badly as *he* just blundered in *not letting me*."

the lawyers. "I've had some big expenses this month. I'll catch up next month." The lawyers were unmoved. They went to the New York Supreme Court and got a judge's signature on a warrant for Eddie's second arrest. Even the deputy sheriff, handed the warrant and ordered to pick Eddie up, was shaken by the pettiness of the amount. The sheriff telephoned the lawyers. "For God's sake," said the sheriff, "what are you guys trying to do? Give this guy a break." But Eddie didn't get a break. He went back to jail.

And while he was in jail the alimony payments continued to fall due, although he was powerless to earn money with which to pay them. In addition, Eddie's ex-wife's lawyers handed him a bill for their trouble in incarcerating him. (Oh yes, an alimony payer must foot the bill for his ex-wife's legal expenses.) The original $15 debt for which Eddie was imprisoned mounted inexorably as he sat helplessly in the cooler. The amount reached nearly $1,000 before the loyal Mabel scraped up money from her family and bailed Eddie out.

Today Eddie has another job as a plant security guard. He and Mabel have learned to live with the crippling monthly alimony payout, but they doubt that they'll ever find complete freedom. Eddie still feels like a hunted man. "He'll be paying alimony all his life," says Mabel bitterly. And all his life a great dark shadow will hang over him: the shadow of alimony jail.

Eddie Eddington protested these three and one-half decades of legal injustices by picketing the jail in December, 1964, and helping to organize another, bigger picketing session in the summer of 1965. Other men have protested in other ways. In Butte, Montana, for instance, an alimony victim was hounded into prison and went on a 12-day fast to draw attention to the bad laws that had put him behind bars. A Kansas City martyr, jugged for a $25 alimony debt, agreed to pay up after two weeks in the cooler, was released and kept his promise by going promptly to his bank. He came out of the bank lugging 2,500 pennies, rounded up two friends as witnesses of payment, went to his ex-wife's apartment and delivered the cash by throwing it in handfuls all over the living room, kitchen and bedroom.

Still other men have protested imprisonment by simply sitting down in prison and refusing to budge. Sometimes an alimony-jail sentence is for a specified time —two to six months, most often—and the man gets out at the end of the time whether or not he has yet paid his debt. In other cases, a judge will order the man to jail until he either pays the debt or shows some evidence of intention to pay. Such a case occurred in 1952. The victim was a Californian with a rigid sense of justice who owed $750 to his ex-wife. Refusing to cough up, he was tossed into the jug. He sat down, folded his arms and announced that he was damned if he was going to pay his ex-wife a cent. "She doesn't deserve it," he said. She didn't get it, either. Stubbornly, he stayed in jail for nine years and finally convinced the law that he intended to be the state's guest forever rather than make what he considered an unjustified payment. An embarrassed court finally sprang him in 1961.

Does this kind of thing really happen in America? Incredibly, yes. Then where did these mad laws come from? In a generally progressive and fair-minded nation, how is it possible for a man to be imprisoned for debt?

The sad truth is that American divorce law as a whole has not caught up with the facts of modern life. Our divorce laws go back to Colonial times and still farther back to 16th- and 17th-century Europe. Back then a woman without a man to support her was in a pretty sorry state. It was hard or impossible for her to earn a living by herself, for her entire training limited her to the role of housekeeper and child raiser. Realizing this and wanting to give women a fair shake in this subordinate role, the men who wrote laws in that era deliberately made it hard for a man to abandon a woman. Until she was married, she was her father's responsibility. Once married, she was her husband's responsibility—for the rest of his life. He could divorce her if he wished, but he had to go on supporting her. If he defaulted, the obvious solution was to handle him like any other debtor of the time—toss him in the bucket.

Today, of course, women are no longer limited to a domestic role. They probably should be, but for better or worse, they aren't. They go to school and college alongside men. They can get jobs as easily as men. They can vote. Erroneously perhaps, they are considered men's equals. Indeed, in terms of their economic position, they have now been guaranteed equality by federal statute. Title VII of the new U.S. Civil Rights Act explicitly makes it illegal for an employer to discriminate against women in hiring, firing or promotion. Thus alimony is no longer an economic necessity. Today it's nothing more than a consolation prize, a bizarre kind of severance pay doled out to a woman because she once shared a man's bed but wasn't good enough to keep him there.

Does it make sense to keep such laws on the books? Obviously not. Yet legislators with elections to worry about are reluctant to propose sweeping changes. There are two million divorced women in this country, and no doubt millions more who dream at least sometimes of a pleasant, lazy life on alimony income. Thus the institution of alimony stays with us. And so does the centuries-old punishment for nonpayment: alimony jail.

It is illegal to imprison a man for debt in any of the 50 states. To get around this technicality, divorce courts typically explain that alimony delinquents aren't actually jailed for debt, but for "contempt of court"—that is, for failing to obey a court order. In other words, it's wrong to jail a debtor, but it's right to jail a man who has been ordered by a court to pay up his debts. The marvelously convolved legal mind evidently sees

[*Continued on page* 106]

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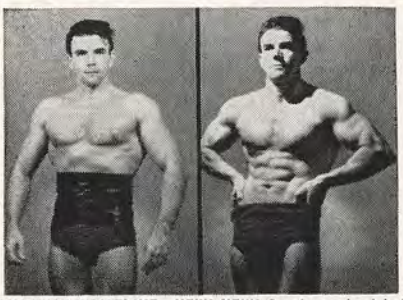

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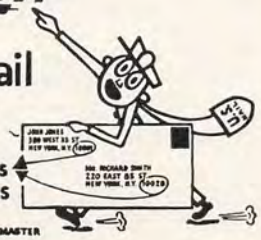

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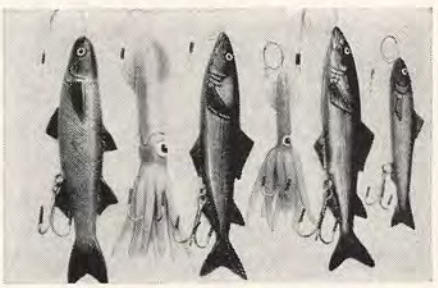

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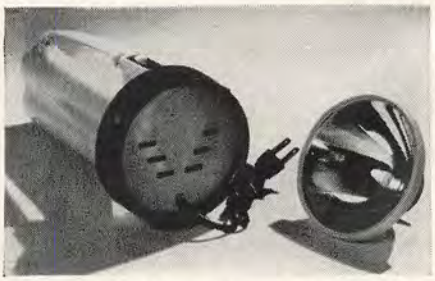

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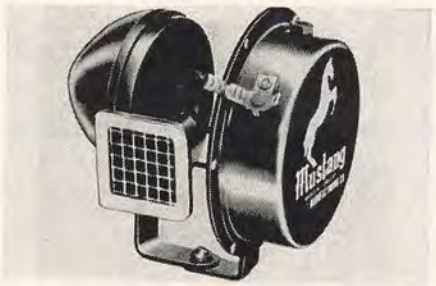

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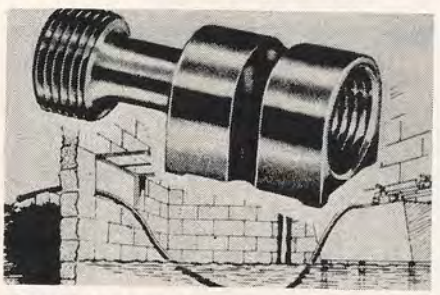

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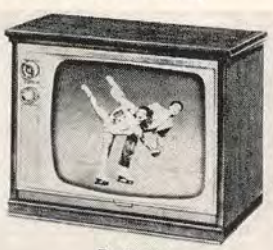

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[*Continued from page* 103]
some fine distinction here, though the guy in the bin may find the reasoning a little hard to follow.

At its sorry best, alimony jail is a big stick that can be waved threateningly to enforce alimony payments. At its worst, it is a weapon of legal harassment that is put into the hands of angry, vengeful and often downright psychotic women. Except financially, a wife is normally hit harder by a marriage breakup than is her husband. He can walk away, maybe feel gloomy for a few months, then recover and go on about his business. He has other areas of life in which to succeed, other horizons to command his attention. The wife, despite her talk of being a man's equal, is likely to have more limited horizons. You need only leaf through any women's magazine to be reminded that women, after all, have little else on their minds but sex and homemaking. Thus, when a woman fails at marriage, she may feel she has failed at life itself. She's mad at herself, at the whole world and especially at her husband, for he participated in her failure. More than anything else, what she wants now is revenge.

And the law gives her power with which to exact that revenge. "If you really want to test a man's character," Abraham Lincoln remarked once, "give him power." History has shown over and over again that it's dangerous to give power to a woman; she may use it to avenge disappointments in the mating game. The Roman empress Messalina, as she grew older and her lovers began to eye younger women, would sometimes avenge herself by having the man tortured to death. Egypt's Cleopatra had several of her straying lovers fed to crocodiles in the Nile. Catherine the Great of Russia had them imprisoned in cages in which they could neither stand, sit nor lie down. These were old-time versions of alimony jail—more barbarous, yes, but in principle not much more unjust. They illustrate that, as the playwright William Congreve wrote two-and-a-half centuries ago, hell has no fury like a woman scorned. In the hands of a woman scorned, alimony jail is not a weapon for enforcing a court order but a weapon of plain, old-fashioned revenge.

Take the case of a man we'll call Bill, for instance. His real identity can't be revealed, for in his bitter narrative he accuses his ex-wife of acts which, if they aren't actually criminal, certainly earn her what Bill calls "some kind of Bitch-of-the-Year title."

Bill's marriage broke up in 1960, after three years of increasingly strained togetherness. An Illinois court ordered him to pay alimony of $200 a month, even though the marriage was childless and the wife was an experienced executive secretary who could command a good salary. Despite the gross injustice of the alimony award, Bill elected to obey the law. On the first of every month, year in and year out, he mailed his pound of flesh.

Three times in the past six years, however, Bill has been buttonholed by the sheriff's men and offered the notorious cash-or-clink choice. In each case his ex-wife's complaint alleged that she hadn't received her alimony checks for two months. "What she does is to destroy the checks or hide them," Bill explains. "I know I mail those checks every month, and you can't tell me U.S. first-class mail gets lost that often. She does it simply to punish me for divorcing her. She'd rather see me suffer than collect the $200. This crazy jail threat is a cudgel that the law has given this madwoman for her revenge."

In each case, Bill has simply written out new checks to keep himself out of jail. And since the third episode he has taken precautions against further legal harassment. He now calls two office colleagues to his desk as witnesses each month when he slips his freedom money into the envelope, and then he sends the envelope by registered mail. But he lives with the morose conviction that his ex-wife will soon find another way to make his life complicated.

Bill's story is a clear-cut case of a woman's using alimony and alimony jail for vengeance, not for the law's presumed purpose of providing needed income. Nor is it by any means an isolated case.

COMING . . .

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MY LIFE WITH THE CHAMP
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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A California psychologist once polled 800 women responsible for jailing their husbands and found that 70 percent were characterized by "sadism bordering on psychosis." In another study in New York, women were asked, "Why did you send your husband to jail?" *For revenge,* answered 32 percent. "Are you satisfied now that your ex-husband is in jail?" *Yes,* said 63 percent. "How long would you keep him there?" *Until he rots,* said 33 percent.

Only occasionally do the courts seem to realize that too much power has been put into divorced women's unsteady hands. It takes an unusual case to wake people up. Such a case was that of a Chicago plumbing salesman named Clarence Bendix, for instance. He dropped into the bucket in 1965, on a seven-month alimony sentence. When his term was up in 1966, he refused to leave the prison. "I don't feel," he said, "that the harassments waiting for me on the outside are worth coming out for." At first he announced that he wouldn't come out unless his ex-wife traded places with him. Finally, after some pleading by the authorities, he agreed to come out when a judge issued an order forbidding the woman to harass him any more.

But the ordinary, everyday case of a man landing in the bin for alimony default doesn't seem to trouble the average judge at all. Maybe it's partly because the average judge is overworked and has little time to ponder the larger issues out beyond those piles of legal documents on his desk. Maybe it's partly because the average judge is used to the idea of people going to jail; he sees them going to jail every week, for all kinds of reasons, uttering all kinds of protests. To him, after years on the bench, one protest must get to sound pretty much like another. Instead of thinking about each protest and weighing it on its own merits, he's likely to lump all protests together—like the warden of Sing Sing Prison, who once remarked with macabre humor, "Everybody in here is innocent. Just ask them."

But changes in the divorce and alimony laws are bound to come eventually. Nothing so monumentally wrong could conceivably last forever. Groups like USDR will continue to put pressure on legislators and publicize the injustice. Men like Eddie Eddington will continue to picket alimony jails and stir up the public conscience. The few lonesome judges who decry our present alimony laws will inevitably win colleagues to their views in time. Judges like Harry Hershenson of Chicago, for instance, who made the newspapers not long ago by ordering a woman to pay alimony to her crippled ex-husband. Or Judge Roger A. Pfaff of California, who thinks there ought to be a very definite and quite short time limit on alimony. Or Judge C. Pfeiffer Trowbridge of Florida, who publicly worries about "the forgotten man, the husband, whose children and money are extracted by the wife and who is then sent home from court with a stern lecture."

At the moment, these are only lone voices crying in a vast, insane wilderness. Until saner voices prevail, perhaps the best advice that can be given to a young man beginning his journey through the wilderness is to ponder the story of one David Swindells, 27, of Manchester, England. Swindells was betrothed to a blonde. In June, 1964, according to the Associated Press, he and the girl and their families showed up at the Manchester Congregational Church for the wedding.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the Rev. George Shaw asked Swindells.

History does not record just what was going through Swindells' mind at that moment. It does record, however, that a number of British alimony-jail scandals had been in the papers that month, and perhaps Swindells was thinking about those. Perhaps, in a terrible moment of illumination, he suddenly saw the full, ghastly enormity of the position in which he was placing himself—a position of irrevocable, lifelong entrapment that could conceivably lead, in some unknowable future year, to a jail cell.

Perhaps these were Swindells' thoughts. Nobody knows. What the record does show is Swindell's answer to the minister's question.

"No," said David Swindells, and walked out of the church.

—Max Gunther

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE

[*Continued from page* 41]

looking individual, but talks well and may have an important contribution to make.

George C. Marshall
Chief of Staff"

The name of the man whom Lord Louis Mountbatten brought to General Marshall was Geoffrey Nathaniel Pyke.

Mountbatten, a man with a deep respect for creative thinking, had assembled in his London-based headquarters for Combined Operations a coterie of eminent civilian theoreticians. Pyke was a heartily disliked member of the group. Brilliant but contentious, productive but so personally difficult that he would have taxed the patience of a mummy, this gawky, wild-eyed eccentric drove everyone from him with a continuing cannonade of ideas, impatient criticisms and observations.

His associates couldn't stand him . . . not only because of the continuing onslaught on their mental processes, but also because, physically, he was noticeably less than pleasant. He rarely bathed, shaved or cut his hair. He wore spats to eliminate the need for wearing socks. He was jealous, suspicious and dedicated to the supposition that the rest of mankind was banded against him. This eccentric was the preposterously unlikely sire of that group of unemotional cutthroats, The Devil's Brigade.

Within two weeks after the memo went out, Pyke flew to America, where he met with Marshall's deputy chief of staff, Lt. Gen. Joseph T. McNarney, and other high staff officers.

The meeting was an unproductive one because the Americans evidently considered Pyke as an oddity whose high sponsorship forced them only to extend the courtesy of a hearing. When he began a detailed explanation of his ideas, they were amazed both by the complexities inherent in the development of his snow machine and by his insistence that the vehicle must be ready for combat within nine months.

In June, a need to consider invasion plans brought Mountbatten to Washington, where he then had the opportunity to confer with Pyke in person. After discussion with Pyke and the British officers who had accompanied Pyke to America, Mountbatten decided that Project Plough—as the proposal had been labelled—was being sidetracked.

To obtain corrective action, Mountbatten took Pyke to see Marshall's assistant chief of staff, an officer so little known at the time that he was referred to in British memorandums, as "Eisenhauer." Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's reaction was reassuring. The appointment of a young American Army officer, Lt. Col. Robert T. Frederick, to recruit the fighting men for the project was further evidence to Pyke that the Americans finally were taking genuine interest in his project.

He did not know that Frederick was the author of an earlier secret Pentagon memorandum which, in effect, stated that Project Plough should be abandoned or redirected at the earliest opportunity.

Robert T. Frederick was, and is, an exceptionally attractive man. Tall, mustachioed, vigorously youthful, he impressed his enlisted men and fellow officers by his dynamic impatience and incisive mind. He was a combat general of rare magnetism. In attempting to describe him, one of his men said, "He had a special sort of a quality . . . a movie-idol type."

Frederick had the ability to attract and retain almost fanatical loyalty. He soon would be giving a group of individualists and outcasts something that no one else in the world had the power to bestow. He gave them his respect, and their own, for being probably the best combat force this continent ever produced.

Winston Churchill said of Frederick: "If we had a dozen men like him, we would have smashed Hitler in 1942. He's the greatest fighting general of all time."

Frederick was whipcord tough. After the war, he was having a drink in a barroom in a small West Coast city. A policeman walked in and couldn't believe that the young man who looked as if he were barely in his 30's was entitled to wear the two stars of a major general, so he demanded to see Frederick's identification card. Frederick obliged him. The policeman, still feeling that something was wrong, studied it and then dropped it to the floor. Frederick told him to pick it up. When the burly cop refused, Frederick knocked him out with one punch.

Mystery still clouds the circumstances under which he left the service of the United States at an age so young that he was scarcely approaching the peak of his potential contributions to this country. Even now he avoids the inevitable questions on the matter, remaining quietly at home in Palo Alto, California. He is seemingly content to read the papers and answer, in desultory fashion, his mail. The only stimulus that moves him to action is a request for help from anyone with whom he shared the World War II days of youth and glory.

Robert Frederick was born in San Francisco on March 14, 1907. When he graduated from West Point in 1928, Frederick's standing in his various courses was undistinguished. His class position was 124th out of 250 graduates.

After several tours of duty in the field he entered the Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where he graduated in 1938 with a good enough record to enter the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Upon his graduation from Staff School in 1939, his demonstrated deductive ability earned him a posting to what was then the War Plans Division and which subsequently became known as the Operations Division of the War Department General Staff. This was in August, 1941, a few months before the Japanese forces attacked Pearl Harbor. He must have done his work well, because when General Marshall brought back from London the Project Plough suggestion, the matter was promptly referred to Lt. Col. Robert Frederick.

After 12 days investigating every facet and interviewing every authority, he turned in a 14-page, single-spaced, closely reasoned negative report for the signature of the recently appointed chief of Operations Division, Major General Eisenhower.

On June 3, 1942, General Eisenhower returned from England and was handed the report. Instead of signing it, his famous temper exploded.

Did they, he asked his staff, conceive that they or he could lightly dismiss a plan which had earned the enthusiasm and loyalty of men like Churchill and Mountbatten? Further, he wanted to know, what made the Pentagon planners so blithely certain that they could quickly discover flaws in planning which were not apparent to these two seasoned veterans of countless strategy sessions? The storm continued and there was nothing that the staff members could do to ease it. Finally, Eisenhower told them to bring him the reports and documents which had been produced by Frederick's investigation. He also told them to bring Frederick.

The meeting with Eisenhower proved to be the most important event in Frederick's life. Later that afternoon, when Eisenhower and Mountbatten left for a conference at the Russian Embassy, they were accompanied by the young officer whose quietly precise confidence in himself had impressed the general during their brief meeting.

In order to mollify Pyke, who had been disgruntled even though he had no firm knowledge that his plan had been slated for extinction, General Eisenhower promised that he would appoint an officer to supervise all phases of the project, who would have no other duty but Project Plough, and who would work directly as a consultant with Pyke.

Initially, the Army Ground Forces designated Lt. Col. H. R. Johnson as the officer to take charge of Project Plough. But Pyke and Johnson found themselves at cross purposes at their first meeting, and soon afterwards Frederick received a telephone call from a British officer in the Secretariat of the Combined Chiefs of Staff. The officer told Frederick that he was the new officer in charge of Project Plough.

Frederick was stunned, but also "terribly happy." By the next evening he was on his way to Canada with Mountbatten and Pyke in order to present the plan to the Canadian Army chief of staff, Gen. Kenneth Stuart. Winston Churchill had felt that the inclusion of Canadian troops would enhance the value of the organization and had even suggested that it be named "The North American Force."

The highly satisfactory Canadian visit lasted for five days. Frederick's contribution to these extended conversations was the stipulation that if Canada were willing to participate, Canada must send him its toughest and strongest soldiers. It was during this period that Frederick introduced his concept of American-Canadian solidarity which, for the life of the First Special Service Force, wiped out some of the boundary lines between the two countries.

The Canadian officials agreed and also offered the resources of the Canadian National Research Council to help develop the proposed snow vehicle. This vehicle, which later came to be known as the "Weasel," plays an important part in the papers, diaries and records which document the early days of Project Plough and the First Special Service Force. Pyke had made it a matter of primary importance that a suitable machine be developed, and both Mountbatten and General Marshall had agreed that before the proposed Force could find any level of effectiveness at all, the Weasel must be designed, produced and ready to go.

As a result, Frederick and his staff were to spend long periods of the months ahead in discussions with engineers, in locating properly snow-encrusted terrain for testing purposes, and in arranging the endless priorities necessary to get the vehicle rolling off the assembly lines. This turned out to be a cruel waste of time because the Weasel actually played no part in the Force's subsequent history. When Norway later decided to discontinue its participation in Project Plough, the urgent need for mechanical mastery of the snow also disappeared.

Throughout the early organizational period Frederick kept a relentless pace he considered necessary to bring Project Plough into existence by the following winter. He was soon relieved of Pyke's presence, for it wasn't long before Pyke succeeded in irritating enough high-level people to cause his removal back to England.

Frederick envisioned the Force which would implement Project Plough as being lesser in size than a division. This dictated that it be given the military description of "Brigade." The unit was to be composed of three regiments, a headquarters company and a service battalion whose duty it would be to relieve combat troops from all housekeeping and most maintenance functions.

Maj. Kenneth G. Wickham, the Force's G-1 Officer responsible for personnel found that he could expect little or no cooperation from the various Army personnel offices in recruiting troops. So, instead of requesting men, he described positions. Army psychologists were asked to list the qualities desirable in fighters who would be assigned to the suicidal missions contemplated for the Force, and then Frederick and his personnel chief, using the lists as guides, drew up the standards for the officers and men they were about to recruit.

For the senior officers, they set an arbitrary age limit of 35, demanded that they be in excellent physical condition and be willing to undergo parachute training. They placed special stress on men who had had experience living in subzero temperatures in mountainous or arctic regions and who had previously commanded units of at least company size in the field. Branch of service was immaterial.

The junior officers, Frederick felt, should not have been previously conditioned by other commanders. He had a well-defined feeling that he wanted to train his own, so he searched the graduating classes in the various officer candidate schools throughout the country. Almost 90 percent of his lieutenants came from this source.

As for enlisted men, he asked only that they be rough, tough and unafraid of anything. The only restriction was an educational one. Frederick stipulated that they should have had no less than three years of grammar school.

The recruiting notices that were sent to be tacked on Army post bulletin boards stated that preference would be given to men who had been "lumberjacks, forest rangers, hunters, northwoodsmen, game wardens, prospectors and explorers."

As a practical matter, many post commanders seized this opportunity to empty their stockades and rid themselves of hardcase troublemakers in all categories. Prisoners frequently were given the option of continuing their sentences or "volunteering" for Frederick's Force.

Most of the Forcemen, of course, were not felons. There were also ex-college men, teachers, farmers and the former bodyguards of movie stars and political bosses. But it would be difficult for an observer to separate the two categories on the basis of their subsequent combat records. The ex-Sunday-school teachers and ex-choir singers like the Canadian, Bill Story, proved just as tough in battle as the most hardened ex-con. This was not a coincidence. Frederick deliberately set out to assemble a group of men who shared the common denominator of past, present or potential hardness. He accepted no others.

On July 4, 1942, Frederick received a call from a friend in AGF (Army Ground Forces) Headquarters, who unofficially notified him that orders were being cut transferring the Force directly to the jurisdiction of the War Department. The same document would include the official activation order of the unit, a detail which, so far, had apparently been overlooked by the individuals most intimately concerned with its creation.

On the next day, the order was received and the Force officially came into being. Frederick, having previously decided that Fort William Henry Harrison in Helena, Montana, offered the best opportunities to train his men to fight in the way he envisioned, promptly sent his Operations and Training Officer

Major John Shinberger off to begin reshaping the facilities of the base into maximum operational efficiency. Two days later, Robert Frederick was promoted to the rank of full colonel. Project Plough had finally shifted into high gear.

The name, "First Special Service Force," was officially adopted by Frederick during this period. He was besieged with titles by the Army's public relations experts who came up with a lurid group of selections each evidently chosen to frighten the enemy to death, in the event the Force proved unable to physically perform this job.

Frederick didn't want any name that was overly descriptive of the firepower or projected activities of his Brigade. "First Special Service Force" sounded innocently close enough to the Special Services (the name given to the Army's entertainment branch) to camouflage the true purpose of his outfit. This was the name that was entered on Army records. Of course, this misleading label gave rise to a series of misconceptions. Whenever an outsider later questioned the name and the significance of the red, white and blue braided cord that Forcemen proudly looped over their shoulders, they were usually informed that the men who bore this name and wore the crossed arrows and spearhead insignia were, in fact, members of a company of master barbers whose mission was to insure the neatness of our troops overseas.

The problems presented by the participation of Canadian troops were not so easily solved. Although it was determined to divide staff and command positions equally between representatives of the two countries, two matters with serious morale implications came into focus during this organizational period.

For one thing, the pay scale of the Americans was much higher than that of their Canadian counterparts. If the Canadians were to be paid American rates, it would be considered unfair preferment. If the Canadians were paid less than the Americans in the Force, there might soon be a quite logical aura of dissatisfaction from anyone getting less money for doing the same job as the man who slept in the next bunk.

Secondly, there was a further question concerning loyalties. Could a Canadian be forced to accept an American order? Could an American's refusal to obey a direct command from a Canadian superior be considered a punishable military offense?

These potentially ugly questions were resolved by common sense. The Canadians never did achieve parity in pay scales with the Americans. But since the Americans were paid once a month and were generally broke a few days thereafter, while the Canadians got their monthly pay in two installments, it became a matter of only academic importance. Both sides graciously borrowed money from the other.

As for accepting commands, the organization quickly matured into an outfit where only those who could command respect would issue orders. Promotions were solely on merit and the few grumblers at the system were generally those who couldn't measure up . . . and Frederick got rid of them in short order.

The time had come to move the Force's headquarters to Helena. On July 19, Colonel Frederick, the newly-promoted Lieutenant Colonel Shinberger, Maj. Robert Burhans, the Intelligence officer, and two lieutenants flew to Montana.

They came from all over and the first few weeks in Fort Harrison were chaos. Trains and trucks brought in shipments of men with the regularity of an escalator belt. Carpenters, plumbers and electricians were in everyone's way . . . moving the headquarters building, tearing down old structures, cutting and grading streets and attending to all the details which, normally, would have been completed long before the base was opened for occupancy.

Frederick and his small staff seemed to be in dozens of places at once. Their tension, however, only barely covered the happiness they felt as seeing their project come alive.

The arriving men were bewildered. The vague secrecy which had cloaked their new assignment was in no way dispelled by the sight of scores of different uniforms and insignias and the sounds of frantic building activity thundering all about them.

There was one soldier in Canadian uniform who, immediately upon detraining asked to be brought to the commanding officer. He was directed to where Major Wickham was standing and told that whatever he wanted to know, Wickham could tell him.

The soldier walked over to Wickham, saluted, stood at attention, and didn't go on because he obviously didn't know how the information he was going to deliver would be received.

Wickham waited patiently in silence.

Finally, the soldier blurted out his story. He wasn't a Canadian. He was a deserter from the American Army who had gone up north to enlist in the Canadian Army. When he saw the notice posted for the Force, he had immediately volunteered without thinking of the possible entangling consequences.

Wickham, continuing his silence for a few moments, studied the soldier before him. He finally asked, "Why did you desert from one Army to get into another?"

"I thought I'd get into the fighting faster," the deserter answered.

Wickham remembers saying, "If that's all that's been bothering you, I think we're finally going to make you happy. You're going to get as much fighting as you can handle."

Wickham tidied up the whole matter by having the Canadian Army issue the man a discharge. He then reduced the American charges against the man from desertion to AWOL, and permitted him to remain in the Force.

One young photographer named Lew Merrim had been assigned by the Signal Corps to take pictures of the Force's training regimen. Merrim never returned to the Signal Corps; he joined the Force instead and became the outfit's unofficial photographer as well as a combat sergeant.

There were others. Frederick Pike had been a welterweight boxing champion in the Merchant Marine. Robert Hiscox had been a safe blower, a profession which he apparently did not abandon while in the Force and to which he subsequently returned. After the war he became the leading (and only) member of what the Toronto papers referred to as "The Polka Dot Gang." When he was finally caught in the middle of a job, he blew himself to pieces with a bottle of nitroglycerine rather than be taken by the police. It is a matter only of historical interest to mention that whenever Hiscox and the Force were stationed anywhere near a town possessing a safe which looked as if it had valuable contents, that safe was blown.

On the other hand, cocky Conrad Legault, another man who became an outstanding combat fighter, said "When they interviewed me for the Force, they took me, even though I had no jail record!"

It took very little time for the Americans to establish a kinship with the Canadians. On both sides the men were lean, mean and tough. Two Canadians named Leo Moffet and Arvest Ouderkirk still think of the night that initiated the actual welding of the two national groups into one homogeneous unit.

When the Canadians received their first pay they went to The Gold Bar in Helena. Some wore kilts and others British summer uniforms—shorts and knee socks. As the evening wore on, some miners mumbled insulting remarks about the Canadians, who, frequently lectured on the fact that they were guests of the U.S., glumly swallowed the insults. But American Forcemen in the bar were under no such restraint and went after the miners. When the MP's arrived and learned the cause of the brawl, they refused to interfere. The American soldiers continued to throw the miners out of the bar until it became quiet.

This fight did much to bring the two nationalities in the Force solidly together and from then on there was a fine feeling between the two groups. Shortly afterwards American uniforms were issued to the whole Force and everyone forgot who was Canadian and who was American.

The military police were not always as cooperative. The Forcemen considered them as natural targets, and whenever and wherever they came in contact with the MP's, they regarded the meeting as an invitation to practice unarmed combat.

Once, in a neighboring city, an MP tried to enforce a corps headquarters directive against bloused pants legs on the person of a visiting Forceman named McGinty.

"Pull those pants outa yer boots," the MP directed.

"Where I come from, that's the uniform," replied McGinty; "so why don't you try pulling them outa my boots yourself?"

The MP moved in, club raised at the ready position, and suddenly found himself on his backside on the street, clutching at his vital parts and moaning. Four more MP's arrived, three of whom joined the first one in the gutter. The fourth raced away, shouting for reinforcements. When they arrived, McGinty had disappeared. A military police lieutenant turned up next day at Fort William Henry Harrison demanding that the man who had nearly murdered four of his men be found and

punished. He was bluntly told, "There's a war on, Lieutenant. We don't have time."

Using late December as a target day, the Force began the most rigorous training schedule ever undertaken by an American Army unit. The entire program was based on attaining and maintaining peak physical fitness. The troops got up at 4:45 a.m. and by 6:30 had breakfasted, cleaned quarters and were bending and twisting through an involved series of calisthenics. By 8 o'clock the combat units had gone through a mile and a quarter obstacle course on the run. This pace was maintained throughout the day. Four nights a week, training lectures from 7 to 9 were held for all troops. Regular army cadence was 120 steps to the minute. The Force marched at 140.

Lieutenant Colonel Shinberger, who had come to the Force by way of a parachute regiment, boiled the normal three-month parachute training time down to six days. Many men jumped with far less preparation. Frederick, for example, submitted to a 10-minute description of how to twist in the harness and roll so as to absorb the shock of landing before he impatiently swung on a parachute and said, "That enough. Let's go."

One of the most remarkable instructors in camp during this period was the much-traveled Irishman, Dermot ("Pat") O'Neill, a civilian expert whom Frederick imported to teach hand-to-hand fighting.

Before 1941, Pat had been a detective, a member of a riot squad and an officer of the far-famed Shanghai International Police. His reputation for a brand of fighting in which he mixed jujitsu, karate, and several other methods of bare-handedly crippling an antagonist, had brought him to the attention of Col. William ("Wild Bill") Donovan, who made him a member of the superspy organization he was then forming, the O.S.S.

Through his Intelligence connections, Burhans had heard of O'Neill and recommended him to Frederick. Frederick, overlooking the minor detail that O'Neill was not an American citizen, said, "Get him for the Force. We're going to be able to use him." This was an eminently accurate statement. O'Neill proved so effective a teacher that later, in combat, a Forceman offhandedly reported, "I killed the Kraut with an O'Neill in the nuts."

The difficult and intense training regime at Helena produced a strong sense of pride. It was evident that only the most superior human beings could endure it. It went beyond boast and talk. You either stood the gaff or your records were stamped with the three initials that the men came to dread, "RTU" . . . Return To Unit.

In their raw stages, the Forcemen may have been malcontents or social rejects. Here they became members of a superbly seasoned elite. Each had the option to leave at any time, but no one ever willingly accepted it once the initial weeding-out process had been accomplished. The men looked about them and thought, "I'm as good as anyone here. I'm better than any soldier anywhere else." This was a rare identity to have earned. They regarded with perhaps subconscious gratitude the leaders who had given them this opportunity. Their officers proved themselves in the same crucible. The weak ones had been shaken out. There were few whom the men would not have followed anywhere, because they had earned their right to lead.

This spirit was a living and almost tangible thing. New recruits who joined gaped at what they saw. A former first sergeant in another branch of the service commented, "I was amazed at the closeness of the enlisted men and officers. They all acted as if they were a select military fraternity, and although I heard some bellyaching in the barracks, the way that everyone closed in on any outsider who made a detrimental crack about the Force was fantastic. There was nothing like it anywhere else in the Army. I can't tell you how badly I wanted to be accepted as a member of this outfit."

Colonel Frederick never attained really full dimensions to the Force during this period. He would appear at a training session, or might suddenly show up at a supply tent or visit the motor pool to learn to drive a Weasel and drink a cup of coffee with the sergeant in charge, but these were only interludes. He considered that his function was to remain on the move . . . rounding up additional men and supplies from all parts of the country and dealing with skeptical brass.

Frederick had an enormous task in keeping his Force from being scrapped. Plans for operating in Norway had to be cancelled when the Norwegians withdrew from Project Plough, probably fearing that its success would result in the total industrial destruction of their country. Project Plough might be dying, but Frederick decided he'd be damned if he'd admit the Force was a corpse until the final death sentence was administered by Washington.

Frederick met with his staff and told them what had happened. Allowing disappointment no time to sap their energies, he set them to changing the Tables of Organization and list of equipment. This transformed the brigade from a one-purpose force into a versatile organization capable of meeting almost any combat situation. Total dependence on the Weasel was eliminated. The combat elements were given submachine guns, Browning light machine guns and the recently developed bazooka rocket launcher. Shortly afterwards, all platoons received flamethrowers, 60-mm. mortars and the new Johnson light machine gun, which proved to be an overwhelming favorite in battle.

It was now November. Frederick had become a more shadowy figure than ever to the Forcemen . . . a commanding officer who was forever going off on unexplained trips to undisclosed places. He had turned into a man searching for a mission.

Although Norway was out, Frederick continued to emphasize cold weather training. In February, Norwegian ski specialists brought to camp as instructors, reported that in two weeks of training, 99 percent of the Force had become competent skiers, even by Norwegian Army standards. Armed with this report, Frederick received permission to visit Lt. Gen. Simon B. Buckner in the Alaskan Department. Buckner, his department pauperized by the continued diversion of his men to other commands (while he was preparing for the oncoming invasions of Adak, Amchitka, Attu and Kiska), was excited by Frederick's description of his men and their capacity to fight in frigid temperatures. He sent a wire to Washington urging that the First Special Service Force be attached to his command.

Coincidentally, General Eisenhower, who had been planning for the invasion of Sicily, recalled the impression Frederick had made on him and requested of the War Department that the Force be given him for "Operation Husky," the code name for the Italian invasion.

Frederick and his Force had finally become popular. His confidence in the capability of an elite striking group was justified. But before a decision on either destination could be reached one last bit of versatility was required. For schooling in amphibious landing tactics, the Force was ordered to Camp Bradford, the Naval Operations Base in Norfolk, Virginia, in April, 1943. To the amazement of the Amphibious School staff, the Forcemen went up and down the practice riggings wearing full packs in faster time than it had ever been done before. Army inspection teams, in an almost unparalleled move, declared the Force had completed its training a full week before the already-accelerated course was formally finished.

Having had their fill of practicing Pat O'Neill's methods of infighting on the miners of Helena and on each other, the Forcemen enthusiastically welcomed the suspicion and dislike with which they were regarded in Virginia by the shore patrol and Marines. It promised them a new set of sparring partners. On one trip to town, a Forceman indicated his doubt of the Marine Corps' reputation for toughness by betting a leatherneck $5 that he could take away the Marine's bayonet from him with his bare hands. He won his bet. Other Forcemen soon made a practice of disarming Marines they met in town.

The Coast Artillery commanding general, who commanded the training post, told Frederick that if these activities were not stopped, he would "sic" his police detachment on the Forcemen. He also intimated to Frederick that he thought the Force's reputation badly needed deflating. Unimpressed, Frederick bet the general $10 that not only were his Forcemen as good as they thought they were, but they could prove it by thwarting every security precaution that the general's guards had built into their camp.

The two men agreed to meet next morning to settle the wager. After breakfast, Frederick took the general on a tour of his own post. He pointed out that his Forcemen had stealthily infiltrated the camp during the night and placed simulated explosives under every barracks, building, and gun installation in the area. He also showed the general where a charge of simulated dynamite had been hidden under his own bed. Frederick cheerfully pocketed the general's $10. The general expressed no more doubts about the Force's capabilities.

In late May, the Force moved to Fort Ethan Allen in Burlington, Vermont, for its final staging ground in America. Here the training was continued, but the goal now was the thin edge of

perfection. The most memorable event here was the appearance of one Lt. Col. Edwin A. Walker, as a Force regimental commander.

"He impressed us very much," says one of the men who served with him in the 3rd Regiment. "Coming from the Artillery, he wasn't in the best of shape. When he came on a 25-mile route march with us, he had to hobble back. But he did it."

On June 15, 1943, the long-awaited overseas inspection team arrived in camp. The inspectors found out that the standard criteria used to evaluate military units were absolutely inadequate when applied to Frederick's Brigade. Normally, a grade of 75 percent was sufficient to pass an organization through tests on maintenance, map reading, physical fitness and other military requirements; 100 percent was, of course, considered perfect. Force units averaged 125 percent, and on several occasions achieved *200 percent!* The First Special Service Force was ready for any job that had to be done. Any job.

Pvt. Harry Hoffman spoke for everyone when he observed, "We all felt time was wasting and we wanted combat before the war ended."

After a week's stay on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay the destination of the Force was no longer a secret. The arctic gear that was being issued pointed unmistakably to the Aleutians.

On the evening of July 9, the men, under the supervision of Colonel Frederick and Maj. Orval J. Baldwin, the G-4 officer responsible for logistics and supply, loaded into the two Liberty ships that were to take them northward. The strength of the Brigade at that moment was 169 officers and 2,283 enlisted men. Approximately 75 percent of these were combat troops. This was the total number of troops slated as the first invasion wave against an estimated 12,000 heavily armed, well-dug-in Japanese defenders on the island of Kiska. Force mission would be to hold the beachhead while the main landing force went ashore.

At Amchitka Island where the Force camped, the Forcemen turned their attention to the other units who would be making the fight with them. They liked the sight of the Alaska Scouts, because, in these rugged ex-trappers and guides, they could recognize kindred souls. The other Army and Navy units were only subjects for speculation as to how well they would hold up their end of the job. The fact that some of these other units bore ferocious names, such as "The Widow-makers," and "Corlett's Long Knives (a group named after the senior Army general on the scene)," struck the Forcemen as childish.

This attitude was always a source of despair to the military heraldry and public relations men. When the Force flag had been designed, space had been left blank against the day when some Forceman would utter an imperishable slogan. But the space remained empty throughout the life of the Brigade since the comment that came closest to immortality (and printability) was "ah, screw them Krauts."

After a great deal of intramural bickering between the Army and the Navy, plans for the invasion began to take shape. On the face of available evidence, there was little reason for the oncoming invasion. The Japanese could only have viewed their tenuous hold on the Aleutians as an embarrassment. By this time the tempo of the American war effort had quickened to where Japanese use of the area as a base from which to mount an attack on America was highly unlikely. Probably the most important source of urgency for the action which brought the Force to Alaska was political. A substantial bonus of public approval would accrue to the Administration as soon as the last invader was expelled from the soil of North America.

Frederick was too intelligent a man, too seasoned a planner, not to have realized that there was no military reason for the invasion. Further, the invasion plans that were being presented to him by the staffs of Rear Adm. Thomas Kinkaid and Maj. Gen. Charles H. Corlett unmistakably indicated that his entire command would probably be eradicated within 24 hours of H-hour.

The profound depths of his feeling for his men combined with the apparent dishonesty of the target choice made Frederick only reluctantly patient with the displays of jealousy being evidenced by each of the headquarters above him.

Finally, but with every evidence of creaking and groaning, the various elements of the attack began to draw together under the umbrella of a joint service command.

Colonel Frederick was to go in with the Force's 3rd Regiment. D-day was set for August 15, 1943. August 15 came, and the troops went in. And, in a stunning anticlimax to months of preparation, they found that the last contingent of Japs had cleared out a few hours before they got there.

Most of the Forcemen lost their sense of humor that night. It is a credit to both their training and courage that they went through with a mission containing abundant advance evidence that they would all be dead before morning.

A regimental clerk said later: "I still think with special horror how little history there would have been for the Force had the Japs still been on Kiska in the strength they were supposed to have been. I think few realize how close to a suicidal assignment our part of the operation was."

On August 18, Frederick and the Force returned to Amchitka where they found a radiogram from Fleet Headquarters at Pearl Harbor awaiting them. It read:

HIGHEST AUTHORITY DIRECTS THAT YOU RETURN SPECIAL SERVICE FORCE TO SAN FRANCISCO WITHOUT DELAY. NIMITZ

Upon returning to America, half the Force was furloughed and the other half sent directly back to Fort Ethan Allen. Then came a month of general tightening up. Frederick had been given a rare opportunity of evaluating his command under perfectly simulated combat conditions and although he was generally satisfied, it had been obvious that certain of the men would not do under the strains that lay ahead.

After the weak officers and men had been dropped, new uniforms and gear were issued, and the corrections in procedure indicated as necessary by the Kiska exercise were made. The Force then sat back to await its expected overseas orders.

General Eisenhower, again contemplating the use of the Force for raids, sabotage or guerrilla operations in Italy, Southern France or the Balkans, sent for it in October. He was too late. As a result of Gen. Mark Clark's frantic scrounging for additional men in the impending Italian campaign, the Brigade had been assigned to his Fifth Army. In mid-October, Colonel Frederick and two junior officers left by plane as the advance detail for the Brigade's trip to Europe. Shortly afterwards, orders arrived at Force Headquarters sending the unit to the Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation. On November 17 the Force, reunited with Frederick, arrived in Naples Harbor.

By October 27, 1943, the entire First Special Service Force was aboard *The Empress of Scotland,* a captured liner which had been formerly known as *The Empress of Japan.* When the ship put into Casablanca on November 5, Frederick, as usual was on hand to meet it. The Force moved on to Oran, in Algeria, for a brief stay and then, on November 17, arrived in Naples Harbor.

A chain of heavily fortified hills, linked together by some of the toughest German Army units in the European Theater, constituted Field-Marshal Albert Kesselring's "Winter Line." It was the Germans' main stand in front of Rome, and had stalled the advance of the Fifth Army through Italy.

The key to cracking this line was represented by two formidable mountain masses named Monte la Difensa and Monte la Remetanea. No matter how ferocious a fighting force General Clark hurled against these twin peaks, the attack had not only been repulsed, it had also resulted in heavy Allied casualties. The area was held by a crack Panzer (armored) Grenadier Division, with the Hermann Goering Division in reserve. These were among the best German troops anywhere.

This was the situation when the First Special Service Force arrived in the sector. The latest attack, 12 driving days of sustained onslaughts, had just failed. The Fifth Army had fallen back to bandage its wounds and to eye, hungrily, the broad flat expanse which lay beyond the mountains.

But first the mountain chain had to be breached. And 3,000 feet high, apparently impregnable, the well-named Monte la Difensa looming over the surrounding terrain was the stumbling block. A menacing bastion, its summit was generally cloaked in clouds or swirling snowstorms. Above its 1,000-foot tree line, there was nothing but bare crags.

Sustained Allied air and artillery pounding had produced little or no effect. The German defense was too well dug in among the sheer cliffs and crevices in the granite to be affected by bombs and shells.

The Force was assigned on November 22 to the 36th Division, a component of Maj. Gen. Geoffrey Keyes' II Corps. The assign-

ment had been made by Fifth Army headquarters as part of "Operation Raincoat," the code name for the plan to breach the mountain passes.

Under the plan, Frederick's Force had been given Monte la Difensa and its adjoining sister, Monte la Remetanea, as targets. As in Kiska the Force was to be the spearhead for the entire operation. If it could take these two objectives, the American and British forces would then pour through and engage the other German defenses. The most experienced headquarters officers felt, in light of the First Special Force's reputation, that there was a good possibility that it might take these targets in three days. Privately, they were convinced that if it did, the price would be almost complete extinction.

Frederick's first reaction on being given the target was characteristically unemotional. Instead of commenting on the difficulty of being given a job which had proven too much for units many times the size of his own, he simply gathered a few men about him and went up the mountain to see for himself. During the next week, under the cover of darkness, accompanied by a couple of his staff people or, occasionally, a handful of enlisted men, he crept up the mountain trails to choose the most advantageous assault route.

Apparently, the only militarily feasible approach to the summit was a trail leading up the south side. On the north side of the mountain stood a 200-foot cliff. Above the cliff was a series of six ledges averaging 30 feet in height. The Germans had comparatively little firepower on this flank because it was obvious that even a handful of men would have difficulty in scaling their way up. It would be next to impossible for a full-sized attacking force to come this way. Frederick accurately evaluated the German concept of the situation and chose the side with the series of ledges as the route for his Force. He reasoned that the Germans would have reserved this side as an escape hatch, and said, "If they can come down this way, then we can go up."

Frederick made only one miscalculation. He thought that mule trains would be able to pick their way up the south side in order to supply his attacking force. But the trails proved later to be too much for all but the hardiest of the four-footed animals. It was then that his 3rd Regiment slung the loads on their own backs and made the trip where the mules could not or would not go.

By November 25, the Force was in combat readiness for the job. The driving rain, which was turning the roads and fields of the area into a gummy mass, was no longer considered as a hateful source of discomfort. Now, it was reasoned, the downpour cloaking the men's movements could possibly add a certain depth to the element of surprise they needed for success.

The reconnaissance completed, Frederick called his staff officers and key commanders together and, pointing to a map of the mountain-turned-fortress, made the assignments for the coming battle. The 2nd Regiment, under Lt. Col. D. D. Williamson, was given the D-day job of attacking and taking the hill. The 1st Regiment was assigned as a reserve to the commanding general of the 36th Division. The 3rd Regiment had a double mission . . . its First Battalion would become litter bearers and supply carriers for the 2nd Regiment and its Second Battalion would form the Force's reserve, to be used wherever battle strategy might dictate.

Few of the men exhibited any signs of nervousness. This was an outgrowth of Frederick's open respect for them. His conduct as a commanding officer was marked by the belief that once he had selected and trained his type of man, that man became his partner in the enterprise and was worthy of knowing the exact dimensions of the job to be done. This kind of honesty flowed in both directions. The commander and his men had great trust in each other. Neither side felt that there was any possibility that the other would let him down.

But, of course, the Forcemen were human beings, not automatons. Underneath the casual, professional air, the men made highly personal evaluations of the odds and each man decided for himself his conduct in relationship to the situation ahead.

At 4 p.m. on December 2, the Force moved out. At hourly intervals, the 2nd Regiment, the 1st and then the 3rd loaded into trucks and rode part of the way to the base of the mountain. The men hiked the last 10 miles in the heavy rain, as the falling night hid them from the German observers on the mountain.

The 1st Regiment deployed to the base of a hill and waited in their reserve position. The 2nd Regiment began the stealthy climb up Difensa, their objective being a point about halfway to the crest where they would wait, under the cover of darkness, to begin the attack. The 3rd Regiment, split in half, sent one battalion to the base of the hill to remain in readiness to back up the second. The remainder slipped into position to begin their packing duties. It was the eve of the first of the bloody days of Difensa.

By dawn of December 3, all the forward units had reached their assigned positions and burrowed into concealment. Their stealthy arrival went undetected by the Germans. The Force stayed in hiding that day, waiting for other Allied troops to arrive at their positions in adjoining sectors. This readiness of the entire line was essential. If the Force succeeded in taking its objective, the British and American infantry on their flanks would have to move in order to preserve the victory. Otherwise, German reinforcements might arrive in time to cut off and isolate the Force as a prelude to recapturing the mountain.

At 4:00 that afternoon, the men began to prepare for their night's work. Grenades were checked, knives received a final honing and rations were distributed.

A half an hour later, Frederick stepped out of his command post, nodded to Pat O'Neill, now an officer in the Force, Lt. Finn Roll, the assistant Intelligence officer, and the Force's Chief Scout, a tall, slender man named Wright, and said, "Let's go." Turning to Colonel Adams, his executive officer, he said casually, "Look after things, Paul," and he and his small group began taking the trail the rest of the way up the mountain. He was followed shortly afterwards by the Force's combat units moving to assigned positions.

At dusk, the final barrage began.

«☆»

The 2nd Regiment, which would carry the brunt of this phase of the fighting, reached the base of the Difensa crown by 10:30 that evening. Their path was accompanied by an increasing volume of German shells. It seemed as if every German artillery commander in the area had been supplied with a map listing Difensa's trails and had zeroed in accordingly.

The 600 men of the 2nd Regiment moved upward silently, as silently as they had infiltrated the Coast Artillery post while training in the States. There were no signs that the Germans entrenched above were aware of their approach. At midnight, most of the men had reached concealment among the rocky ledges. The lead company of the assault force, scarcely daring to breathe, lay well within range of the German positions.

Sgt. Bobby Gold was told by Lt. Adna Underhill to bring his men further up the climb in order to establish a position just behind the advance unit. Gold's men, their fingers almost numbed by the chilling cold, knotted the ropes about them and moved up.

The difficulty involved in this move comes into sharp focus when it is remebered the cliff face of Difensa begins at the 2,000 foot level and extends upwards at a pitch of 60 or 70 degrees for approximately another 1,000 feet. The peasants of the nearby villages never used anything but the well-cut trails on the opposite side when they took their flocks to the summit to graze. Since the winter of 1943, only two persons have tried to get to the top by means of the northeast face. These were two young men from Northern Italy, and the peasants who extricated them from the cleft in the rock wall where they had become stranded, cursed them for fools.

This was the cleft that 600 riflemen, carrying packs which would have forced lesser men to the ground, negotiated without a sound. They groped for crevices with frozen hands while stretching their muscles to the aching point to keep from sliding backwards. Like so many snakes, the sections crawled over the cliff face and, singly, broke over the rim.

Sergeant Gold's section reached their position and untied themselves. They sprawled out exhausted, the perspiration freezing to their bodies in the icy air. One man reached for his rifle and found that he was too tired to lift it. He whispered across to Gold who helped him slip the sling over his head. They rested for a few minutes, and then wriggled forward into the darkness to take their place on the flanks of their advance company.

Finally, the group was joined by another handful of men. It was Frederick and his staff, inching their way to a ledge close enough to the enemy to smell the cooking odors from the mess area. The shelf that Frederick and his group picked out was so narrow that it spanned just a bit more than one man's width.

So they bunched down on top of one another and remained motionless in that position in the freezing rain. Their uniforms congealed in an icy mass to the rocks and to each other.

When all elements were in position, Frederick gave the signal for another stealthy advance. The forward elements crept to the crest which was a saucer-shaped area the size of a football field. There were hundreds of the best German troops here, some grouped in underground emplacements and supported by others in foxholes. The men of the Force slipped forward in the darkness, their blackened faces and dirt-stained uniforms making them almost completely invisible. Although in the distance, the rumble and cough of artillery could be heard, the only sound being made on the crest was the soft gurgle vented by German sentries who had their throats cut by the Forcemen gliding past them in the darkness.

At 4:30 a.m., Lt. Col. Tommy MacWilliams, a mild-mannered Canadian history professor in peacetime now commanding the lead battalion, whispered word to his men to hold their fire until 6:00 a.m. He directed that knives and bayonets be used on any German that stumbled into their positions.

But a rockfall gave them away. The Germans had surrounded their emplacements with loose stones for this very purpose, and, as some of the riflemen began sliding into the ravines, the blackness of the sky was split and shattered by the flashes and noise of gunfire.

A green flare went up, followed by a red one of equal brilliance. Then came a blinding flash as two magnesium flares sharply illuminated the entire scene. The men of the Force, caught in the glare, stood silhouetted like so many menacing statues. The battle was on.

Canadian officer Percy Crichlow describes the part of it that he saw: "All hell broke loose. I dived for cover and my section, who were laboriously climbing over the ledge behind me, started to crawl into position to my left as soon as they were on the ledge in front of the topmost lump.

"Lieutenant Piette gave me the order to lay down a base of fire while he got McGinty's section to circle to the right. My section started to return the Jerries' fire. In the dark it seemed that there was a kind of fort ahead of me from which came the flashes of German machine guns and submachine guns. There was a quick intake of breath near by and I knew somebody was hit. I kept firing my tommy gun at the gun flashes ahead of me and then the forms spread to my right. Apparently McGinty's section was getting into action."

The furious fighting continued on every side . . . and it wasn't being waged only by enlisted men and junior officers. Frederick seemed to be everywhere on that battlefield. Colonel MacWilliams, the battalion commander, was killed in the early moments. Other senior officers fought as savagely and unremittingly as the Pfc's alongside them.

The next wave of Forcemen, the Second Battalion of the 1st Regiment which had been waiting in reserve, now came up and over the crest. It didn't take the three days that the experts had predicted. In just two hours of actual fighting, the German stronghold on la Difensa ceased to exist. It had held back the progress of an army, repelled many determined and extended attacks, but the Force took it in two hours. Battlewise historians still regard this feat as a mission they would have labeled impossible had it not actually happened.

Most shock troops are rarely prepared to take prisoners. But this was the Force's first time in action. They found it hard to gun down a man who had raised his hands in surrender. This reluctance stopped abruptly after the death of Capt. W. T. Rothlin.

Rothlin and his squad had flushed out a nest of Germans who had been hiding in an emplacement. The first German stepped up, a white flag raised in his hands. Rothlin went forward to collar the man and then one of the remaining Germans blasted a shot right into his face. Rothlin fell back, dying without another sound. His men opened up at the remaining Germans with all the firepower they had, killing every one.

Thereafter, the Force never took prisoners, unless specifically ordered to by Burhans, Roll or one of the other Intelligence officers, who needed the enemy for interrogation purposes.

At dawn, the fog parted momentarily. It revealed the Germans swarming away from the crest, down the slope and across the connecting ridge to the Force's second target, Monte la Remetanea. But this sudden-found visibility proved to be a curse rather than a respite. The German artillery observers found the 2nd Regiment still clumped together in the basin they had just taken, and on signal, artillery began showering death on the victors.

Maj. Edward H. Thomas, who had command of the battalion after MacWilliams died, looked over to Frederick for orders. Frederick waved the men to take shelter in the concrete pillboxes deserted by the Germans and then ducked into his forward command post on the shelf below the rope scramble. From here he signaled to the 2nd Regiment to hold up any further advance until the ammunition packers could arrive. He then radioed to the supply caves down the road to get the packers started with ammunition, water, rations, blankets and litters for the wounded.

Because it was a minimum six-hour trip, the Force dug in as best they could in the pillboxes and between the rocks for the rest of the day while awaiting supplies.

Members of the 3rd Regiment describe that nightmarish packing trip up and down the mountain:

Bill Rachui: "A soldier would carry either a five-gallon can of water, case of rations or a box of ammunition, and we made two trips a day for seven days using the same trail on which we had to pass dead bodies of men from units that tried to take the high ground before and our own dead every trip we made."

Leo Mitchell: "We were stretcher company—a red cross on one's helmet is not nearly as comforting as a tommy gun. Getting out of the foxhole at 2 a.m. and making time with stretchers on back was not pleasant; then the climb up for three hours and carrying the wounded down was hard work. Lieutenant Leske in our company surprised a German sniper by jumping on his back and taking him prisoner. He was a big one, complete with Schmeisser gun and Iron Cross—Les had nothing."

John Bourne indicated that the rest of the men shared a moment of sober realization when they said, "At first, the men felt that this was not what they had been trained to do and, in fact, were a little insulted. Their attitude changed, however, when they found that ordinary supply troops or medical orderlies would never have been able to withstand the rigors and hardships involved when battling that mountain. As an example, it took eight men about 10 hours using mountain-climbing ropes, etc., to bring a wounded man from the top of the mountain to a point where he could be placed on an ambulance jeep."

«☆»

Darkness fell early. The wind came up whistling through the pitch-blackness of the night bringing more icy rain with it. By 9:00 p.m. the downpour had increased the discomfort of the Forcemen to where it actually approached physical pain. There was no shelter, few blankets, insufficient food and, above all, a continuous barrage of mortar fire on their positions which never seemed to let up. Difensa had become a cold and lonely island cut off from the rest of the world.

Lt. Col. A. C. Marshall's 1st Regiment, which had been spending an uneventful day in reserve, now began to get the attention of the German artillery. As the cannonading stepped up, it became imperative that the unit be moved elsewhere to escape the impact of the barrage.

At 11:00 p.m. that night, Brig. Gen. William H. Wilbur of the 36th Division, sent word to the Force to get moving. Lt. Colonel Beckett, got his battalion in order and sent A Company up the trail to lead the way to their new position. A German machine gunner concealed on the mountain spotted them and squeezed off a burst of tracers to signal his artillery. Shells literally cascaded down on the whole 1st Regiment. The barrage was a lethal mixture of every shell in the German armory; high explosive, air burst, dead head armor-piercing, and searing white phosphorus gushed from the skies . . . making movement of any kind an impossibility.

As soon as Frederick learned of the pounding his 1st Regiment was getting, he streaked out of his command post in order to be with his men. Actually, he could contribute nothing to them at this point, but his presence helped them execute a professional withdrawal instead of surrendering to panic.

Sgt. Allan H. Jamison said, "I'll never forget Colonel Frederick walking by our position and telling me to keep my head down, and here he was up in full view of the enemy himself!"

The Force responded to this kind of leadership. Maj. S. V. Ojala and 14 other officers and men moved out into the darkness to find the snipers who were directing the barrage. Ojala's strategy was quite simple. He and his detachment would move

up the slope of the mountain in the direction of the snipers who would certainly fire at them in self-protection. This fire would disclose their position to the rest of the Forcemen.

As Ojala and his men, weighed down with rifles, machine guns and a supply of hand grenades, spidered their way up and over the icy crags, the German snipers reacted as expected. Their first hit was Major Ojala. His body began slipping down slowly over the cliffs and then, gaining momentum, it turned and bounced, finally plummeting into the wooded area below.

But the diversion worked. Other patrols trailing Ojala's party saw the German fire, and wormed their way to the emplacements. With hand grenades, they blew every German sniper to death. Shortly afterwards, the shelling stopped. The initial barrage had lasted less than an hour. But in those fire-filled minutes, the 1st Regiment had been rendered 40 percent ineffective.

Midnight came, bringing to a close the first phase of the Force's initial entry into combat. Frederick was satisfied . . . not so much because his men had taken Difensa in a few hours when others had failed to take it in weeks, but because of the manner in which the victory had been won. The First Special Service Force had arrived in this theater of operations preceded by their reputation as potentially tough and vicious fighters. They had proved a right to that estimate.

Heavy casualties forced Frederick to wait another day before beginning the attack on Monte la Remetanea. In the meantime, he placed his men in defensive positions and began moving the reserve units up into attack formations. Patrols were sent out into the rain to comb every sector, to bring back prisoners and to knock out sniper emplacements wherever they could be found. That afternoon, a shifting fog added to the tension, and the infighting that took place whenever visibility brought two groups together was the dirtiest and bloodiest variety. But it was the kind of frontier fighting for which the Force had been trained. Armed with knives, guns and grenades, they moved silently through the mists, killing some of the toughest men the Germans had.

Platoon leader Lt. Tom Zabski remembers that in this kind of fighting, the Force departed from its policy of silence in combat: "There was a strong German machine-gun defense set up on the ridge. In my platoon were Sgt. Ray Gaither and Sgt. B. D. Harvey, a Canadian. These two machine gunners, with half the platoon gone, were able to knock out three or four machine guns, but when the effort cost Harvey his life, the remaining Forcemen bellowed, hollered and raised hell, throwing grenades and attacking with abandon. The enemy was finally outflanked. The success of this type of attack was tremendous, and the Forcemen gave vent to screaming and bellowing in a series of small attacks which were most effective in killing and confusing the enemy."

The rains had set in again that afternoon, but the men found that this night would be far easier to get through than the preceding one. This was not because the screaming meemies and the sniper attacks had abated, but simply because, that morning, Frederick had contacted Colonel Adams at the foot of the mountain and told him that he didn't give a damn where Adams got it, he wanted some whisky for his fighters by nightfall. The news of the Force's stand on top of the mountain made the job comparatively easy for Adams. Fifth Army personnel okayed with straight faces his requisitions for "15 cases of bourbon for medicinal purposes."

The packtrain that brought the whisky brought another item that was a tremendous help to the men's morale. With them came the first batch of mail received by the Forcemen on Difensa. Practically everyone got a letter, including Frederick. But his solitary missive did not appreciably raise his morale. It read, "Dear Sir: Corporal B—— of your command on a recent furlough left my maid with child. I would like to know what steps you are taking to correct this offensive action. . . ."

The dawn finally came, bringing with it the realization that the Force's patrols had cleared the southern slope of the mountain to a point where there were no Germans left on the topmost part of the ridge. Frederick decided that the fight could be carried forward without waiting for darkness. A quick push to the south down the saddle would tie together II Corps and X Corps, while an assault down the ridge westward to Monte la Remetanea would cover the British flank in their move forward.

Towards midafternoon, the 1st Regiment was ready for the mean job of clearing the enemy from the saddle. Their objective was a pair of small heavily fortified hills. There was to be nothing scientific about this assault nor would it contain any of the colorful elements of the original raid on Difensa. It was to be a straight, head-on battering of the enemy, killing in twos and threes, and being killed at the same rate.

Don McKinnon, a Canadian, described the Force's onslaught: "Our battle cries never ceased from the time of takeoff until final attack uphill to enemy positions. I'm sure the howling and baying we did on that attack scared hell out of the Kraut; the howling was as much a release of pent-up emotions held up for several days as it was a battle cry. It seemed to me that we had no thought of anything but to take that hill, and at no time let anything stop us. If there was any way of measuring savageness of an attack I dare say that this attack would measure up with anything during the war. There was nothing skillful or intelligent, it was straight frontal and brutal, asking no quarter, giving none. The enemy was completely demoralized and withdrew under the overpowering wave coming at them. Enemy grenades were picked up and thrown right back at them, without, I believe, anyone even thinking about what could happen if it went off before being thrown back. Riflemen had fixed bayonets, and many used them. No prisoners were taken, as actually there was no chance for an enemy to give up and possibly if he had, he would have been cut down by someone. His only chance was to run and that is finally what they did.

"I and many others were completely exhausted when the position was taken. This was the most complete exhaustion I've ever known in my life. After taking up positions on the hill we could see many of the enemy still going in complete confusion down the other side. From their numbers it was easy to see that they had outnumbered us possibly three or four to one."

The next morning came clear and warm. The Germans were obviously backing away. The attack was now launched down the other ridge and Monte la Remetanea was taken and consolidated by noon.

That night the British succeeding in taking nearby Monte Camino. By noon the next day, British officers were coming through the saddle to compare notes with the Force. One Guards captain told Colonel Williamson that he was surprised by the number of American majors and colonels in so forward a combat zone. Williamson replied that the Force had the theory that leaders should lead.

Throughout the next day, the Force sent patrols down the slopes to consolidate and integrate their victories. The German artillery barrages had subsided to a trickle, but the area still remained infested with pockets of snipers. As before, flushing them out proved dirty and costly work. The job was finished that night. Nothing remained for the weary, filthy, mud- and blood-caked Force but the arrival of their relief and the trudge back down the mountain to where their trucks were waiting.

During the operation, 532 Forcemen were killed, wounded or injured. If the percentage of casualties seems small in light of the fierce fighting, it must be remembered that it represented approximately one-third of the total fighting echelon of the First Special Service Force.

War correspondent Clark Lee reported. "This feat captured the imagination of the entire Fifth Army and overnight Frederick and his soldiers became almost legendary figures in a battle area where heroism was commonplace. Despite two wounds, Frederick had gone on fighting with pistol and grenade at the side of his men. The Difensa attack [is] destined to live in military annals because of the endurance, daring and fighting skill it involved."

But as the sun rose on December 9, no Forceman, not even Frederick, felt particularly triumphant. After spending the night staggering back down Difensa's slopes, the men just climbed or were boosted into the waiting trucks. No one looked back as they drove away.

On December 21, the Force moved to just outside Venafro in a teeming rainstorm. In the higher grounds where they soon would be fighting, the rain had turned into sleet and snow. Medical reports no longer stressed "trench foot," but instead recited casualty lists dominated by men incapacitated with frozen feet and frozen hands. The weather had become a greater hazard than the mortar fire . . . and the mortar fire was heavy.

Both sides had dug in more deeply than at any other time previously in the war. The war had become an artillery duel and the British Broadcasting System was describing Venafro as "the hottest spot on earth."

The mission of the Force was to break the stalemate in this sector by seizing some of the peaks where the Germans had em-

bedded their big guns. The Force had taken the first bastions . . . la Difensa and la Remetanea. Now came Sammucro and, further north, the Monte Majo Range.

The day before Christmas, the Force's assault echelon was subjected to heavy and regular shelling. They dug in as best they could, to await the nightfall. At dusk the 1st Regiment began to move.

The casualties began early. One 1st Regiment man describes the charge: "The Germans were here in good positions waiting for us to come. They let us get within 100 yards of the top and cut everything they had loose at us. My company—Fourth Company 1st Regiment—was in the lead and we lost a lot of men, killed and wounded. I was wounded there Christmas Eve of '43."

Carl Ward, of Fort Worth, Texas, was a platoon sergeant on Sammucro: "We were holding our own until the Germans cut us off. The Germans were all around us, so we bunched up in fives or fours on each foxhole and made 'em come to us. They came, but we made 'em fight for each hole. At night we would sneak from hole to hole and try to straighten out our line. We kept our dead in the holes with us and just threw blankets over them. It had been tough getting supplies to us before, but when the Germans cut us off, it really got bad.

"The four guys in my hole hadn't eaten for two days. This night the Germans hit the hill with everything they had and we dug in. After that the Jerries stopped shelling. We kept quiet and suddenly one of the kids yelled 'Hell, it's Christmas Eve!' And it was. We decided it would be a lousy Christmas without something to eat so we drew lots to see who would go over to the next hole and bum a can of C rations. I won the draw.

"I started to crawl across the snow to the next hole. When I got there everything was quiet. I climbed in and started to wake the kids up. I knew they had two dead boys, so when I shook a blanket and nothing happened I moved around and felt for the next one. The Krauts began to pepper the hill with screaming meemies and I got a little panicky. I kept shaking the blankets and started to yell because I was damned mad that they could sleep through all of it. I stumbled around and shook every blanket before I realized all of the kids were dead. I got out and started back when I saw a guy light a match. I called him every name in the book. When I got through he said, 'Come over here, son.'

"I went over. It was Colonel Frederick and he was bending over a kid who had been hit pretty bad. 'I'm sorry about lighting that match, but this boy wants a smoke. I don't think it matters much tonight, do you?' the colonel said. He asked me to help carry the kid down the mountain. I told him I thought we were cut off, but he said reinforcements had pushed the Krauts back. We carried the kid down the mountain. Once when a mortar hit near by, we dropped him. When we picked him up the colonel apologized. 'Hell, Colonel,' the kid said, 'when they come that close you gotta duck.' "

The Forcemen advanced toward the ridge at the peak of Sammucro. Mortar and machine-gun fire tore at them from up ahead and from their right side. On their left were nests of snipers who kept up a steady fusillade. In the faint dawning light, they had to run or crawl from one rock to another. They would stop long enough only to fire in return whenever the Germans gave away their positions.

In one hour of savage fighting, the ridge was taken. All outposts were secured by 8 that morning. The Germans launched several vicious counterattacks but were beaten back. The regiment remained under heavy shell and mortar fire for the rest of that Christmas Day.

The next day, at dawn, they were relieved by an infantry company, and the Forcemen returned to their bivouac to rest. They had won the fight for Sammucro without air support . . . by overwhelming the Germans with the speed of their attack.

After three days of rest at Ceppagno, the Force received its orders for the next phase of the campaign. The 2nd Regiment was given Monte Radicosa to take, the 3rd Regiment was assigned Monte Majo and the 1st Regiment, which had gotten badly chewed up on Sammucro, had two smaller hills as targets.

The Forcemen had become battle-wise veterans in the past few months. Although too numbed by fatigue to still feel the zest with which they had attacked Difensa, they methodically kept winning every engagement.

Frederick went to great lengths to assure himself that his leaders were, in fact, leading. During the assaults made in this campaign, one of the battalions knifed far into enemy lines to attain an objective. Once there, they found Colonel Frederick waiting for them. He had gone out in the hours preceding the attack, infiltrated to their target position, and then calmly watched and evaluated the performance of the unit.

The final victory of this campaign was executed by the 3rd Regiment under Col. Edwin Walker. The target taken was Monte Majo which for five weeks had been delaying the advance of the Fifth Army. The battle was a military masterpiece. Because of their strongly-entrenched positions among the rocks, the Germans had twice as much strength as the attacking Force. Yet the attack swept forward, swiftly overcame all defensive delays and reached the top of a towering mountain in a matter of hours. Then, the 3rd Regiment held it through almost three days of sustained counterattacks.

Very few trucks were needed to bring the Force back to its bivouac area at Santa Maria on the afternoon of January 17. Of its 1,800 combat personnel, 1,400 were either dead or in the hospital as casualties. The Service Battalion packers and litter men were reduced 50 percent by fatigue and wounds.

Anzio was many things to many people in World War II. To Adolf Hitler, it was "this abscess" to be excised from Italy's body in order that Rome might be preserved as a symbol of his unbroken domination of Europe.

To Field Marshal Kesselring, commander in Italy, one of the ablest of the German generals, it was a pie-shaped piece of land, perhaps 30 miles square, which the Allies had incomprehensibly selected for their assault.

Kesselring and his almost equally capable associate, Gen. Eberhard von Mackensen, welcomed the choice of the Anzio-Nettuno seaport area as the invasion point. Within a matter of days, they were able to surround the narrow beachhead with over 70,000 excellent troops.

The Force, renewed to a strength of approximately 2,300 men by replacements and the return of some of its casualties from the hospitals, was idealized by Clark. He felt that Frederick, recently promoted to brigadier general, and his men could do any job that he asked of them. At the Anzio beachhead, Clark asked the combat echelon of 1,300 men to defend 13 out of the 52 kilometers of front. This group, a drop in the bucket when measured against the approximately 40,000 men Clark had to crowd into the tiny perimeter, was asked to hold fully a quarter of the entire line. Which they did.

The Germans at Anzio should have been able to push their opponents back into the sea. Every square foot of the Allied position was under the surveillance of German artillery. The German units in the opposite lines were among the very best they had. But veteran outfits like the Hermann Goering Panzer Division faced the Forcemen and came off second-best in a series of fights which spanned 100 days.

Of course, the Force was far from the sole determining factor of Allied victory at Anzio. But Forcemen kept so much pressure on the Germans that Kesselring was forced to tie down large numbers of his men in their sector. Their uncanny ability to range unseen through the night behind enemy lines resulted in intelligence reports that played a large part in the Allies' ability to maintain what was, essentially, an untenable position.

It is a matter of record that the First Special Service Force was given twice as much of the front to hold as the entire 3rd Divison . . . and the 3rd Division was considered one of the best in the U.S. Army.

Shortly after the victory at Monte Majo, the Force received its shipping orders for Anzio. Allowed 10 days to rest and reequip, most of the men contented themselves with the luxurious feeling produced by hot food, showers and clean clothes. Others felt that the word "reequip" allowed them considerable latitude.

Sgt. Jake Walkmeister, for example, recruited a crew of prostitutes in the first few days and then devoted his remaining rest time to figuring how to bring them with him past the MP's to the battlefield.

Lt. Lewis Stuart, a 1st Regiment officer who was in charge of loading the Force aboard the Anzio transport, has offered a graphic description of the assembly and transportation of what subsequently became famous throughout the Fifth Army

and its contingents as "Walkmeister's Portable Whorehouse":

"I was dispatched to Pozzuoli to supervise the loading of one LST with 26 vehicles, and such other miscellaneous equipment as could be conveniently loaded without incident; the thirteenth driver, evidently full of vino, drove one wheel off the gangway. Jacking, lifting it back on course took a few minutes, which I spent in checking the remaining vehicles.

"One of them was an ambulance, neatly stenciled with 'MED. DET., 1st Regt., ISSF.' It was driven by Sergeant Walkmeister. The sergeant had a long, sweeping handlebar mustache, which he constantly twisted with two fingers. He surveyed the chaotic scene with something of the same air which I imagined Gen. Mark Clark would have used, had he been present. I checked to be sure, and there was no ambulance on my list, neither was there a vehicle with the serial number boldly painted on the hood, which the ambulance had.

"I approached the driver and inquired if possibly he had been misdirected and was in the wrong line. This suggestion evoked a torrent of words which lasted for some five minutes.

"Summarized, it appeared that Gen. Marshall had expressed a wish that the 1st Regiment of the 1st SSF should be equipped with an ambulance; that this wish had come down through a chain of command quite awesome in the resounding titles which rolled off his tongue, and finally that these important people could hardly be expected to personally come down to these godforsaken stinking docks to personally see that his ambulance was loaded. Of this latter argument I could find no fault, but I did point out that neither would they be present when we unloaded to explain the situation to a dockmaster, who would probably be a colonel, and, as a clincher, that there simply wasn't room on the boat for another vehicle.

"Sergeant Walkmeister did not deign to reply to this last argument, simply jumping from the seat and disappearing. 'Well,' I thought, 'that fixed him,' and went off to see about the truck on the gangway.

"A few minutes later the air-raid siren sounded, the trucks waiting to be loaded dispersed according to orders, and we all took a 15-minute break. When the 'all clear' came, I noted with some little surprise that the ambulance, still driven by Sergeant Walkmeister, was at the head of the line, and that there were exactly enough vehicles behind it to make out my 26.

"While I was considering another little chat with the sergeant, someone in a Navy jeep, equipped with a bullhorn, came along, and bellowed something about getting them loaded—we sail in 15 minutes. So loaded they were. I soon found that my own jeep, which I had placed next to the officers' country at the rear of the ship, had somehow been moved to a slot nearer the bow, and the ambulance reposed in its former place.

"Immediately after casting off, I busied myself with the details of securing the vehicles so that it was perhaps an hour before I went aft to the tiny wardroom where one of the two Navy junior lieutenants in charge of the ship had told me we would have a bite to eat.

"I recall, quite well, the scene that met my eyes when I opened the wardroom door and pushed aside the blackout curtain. Sergeant Walkmeister sat at one end of the table, about the size of a card table, before him were two quarts of alcohol plainly labeled 'for the use of the U.S. Army medical detachments only,' and two open cans of pineapple juice. A Navy lieutenant was sitting on the edge of one of the two bunks holding the hand of a very pretty young lady. Behind her lay another pretty young lady, and on the other bunk lay one—or was it two? —more pretty young ladies. Old soldier that I was by that time, I wasted no time in inquiring how it happened that three or perhaps four such peaches were aboard one of the ugliest ships in the U.S. Navy, 20 miles off the shore of Italy, and reportedly heading for a very dangerous landing on an enemy coast the following morning.

"Instead, I reached for one of the free hands of the young things in the opposite bunk, scooped up a drink which Sergeant Walkmeister obligingly had ready with the other, and inquired after her health in my best Italian.

"Her health, it turned out was fine, and after a couple of shots of medical alcohol, which runs about 180 proof and in which, no doubt as a bow to the ladies, the sergeant sprinkled a few drops of pineapple juice, my own general outlook on life became much improved.

"The evening progressed and I lost whatever slight fear I may have had that some superior officer might inquire how it happened that an ambulance was on board, instead of the 4 x 4 the manifest called for. Steaks and French fries appeared, followed by ice cream. The Navy lived well in those days, I learned. I also learned, with my smattering of Italian—the girls spoke no English—that Signore Sargente (Walkmeister) had told them we would disembark the following morning in *belle Napoli* where they had friends. Far be it from me, a lowly lieutenant, to contradict as knowledgeable a man as the sergeant. Maybe we *were* going to Naples.

"The bunks had curtains which could be pulled together; the sergeant and the extra girl, or girls, disappeared to parts unknown and uncared for, and the young Navy lieutenant and the young Army lieutenant sank into the arms not of Morpheus but of Maria.

"The other Navy lieutenant fortunately was of the narrow-minded type. He looked in upon us early in the evening, spoke darkly of courts-martial and what Admiral Whatsis was going to say, and went back to running the ship. Which he did so efficiently that we were delivered in Anzio harbor at precisely the time the German Air Force chose for its daily demonstration.

"For this reason Sergeant Walkmeister did not have to again pull the air-raid siren, a privilege which had, he told me, cost a whole quart of 'alky' in Pozzouli. Disembarkation was quick and surprisingly efficient. No colonel appeared to ask awkward questions. The ambulance disappeared and I did not see it or Jake again for a matter of six weeks or so.

"I wonder sometimes what he told the girls when they first surveyed their new home. I don't imagine, though, that he was at a loss for words, even though his knowledge of the Italian language was about as sparse as my own."

The Force arrived at Anzio on February 1. Next day they moved to the front lines.

The area they were given to hold centered around the Mussolini Canal, a huge drainage ditch which stitched across the Littoria Plain. The canal was situated on one of the flattest pieces of land in all of Italy. Every move that the Forcemen made for the next four months was in clean sight of the enemy watching from the mountains ringing the plain. Partial concealment could be secured only by burrowing into the sides of the canal, since any attempt to dig a foxhole in the plain was useless. If one dug as little as a foot, one struck water. In short order their encampment became known to the Force as "the billiard table."

The only breaks in the landscape were the farmhouses and barns. When the Force arrived, most of these were occupied by Germans who used them as spotting and sniping points.

Frederick lost no time in putting his men to work. The 1st Regiment, approximately at half strength, was given one-third of the Force's right front to cover. The 3rd Regiment was given the defense of the two-thirds remaining on the left side. The 2nd Regiment, now a skeleton of the outfit which had stormed up Monte Radicosa, was put in reserve. Immediately behind them was the Service Battalion. But, on Anzio, "reserve" had an empty ring. There just wasn't enough ground to separate front and rear echelons into any meaningful division. The Service Battalion was alerted to the possibility of immediate combat duty.

During their first evening in position, the Forcemen became aware that the posture of defense was not to their liking. They lost men to mines and snipers and, evidently, were expected to simply burrow in more deeply until the Germans launched their inevitable counteroffensive. So, they decided the hell with it and by midnight had launched five patrols which penetrated as far as a thousand yards into the enemy position. Between the prisoners they brought back that night and the intelligence they accumulated concerning enemy concentrations, they were able to supply their own artillery with valuable target information. Next day, the American guns plastered the area and the Germans were on notice that the Mussolini Canal sector had become a particularly sore part of the Anzio abscess.

Within a week, the aggressiveness of Force patrols caused the Germans to pull back almost half a mile. The area in between the canal and the Germans' new position quickly became identified as no-man's-land, and its small villages and occasional farmhouses were the scenes of an almost manic turnover of tenants. The Germans occupied the houses by day, the Force drove them out at night. This deadly seesaw ended only after Frederick decided that the houses no longer had value as observation posts, and gave his men permission to blow them up. This was the kind of thing they had trained for in Helena

and they jumped to the job with gusto. For the first time since their entry into combat, the Force came close to fulfilling its original design.

The tenseness of combat was still present—the round-the-clock shelling by the German artillery insured that—but the freezing discomfort of mountain fighting which had turned them into numb automatons was gone. And their relish for this kind of fighting gave rise to escapades which quickly became legends on the beachhead.

For example: Lt. "Gus" Heilman's election as the mayor of Sabotino, a village whose name was promptly changed to honor a man whom he and the men of his company all thought singularly worthy of receiving this tribute—himself.

The town of Gusville was founded during one of the night patrols. Heilman and his men, skulking through the darkness in the no-man's-land between the lines, stumbled upon a deserted village which, on their maps, bore the name of Borgo Sabotino.

Surveying the solidly built row of farmhouses, one of the men commented, "I'd a hell of a lot rather be living here instead of that goddam mud back at camp." There was a general murmur of agreement from the other members of the patrol.

"Well, what the hell," Gus observed. "It's only a quarter of a mile or so inside the Krauts' lines, let's move in."

A moment before the men had been dog tired. Now they were excited at the prospect of owning a town. One man yelled, "Hey . . . we got a city . . . who's gonna be mayor?"

"I nominate the lieutenant," yelled back another. The shouts of approval made the election unanimous.

One of the men, evidently a logical type, asked, "Mayor of what? Does this here dump have a name?"

"I don't know what the hell the name of it was before," answered Sergeant Bernie Helming, "but I'll tell you what it is now. This-here town is hereby named Gusville."

From then on, Gusville was the home of the Second Company of the 1st Regiment. Correspondents on the beachhead heard about it, and it became a mark of status to inch down the road covered by German snipers and 88's in order to file stories bearing the dateline "Gusville."

The official Army newspaper in Italy, *The Stars and Stripes,* even published an editorial about it. This read:

"Although it lacks some of the civic institutions customarily associated with a thriving community, Gusville can make a strong bid for recognition as a 'model' town. Gusville has no strikes, no unemployment, no black market: and its residents are 100 percent behind the war effort. . . .

"On the surface, this fantastic community appears to be just a collection of huts and tents and a few buildings; the home of cows, chickens, horses and a few pigs. But it is also the home of sudden death—for Gusville is the base used by the reckless Anzio Commandos whose motto is 'Killing is Our Business.'

"Every night the Black Devils of Gusville, American and Canadian troops, steal quietly out of town, move over deep into enemy lines to kill or capture Germans. 'Black Devils' is what the Nazis call them; the Fifth Army troops call them the wild men of the beachhead.

"And these night raiders, proud of their front-line shantytown, are not lacking in civic enterprise. They issue their own newspaper, the *Gusville Herald-Tribune,* so that the troops in the town can follow the war outside the beachhead, and they have given picturesque names to their town's two streets—for example, 'Tank Street,' so named because a Nazi tank has a habit of moving forward at frequent intervals and pumping lead straight down the thoroughfare."

Tank Street was disected by another thoroughfare which had been named "Prostitute Avenue." A dispatch by United Press correspondent Robert Vermillion explained, "The other gets its title because a man walking down it a little ways will find himself without visible means of support."

Vermillion's story went on to say:

"This morning a patrol went out into no-man's-land. They returned with a wounded German, a wheelbarrow full of sweet potatoes, four bushels of peanuts, 22 eggs, and one rabbit shot while running. Gusville's livestock now boasts eight cows, 14 chickens, six pigs and three horses, all stolen from the Germans. The boys are very kind to the cows and explain that they have to steal them because the Germans neglect to milk them."

Mayor Heilman established a village bar immediately after he appointed a chief of police and other city officials from among the members of his company. The bar was stocked with the results of raids directed against German-held wine cellars and Gus became famous for selling good cheer at reasonable prices. Some of his other policies were not as popular. He attempted to levy taxes on Force battalions passing through his city limits on their way to patrols behind enemy lines and more than one transient Forceman was heard to suggest an improbable filing place for his official decrees.

One of Gusville's most spirited citizens was Lt. George ("The Mustache") Krasevac, a tall character with a huge red soup strainer. He was not a member of Second Company, but was over there so often that the registered citizens appointed him city manager. Krasevac took his job seriously. He began to go out on solo patrols to pick up things. His first substantial pickup was the herd of cattle. Whenever the Force wanted to find out the whereabouts of German gun positions, the call would go out for Krasevac. "The Mustache" would then get his umbrella and bicycle and ride up and down Tank Street drawing German fire. "The Mustache" also led some of the toughest night patrols. He was wounded three times, the last one sending him out of combat.

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It was during this period that the Force got its name "The Black Devils' Brigade." A diary was found on the body of a German lieutenant, an officer in the Hermann Goering Division's Alarm [Scout] Company who was killed during one of the patrols. In it was written, *"The Black Devils are all around us every time we come into the line, and we never hear them come."*

This comment was obviously a result of one of Frederick's rare dramatic gestures. He had ordered a printed supply of paper stickers upon which was reproduced the USA-CANADA insignia of his Brigade and, underneath, was a statement in German to the effect that, "The Worst Is Yet to Come." The Forcemen, after killing a German, would paste one of these stickers on the German's forehead or helmet, and then go on. This tactic, executed by a band of blackfaced guerrillas moving soundlessly through the night, terrorized the enemy and added to the growing legends about the Force.

On one patrol, Lieutenant Krasevac and his men crept into the back of a house that the Germans were about to use as an assembly point. As groups of Germans showed up, the Forcemen took them prisoners and sent them back to Regiment headquarters. When daylight arrived, the Forcemen felt that their time was being used too productively to follow their usual practice of melting back to their own lines before daylight. So they stayed at the job of capturing the enemy.

By 8 o'clock that morning they had captured 108 Germans and there didn't seem to be any more coming in. Satisfied, Krasevac's patrol started home. Just then, however, three more Germans walked into the area. Startled by the sight, they turned and ran toward their own lines. Krasevac, wanting a perfect record for this adventure, told two of his men to follow him and promptly sped after the retreating enemy. He chased them for almost a mile before nailing them. Although the run had been at top speed, he couldn't help noticing several desirable items of booty lying by the road as he raced by.

When Krasevac and his two men returned, their three prisoners, instead of uselessly holding their hands high, had been pressed into service. One bore a bed and mattress on his back, the second carried a large crate of chickens, and the third was pushing a baby carriage full of potatoes.

The 111 prisoners furnished a generous sampling of the enemy. Finn Roll found little difficulty in drawing from them a complete picture of past and proposed enemy operations in the sector. One of the prisoners, a company commander named Lieutenant Holbein, reported the enemy's confusion.

"We have had great trouble finding definite information," confessed the German lieutenant, "about the First Special Service Force. The best view in the Hermann Goering Division is that you are a division, by the frontage you hold."

Since an army division can normally number as many as 16,000 men, his remarks stand as a comment of the Force's impact in combat.

Yet another prisoner had on his person a directive from higher German headquarters which read:

"You are fighting an elite Canadian-American Force. They

are treacherous, unmerciful and clever. You cannot afford to relax. The first soldier or group of soldiers capturing one of these men will be given a 10-day furlough."

Although the number of Forcemen actually captured by the enemy has never been officially established, all authorities agree that the number was less than 30. Since approximately 4,000 men, at one time or another, wore the insignia of the Force, this number easily represents the lowest capture rate in the American army.

General Frederick had an unpleasant chore during this period. He had grown attached to big, blond Finn Roll, whose family lived in Norway. Said Frederick: "I received word to inform Roll that his father had just been murdered in Oslo by the Germans. From then on, any time we captured any Germans at Anzio, Roll would take them up to the second floor of the building across the street from our headquarters and throw them over the railing. After he had done that once or twice or three times, they'd talk. He'd ask them whether they were in Norway at any time. He'd keep throwing them over until they'd finally talk to him. He spoke German very well."

Any organization which remains self-contained and under pressure for any length of time inevitably begins to assume certain easily recognizable traits which are a synthesis of the traits of a majority of its members. Obviously, the personality profile of the First Special Service Force would show it to be recklessly brave, quite often cruel, and, above all, eminently dependable in battle. There was also another trait which distinguished it from other Allied troops. As one correspondent put it, "That outfit is crazier than hell." The Forcemen might not have been crazy, but many of the things they did on or near the battlefield certainly constitute some of the oddest combat stories ever recorded.

Sgt. J. A. Izatt: "I'll never forget the night we made a company raid on one of the towns at Anzio. Dave Woon and myself took a prisoner and Dave searched this prisoner and came upon the picture of a pretty woman. When Dave threw the picture on the ground, the German, who was a fair-sized boy, became quite violent and offered to take Dave on in a boxing match. So there and then Dave put down his Thompson and they proceeded to have one hell of a good scrap while I leaned against the building and looked on.

"At this time we were about two miles inside Jerry lines and the battle for the town was in full progress. Dave had just finished punching the Jerry out when a little guy by the name of Dutchysen came skidding around the corner and asked Dave and I if we had seen a couple of chickens that he was chasing, hoping for a chicken dinner I suppose.

"This was the same night that Buck Shearer came sneaking around the corner of a building and came upon one of his own men. They were both surprised and didn't recognize each other. Buck was a little slow and the other boy got off the first shot and creased Buck's skull knocking him on his back. Buck sat up slowly, looked at the other fellow and said, 'Now you've shot me, you b------ you can carry me back to the lines.' "

On other occasions, the Force would take all sorts of risks in order to secure fresh eggs and other farm supplies. Lt. Tom Zabski notes, "It was not unusual to see a soldier in a trench made large enough for himself and a cow."

Farming became a craze which swept the force, even affecting those who originally came from the big cities. One officer complained, "I can't do a thing with those sonsofbitches. They patrol all night and then farm all day."

Lieutenant Stuart became aware of another chapter in the Walkmeister-and-the-girls saga when: "Along in March our sector had a tank attack and Frederick sent for me to organize an antitank platoon. Seeking a place to give my gunners some target practice, I chanced upon the ambulance parked close to a small cottage in what appeared to be an enclosure of a large country estate. A large stone house loomed on top of the hill above the cottage and faced the sea, the whole enclosed by a high fence with 'Keep Out' signs in English and Italian.

"As I watched, a figure, unmistakably that of Sergeant Walkmeister, came out of the house and approached the ambulance. I called him over and made inquiries. The big house was the country residence of 'The Staff,' whoever they might have been, and was commandeered from a rich Italian. The small house was a gardener's cottage, and in it he had the girls quartered, ready, for a small fee, for parties, festivals or anything needed to take the minds of the big brass off their duties for a few hours. It was connected to the villa by a tunnel, which, Jake told me, opened secretly into the wine cellar, although he was the only one who knew the combination, excluding the original owners. Jake also pointed out a shortcut by which he could be back in his medical detachment within five minutes after receiving a call on his private telephone. 'That's quicker than The Staff can get to Anzio,' he said. The take was currently about five hundred a week, he concluded, but if the skipper of the liberty ship brought those four girls from Naples, as he had promised, he could double it."

When the warm spring days came to Anzio, some of the platoons and companies began devoting more time than ever to animal husbandry. Domesticated Brahma steers were hitched to plows and some units even had their own string of mules. Others had horses acquired from nearby farms, but these were used mostly for riding. The 2nd Regiment had a good herd of dairy cattle, but was forced to put out guards at night because of rustlers working in jeeps.

There were several occasions, however, when the extracurricular activities of the Force seriously embarrassed higher commands. One of them involved two German finance officers who were riding out to their troops in order to conduct payday. They made a wrong turn and landed in the Force's lines. Possessing thousands of Italian lira, they represented too fine a haul to the Force to be sent further back for normal prisoner-of-war interrogation.

The story of the capturing unit's new-found riches swept the beachhead, because the Forcemen immediately fell prey to all the vices of the *nouveau riche*. When the high brass began to hear stories about Frederick's men lighting their cigars with 1,000 lira notes, they demanded the persons of the paymasters and/or the money. Despite repeated and stringently worded orders, they never got either one.

On another occasion, certain Forcemen learned that a nearby cave was actually a mammoth wine cellar. The fact that it was also the headquarters of Maj. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott didn't give them a moment's pause. They infiltrated the headquarters area, disarmed the general's sentries, penetrated the top-secret map room and made off with as many casks as they could carry. Colonel Wickham noted, "Truscott, in his embarrassment, made only an informal complaint to Frederick and forgot about the whole thing."

It was time to break out of Anzio. The Force, pulled back to the rear for a 12-day period of regrouping and rest, was matter-of-factly aware that it would be paired with the able 3rd Division as the cutting edge of the slash through the enemy front line.

Final organizational changes now took place, not because there were any remaining weak sisters left, but because the high casualty rate had made them inevitable. United States and Canadian replacements brought the complement of men to its highest point, almost 2,000 combat troops.

At 6 a.m. on May 23, the Allied artillery began the concentrated barrage which signaled the opening note of the push. The Force, now attached to the VI Corps under Truscott's command, began streaking toward the German lines. Their speed cost them a high casualty rate because, in a relatively short time, they were far ahead of other units on their flanks.

The 1st Regiment was forced to pull back and wait until it received badly needed replacement of its ammunition stores and for the other units to catch up. That night they counted their losses. Thirty-nine had been killed, but many more Germans lay dead in a long series of piles between the canal and the Force's stopping place at Highway 7.

Once outside the perimeter, the Allied forces spent little time in counting casualties or consolidating gains. Under the impatient goading of General Truscott, the men raced across the fields like a pack of suddenly released hounds. Jim Kurtzhal remembers charging along with one of the foremost elements. "I thought I was way out front," he said, "when I saw a jeep coming down the road toward me behind 14 German prisoners. In the jeep shepherding them along was General Frederick and his driver."

Early next morning, as the 7th Infantry took the town of Cisterna, the First Special Service Force stormed across Highway 7 to the base of the Lepini Mountains. Its goal was the

town of Cori. But, the same morning, other Allied units succeeded in closing the pincers and thus, after four months and three days, Anzio ceased to be an isolated beachhead.

Colonel Wickham had an interesting encounter during this action: "I remember watching one of the men firing a machine gun as he advanced. He had just killed a German when he became aware of my scrutiny. He yelled over to me, 'Back in Kansas City I used to get $500 each for doing that!' "

Plans now centered upon the capture of Rome. Clark had determined that the prize would be secured by American Army units, so Frederick and his men were directed to march through the mule trails of Rocca Massima and advance on the town of Artena, situated in the Alban Hills at the very gateway to Rome.

By May 25, the Force had taken Monte Arrestina. Two days later it took Rocca Massina. In the meantime, the 1st Armored and 3rd Divisions had punched a wide hole in the German line, and other elements of the Fifth Army were pouring through.

At the little town of Artena, a stop on Highway 6 heading into Rome, the Force paused briefly to regroup and reequip.

The next objective between Rome and Artena on Highway 6 was the town of Valmontone. But the Force was to pay a heavy toll in men before they could move these few miles. The Germans had momentarily stopped running, in order to lash back at the Force's position with a heavy artillery barrage and a series of counterattacks. This offensive was backed by a line of heavy and medium tanks which the Germans had placed along the railroad just north of the town. The fire from their lethal 88's, zeroed in at the crossroad of Artena, caught, wounded and killed many of the men from the 1st and 3rd Regiments.

The Force was not destined to remain bottled up in the Artena area for any length of time. Frederick sent out continuous patrols to engage and destroy the enemy wherever they were encountered, and finally, with the support of a heavy artillery bombardment, seized the railway and broke through.

On the morning of June 3, with the various assault groups brought together as "Task Force Howze" attached to him, Frederick now commanded a front which spanned the width of the entire II Corps. It was a thin fighting line to be the front of the advance on Rome. It had not been intended that the force would spearhead the entry. That honor had been, for political and military reasons, reserved for several other infantry organizations. This plan was abruptly changed when the Germans, despite Field Marshal Kesselring's repeated assurances that Rome would be undefended, in order to give it the status of an Open City, began to show signs of girding themselves for a fight.

Mark Clark lost no time in speculation. He informed General Keyes that the latter's II Corps would go in prepared for anything. In turn, General Keyes directed that Frederick's Force lead the way.

By midnight of June 3, the Force had assembled just outside Rome. At 6:30 a.m. on June 4, elements of the Force became the first American troops to enter the city (though other units disputed this claim).

There are plenty of memories.

Bob Shafer: "On entering the outskirts of Rome we were delayed a little by a few tanks, but got rid of them and continued on. We pulled up by a highway and had four or five tanks with us. The Jerry had a few tanks and troops coming down the road below us. We just slaughtered them, knocked out two tanks and there were dead Jerries all over the road and field. Before this happened, Sergeant Helming and I went with Col. A. C. Marshall to locate the 2nd Battalion. Helming and I were running and dropping behind cover as we found it, and Colonel Marshall was just walking straight down the field as though he was on Main Street.

"I told him once, 'Cripes, Colonel, you better be careful There's snipers out there.' He just smiled and kept on.

"Finally we saw a tank with the 2nd Battalion, and the colonel said for us to report back to our battalion.

"Anyway, about 15 minutes later he was dead. He just had too much guts or pride to keep down."

Bill Rachui: "We finally broke through late in the day and started a long march through the city. When we reached the more populated portion of the city, people lined the street on both sides of us. As we marched in double file, they would hand us everything imaginable to drink, but it didn't matter, it was a hot day and we would sweat it out as we walked along. At times the young ladies would join us and march a ways with us, but two or three times snipers opened fire on the column from buildings, and every civilian would disappear in a matter of seconds, doors would lock and we were left on the open streets, but, sending a party to roust out the snipers, would soon continue the march again."

Sgt. Rafael P. Montone: "Gus Heilman lost his pants in Artena so he made Rome in his GI long johns. We raided a German O.P. and hit them for 15 cases of cognac and three hams. We had a feast before rolling into Rome."

Frederick's orders had been to secure the bridges across the Tiber. That afternoon, even though his leg was bound up after being hit by a shell fragment, he, his driver, his aide (who was a handy machine gunner) Capt. Newt McCall, and two enlisted men ranged up and down the banks of the Tiber River checking the bridges for demolition charges left by the Germans.

Later in the day at the Margherita Bridge, Frederick and his handful of men ran into a German battalion bent on holding the bridge open while their comrades retreated to the west. The Germans advanced toward Frederick, and he recalls hollering to them to halt. "Frankly," he says, "I couldn't think of another damn thing to say. When they didn't stop, we began shooting. We killed three of them and captured 12 while the rest were running away . . . evidently figuring us for a much larger group than we actually were. My driver was killed and I got hit in the leg and arm."

Frederick then went back to his own lines and secured a much larger group which he then took to the Littorio Bridge, north of the Margherita, in order to continue his inspection. His medical officer, Maj. Arthur Neeseman, finally got Frederick to stop to turn himself in to the hospital.

Frederick had been hit three times that day. Added to his six previous wounds, he could now lay undisputed claim to being the most-shot-at-and-hit general in American history and he was finally willing to concede his mortality.

Major Neeseman sent him to a hospital in the rear at Anzio. One night was enough. He got Neeseman on the phone early next morning and told him, "These goddam German prisoners kept me awake all night with their moaning. I'd advise you to get me the hell out of here fast!"

By 11:00 p.m. on June 4, the Force had taken and secured the bridges assigned to them. The 85th Division had secured the other eight bridges to the south and Rome was firmly in the hands of Gen. Mark Clark's Fifth Army. But the Force was not permitted to remain in Rome to participate in the orgy of celebrations which swept through the city. It was told to go back to the suburb of Tor Sapienza and await further orders.

The men were almost completely spent. They moved around the bivouac at Tor Sapienza like so many zombies and the dull fog didn't lift until the announcement came that the organization would be sent to the shores of Lake Albano. Regimental surgeons had reported that the men were listless, perilously close to exhaustion and infested with lice. The prescription indicated was relief from combat and some swimming in Albano's blue waters. And generous dustings with DDT.

Frederick took great pains to see that his men were furnished every possible accommodation at Albano, and passed the word around to his officers to look the other way whenever any but the most flagrant breaches of discipline were being committed.

There was another factor which added to the general air of ease in the camp. Almost every man had his own personal vehicle. It is true, of course, that these were not officially issued to the Forcemen, but the transportation problem was solved by the men (and quite a few of the officers), who stole every unattended vehicle they could find.

This outbreak of modern rustling slowed down to a trickle after the "Episode of the Major General." Bill Story, who had been in Rome on pass, came back that night to sign in the book kept for that purpose in the headquarters tent. Story was mildly amazed to find a jeep parked in the middle of the tent. "I saw the jeep," he said, "and in it was a helmet. On both were stenciled two stars. One of the men had been to Rome and had returned in a general's jeep. That night the stars were taken off and the jeep repainted. The helmet was thrown in the lake. As a result of this story getting around next day, an inventory was taken, and it was found that the Force had almost twice as many jeeps as it was authorized."

Another of the interesting features of the stay at Albano was the proximity of the Pope's summer residence. Some of the men stole everything that wasn't nailed down in or about the papal premises. Quite a few pieces of the Pope's summer furniture were used to add a decorator's touch to the bivouac area, and so many of the men's sleeping bags were lined with sheets

adorned by a papal crest that a general "shakedown" inspection was ordered. All the pilfered items were returned, including a gold statue which one Canadian had reverently placed at the entrance to his tent.

Now came one of the most traumatic events in the Force's brief history. On June 23, at a ceremony which everyone thought would be confined to the presentation of battle awards, Frederick announced that he was leaving for another command.

The reaction to this news was one of shock. The majority of the Forcemen looked upon Frederick as a father figure and the unexpected news left them stunned. Sergeant Kirk describes the scene: "I'll never forget the collective gasp that arose when General Frederick assembled us and announced that he was leaving us. A part of the Force died at that time, for I know of no one who did not respect and admire him. We all felt a physical loss at this news. To me, at least, this had a greater impact than the actual disbanding for the Force. We were losing a man whom we all loved."

In a recent conversation, Frederick's own description of his severance from the Force seemed typically understated. "After all," he said, "I felt quite a bit of regret. I had formed the Force and had been with them ever since. I had taken such a liking to them that I felt badly, even though it meant a promotion which I hadn't expected.

"At the time, I had my leg tied to a board so I was getting around only with difficulty. I stood throughout the ceremonies while the decorations were awarded, and then, at the end, I told them I was leaving. I heard some of them say, 'Oh, no!'

"Some of the men wanted to know where I was going, so they could transfer under me. But I didn't tell them that I had been directed to raise and command the 1st Airborne Task Force for the Southern France invasion. They weren't supposed to know. I simply told them that I was leaving and that Colonel Walker would assume command."

This statement is a reflection of Frederick's dislike for emotional descriptions. Actually, according to some other participants in the ceremony, the scene was a dramatic one. More than a few men cried openly. There are some reports that Frederick's own eyes were not dry. Frederick was then 37 years old. Within a few weeks he was to become the youngest major general in the Army Ground Forces.

As could be expected, there were, and are, many conflicting opinions about Edwin A. Walker who now assumed command. There is a general agreement that he was an outstanding combat leader, but quite a few of his fellow officers found traits which they considered unattractive. Walker, of course, would go on to win additional fame as a combat general in the Korean War before becoming so associated with ultraconservative views that he left the Army; he has since been a controversial spokesman for right-wing causes.

On July 1, 1944, the Force departed from Lake Albano for a return voyage to Naples. Just before leaving, a highly complimentary letter was received from General Clark in which he described them as an "elite" group and told them that their activities while under his command had resulted "in a bright new link in our military tradition."

Two days later, the Force was in another bivouac at Santa Maria Castelabate, a fishing village located 40 miles south of Salerno, where training for the next action began in earnest.

At first, it was considered that the Force would be landed farther north in Italy in order to cut off and further demoralize the retreating Germans, but after a series of changes in plans, the assignment was made to have them spearhead an invasion of Southern France. This move was designed to ease the pressure on Eisenhower's invasion troops, now painfully inching their way through the hedgerows of Normandy.

The Force was assigned the job of seizing two of the Hyeres Islands, three small land masses between the French naval base of Toulon and the Riviera, which had been established as the left flank of the Allied landings.

Neither of these islands had beachfronts of any size. As a result, the Germans had skipped fortifying them in order to dig more deeply into the forts which Napoleon had built on the high grounds. Here the defending gun emplacements were surrounded by walls which were, in some places, 12 feet thick.

The Force left from Corsica and headed toward their target in a fleet of destroyers. By now the Force was so solidly professional that one more invasion failed to excite them to any degree. Aboard ship most of the boys gave little thought to the landing. Some played poker and some slept or read. One section fell asleep in the landing craft and had to be awakened just before they touched shore.

The fights for the forts of Iles d'Hyeres resembled nothing so much as an early Errol Flynn movie. It was the besiegement of a well dug-in enemy whose relatively small numbers were more than compensated for by the excellence of his fortifications.

The Force lost many good men at the gates of these forts. It wasn't until they got substantial assistance from the big guns of the Navy and from the Air Force bombers that they were able to batter their way through the doors.

Maj. W. Winston Mair, a Canadian who had joined the Force in Italy, was the 1st Regiment assistant executive officer during this attack. His reactions to the Forcemen are interesting.

"The men were too courageous," he says. "They had a mistaken concept that courage and physical fitness were all that was necessary. For example, a group of the Forcemen were surrounding a ravine in which there were a number of Germans. All they had to do was shoot down into the ravine and toss in a few hand grenades and sooner or later the Krauts would have surrendered. Instead, after tossing in a few grenades, they rushed into the ravine, taking some prisoners, but suffering unnecessary casualties themselves. It was unnecessary and foolish courage. Another thing, if a boy got himself hurt in a minefield, the problem was not to get someone to rescue him, but to hold back a multitude."

By August 16 the island had fallen to the Force. Other Allied assignments had been carried out with equal success and Gen. Alexander Patch's invasion army began its steady march through Southern France.

Note by Maj. W. Winston Mair:

"We were shelled shortly after we landed on Port Cros. An American medical sergeant, J. L. Walkmeister, who had a handlebar mustache, was hit. I pulled him behind a building, but it was too late. The sergeant died."

Sgt. Jake Walkmeister was later described by Colonel Burhans as "1st Regiment's friendly, mustachioed medic who was one of the best liked men in the Force." In an organization noted for its colorful characters, Sergeant Jake stood out. He was a workhorse during battle, but at other times he showed an uncanny ability to twist almost every situation to his own benefit.

After the fall of the islands, the Force transferred to the mainland to join the drive along the Riviera and was once again brought into contact with General Frederick. Frederick had formed a fine combat unit out of the odds and ends which had been assigned to his 1st Airborne Task Force and had handled it so successfully that only a handful of men had been lost in the invasion drop. He was now in the process of relieving the 36th Division to continue the drive east to the Italian border. The general, understandably, was overjoyed at the reunion. He made many trips to Force Headquarters and, on the first one, he greeted the men massed in parade ranks with, "I'm sure glad to see you."

Force discipline faltered at this point. One man yelled, "General, you can say that again . . . we're sure as hell glad to see you!" And the remaining ranks broke into wild cheering.

[After the invasion of Southern France, Frederick was again moved to a higher post when, in December, 1944, he became commander of the 45th Division. Following the war he held various high command posts in the U.S. and abroad, retiring in 1952.]

In late August and September the Force advanced rapidly along the Riviera coast to positions at the Franco-Italian boundary. The Force's eastward drive was only part of General Patch's Seventh Army "show." The rest of his units fared about the same. Progress was good, much ground was taken, but some men died. Resistance to the advance was never along one solid line . . . it was a matter of stumbling over a strongpoint here and a rearguard action there.

The greatest source of concern on this march was not the enemy, but fatigue.

Sgt. Louis Kubler almost solved the fatigue problem. "We grabbed us a bus someplace and went along almost like sightseers. Then we had to go uphill; the damn bus couldn't make it. We all got out and pushed it up. Captain Peters came

up and reamed me out; said we were getting too far ahead of everything. He took our bus back with him. Pete was a real good Joe, but I still honestly think he pulled rank on that bus deal."

Nice . . . Cannes . . . Menton . . . these were the exotic resorts where the Force now found themselves. The warm September sun saw the Forcemen maintaining a schedule of patrols and occasionally engaging the enemy, but it also saw the Forcemen luxuriating among surroundings that were light years away from the cold and lonely and bitter slopes of Monte la Difensa.

The First Special Service Force had always been noted for its high percentage of men who were Absent Without Official Leave. Of course, the men never stayed away from the Force when combat threatened . . . but whenever possible, they went AWOL from base hospitals and rest camps in order to be on hand with their friends when a battle was about to be joined.

Now the pendulum swung the other way. Many Forcemen, bored with the inactivity and aware that there was no further prospect for the Devil's Brigade other than disbandment, slipped away to follow personal trails which were neither blessed nor understood by the American and Canadian commands.

On November 28, 1944, the three regiments of the First Special Service Force were pulled back to Villeneuve-Loubet on the coast between Cannes and Nice. The final days of the Force were now at hand.

The day of the need for a small, elite assault force had passed. Divisions, corps and armies were required for the final struggle with Germany and there was no longer any place for the handful of men who made up the First Special Service Force. There were no more contests for the next mountain top.

The Force had rarely numbered more than 1,600 combat men at any one time. Yet, in its brief history, it had many times that number of casualties. Hundreds had died in battles; battles which are now only brief historical footnotes, but which, at the time, represented major gains for the nations arrayed against the Axis.

On December 5, the call went out for the final parade. The Force gathered on the Loup River flats at Villeneuve-Loubet and heard their chaplains read a prayer for the men who had fallen from Hyeres to the Italian border.

The red Force flag with its black dagger on white shield was wound to its staff and the casing slipped over it. At a barked command, the Canadians withdrew from ranks and formed their own battalion which then marched, behind their own colors, past the United States contingent, still standing at attention in the just-broken ranks.

For a unit which had prided itself on its scorn for the dramatic gesture, the breakup of the Force became a surprisingly sentimental, even tear-stained occasion.

Although most of the men realized that the Force's dissolution was bound to come about sooner or later, the actual inactivation order represented the arrival of a dreaded event.

This was a highly emotional moment. To quote just one reaction, "I suppose this was the saddest day ever as far as we were concerned. This was the day I saw some of the toughest s.o.b.'s ever break down in tears. As the Canadians pulled out, some of us Americans ran alongside and behind the trucks for a mile with tears in our eyes."

After the inactivation, the men of the First Special Service Force were scattered much as a wall, once crumbled to dust, can be blown to whatever corners of the earth the wind chooses to seek.

Edwin A. Walker, now a brigadier general, took a nucleus of Force members with him into the 474th Infantry Regiment, a new organization formed from fragments of others which had been either decimated or inactiviated. This regiment, under Walker's command, served briefly in Germany and then, in the weird completion of a cycle which Geoffrey Pyke might have appreciated, was sent to Norway after the final Allied victory, to take part in the disarming and repatriating of the German Army in Oslo zone.

The Canadians went back to serve in various units under their own flag.

On October 15, 1945, the 474th Regiment sailed for the United States. Only a handful of ex-Forcemen who had known each other in Helena were aboard the ship.

Before concluding the story of the First Special Service Force, it is worthwhile to glance briefly at the present-day unit which is officially considered its successor: The Special Forces.

This group, picked from among the most competent 10 percent of the officers and enlisted men in the Army, is an elite force in every sense of the word. Its members wear a distinctive uniform, a green beret, and are more than expert in the technique of demolition, parachuting and guerrilla warfare.

The link between this now-famed unit and the hellions of the Devil's Brigade was made official at ceremonies held at Fort Bragg, South Carolina, in 1960, where "the Honor and the Heritage" of the First Special Service Force was presented to the Special Forces as the highlight of a two-day program. All the surviving members of the original Force were invited to attend, and the guest of honor was Maj. Gen. Robert Frederick (Ret.), who presented the original Forces colors to the commander of the 7th Special Forces Group.

It was an impressive ceremony, but there was a certain amount of irony inherent in the scene. As the superbly schooled young Forcemen marched in precision ranks before the reviewing stand, the thought must have occurred to more than one old Forceman that he would never have been considered eligible to join this new outfit. Frederick had asked of his men only that they had gone as far as the third grade in school, and closed his eyes to every other black mark on a soldier's record so long as it indicated that the man was basically a scrapper. Today's Force has a far more imposing list of entrance requirements.

Viewed pragmatically, the military experiment known as the First Special Service Force might be considered a failure. Although it gained every honor in battle, the fact remains that it was never used for the purpose of its original design—parachute assaults, operations in snow country, guerrilla warfare. Yet this group was recognized by many responsible observers as the best combat unit that America ever fielded. The reason for the Force's achievements is the fact that its men prized, beyond any fear of death, the dignity which simply belonging to the Devil's Brigade gave to them. Today's Forcemen have little need to find their self-respect in the massed personality of a unit because each of them is a superior man, chosen for superior qualities and within himself can recognize abundant sources of security.

But one question is unavoidable. Was the drinking and roistering and plundering of the old Force a basic ingredient of the kind of soldier who is wise enough to know that he has been given a suicide mission, brave enough to shrug at it and strong enough to pull it off?

Whatever the answer, the present Special Forces, when they were presented with the heritage of the Devil's Brigade, were asked to carry on a remarkable tradition. But perhaps it is impossible for a new and different group of men, no matter how capable and brave, to take over a tradition that was the creation of such a unique combination of men.

—Robert H. Adleman and Col. George Walton

On June 23, 1944, General Frederick said farewell to his troops. Six months later, the First Special Service Force was disbanded.

THIS FUNNY LIFE

A young lady filled out our standard employment application:

DATE OF BIRTH: September 30, 1942
WEIGHT: 6 pounds, 10 ounces
HEIGHT: 20 inches

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.

When our friend, a pilot, was in the Air Force, he called up a nearby girls' college to see if he could get girls for a dance his squadron was giving. The dean of women hesitated a long moment, then said that yes, in view of the sacrifices the young airmen were making, she would send 50 of her most trusted young women.

Our friend sighed, cleared his throat and asked, "Lady, couldn't you send 25 of those—and 25 of the others?"

Robert M. Mead
White River Jct., Vt.

My wife and I grew up enjoying Glenn Miller and his very smooth music. Recently, we ventured out one night to take in the latest at a "Go Go" establishment.

After the first shock of astonishment had passed, I got into the mood and started bugging my wife to join me in one of the latest dances.

"Come on, honey," I said, "you can do this."

"Not standing up," she answered.

Name withheld at writer's request
Garden Grove, Calif.

My folks decided to call my sister, away at college on her 18th birthday. They knew that Stanley and she had been dating steadily, but they were shocked when he answered the telephone in her room so late at night.

"Oh, don't be alarmed," my sister said. "Stan and I are engaged."

"In what?" my father asked dryly.

Ron Greer
Hollywood, Calif.

A journalism professor I know has an anecdote he tells his classes to illustrate the qualities of clear, concise writing.

This professor began his career as a reporter on a large eastern newspaper and was dispatched by his editor to cover a major flood in the Midwest. The professor was a cub reporter at the time and wished to impress his editor with his colorful writing.

The first day in the flooded area he began his wired story to his editor: "God sat on a hill today and viewed the flooded, devastated area caused by the rampaging waters. . . ."

Shortly afterward he received the following wire in return: "Forget the flood. Get interview with God. Pictures, too."

Needless to say the following stories were less colorful and more factual.

Bill Richmond
Santa Fe, N.M.

A few years ago, my cousin went to work in a small-town book store. The owner had a surplus stock of a certain book which he could not sell.

My cousin had an idea that netted them quite a profit. He placed an ad in the local newspaper which advertised an exciting book that every young woman should read, especially before she married. The title was withheld for obvious reasons, but for only $2 the book would be sent in the mail.

In less than a week 46 eager people received a very good edition of the *American Woman's Cook Book.*

C. W. Belcher, Jr.
Greenville, S. C.

In 1919, during the first year of Prohibition in the United States, a group of 24 American notables visited Canada on a goodwill tour. Among them was my grandfather, blind Sen. Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma. During the stop in Montreal, Senator Gore was asked to give an afterdinner speech on the subject of Prohibition. As the audience settled back for a serious discourse on American reaction to the new law, Senator Gore rose with straight face and delivered this 10-second doggerel which was quoted in every major Canadian newspaper the following day, and for years thereafter:

"Four and 20 Yankees,
feeling very dry,
Went across the border
to get a drink of rye.

When the rye was opened,
the Yanks began to sing,
God bless America,
but God save the King!' "

Thomas Gore
Baltimore, Md.

During the recent Canadian sex-and-spy scandal—the infamous Gerda Munsinger affair—the key figure, a blonde ex-beauty queen was about to expose all in her memoirs. This became headline news across the country. Our local newspaper was no exception; 1,400 copies of the paper hit the streets before someone suggested that the headline GERDA SELLS TALE—VANISHES should be changed to a discreet GERDA SELLS MEMOIRS—VANISHES.

—Name withheld at writer's request
Belleville, Ont.

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